

The Unpopular Review

"While reading the UNPOP. I sometimes wonder just what method you employ in getting just that caliber of papers. Do you advertise: Wanted, articles of such and such kind? Have you enough personal acquaintances of such caliber (I am forced to use the poor word again) to enable you to get what you want by direct request? If I were editor, I think I should manage to get the 'solid substance' for a part of the articles; to get the 'brilliant execution' for most of the remainder would also be possible; and sometimes the two qualities would meet in the same article, without doubt. But just how you manage to have them dwell together in almost every paper of every number it is beyond me to guess. It seemed, at the outset, too good to last; but it is lasting."

We don't mind giving an illustration of how the thing is done. One night at the Century Club we were in a group containing three or four of our most eminent contributors. Cigars were burning and glasses were on the table. The talk was of course natural — no frills, and yet it dug deep and soared high. A turn in it led us to say: "I want you boys to write for THE UNPOP just as you're talking now."

75 cents a number, \$2.50 a year. Bound volumes \$2. each, two a year. (Canadian \$2.70, Foreign \$2.85.) Cloth covers for volumes, 50 cents each.

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In order that new writers may stand an equal chance with the old, and the old not unduly depend upon their reputations, the names of writers are not given until the number following the one in which their articles appear.

Owing to the Post-office department spending many millions annually in carrying periodicals below cost, it has become so loaded with them as to be obliged to send them as freight. Therefore subscribers should not complain to the publishers of non-receipt of matter under from one to two weeks, according to distance. This subject is fully treated in No. 2 of THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW, and in the Casserole of No. 3.

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

LONDON: WILLIAMS & NORGATE

18 WEST 45th STREET
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The Unpopular Review

Contents of the July–September (1917) Number

will be found on the next to the last of these front advertising pages

Contents of the April–June (1917) Number:

- THE LAST BARBARIAN INVASION? The Editor. .
THE LEGEND OF GERMAN EFFICIENCY, Herbert F. Small.
THE WEAKNESS OF SLAVIC POLITY, A. S. Johnson, lately Professor, Leland Stanford.
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THE JOURNALIZATION OF AMERICAN LITERATURE, F. H. Pattee, Professor in Pennsylvania State College.
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Contents of the January–March (1917) Number:

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LATEST COMMENTS FROM OUR READERS

Please continue the two pages of Comments from Our Readers. They are the appetizers of the feast that follows. It arouses one's interest to read of so many reasons why the REVIEW is popular in spite of being "Unpopular."

For over sixty years, in the interest of humanity, I have been an unpopular pioneer. And yet, in a review of the years today, I find I have been on the side, that either has won, is winning, or is sure to win . . . and send me the coming year *The Unpopular Review*.

It is comforting and very pleasant to read venturesome thoughts couched in venturesome terms, — especially when one has the will though not the wit to do such things for oneself.

Each year has four important events to me. That is each time I receive *The Unpopular Review*. Don't you DARE stop it until you hear from me to that effect.

Quite the best thing published. I wouldn't be without the "Unpopular." It's doubly appreciated by us expatriates [in Nicaragua] who have to glean our knowledge of the happenings of the outside world from garbled cables and an occasional paper.

. . . at once "different," charming, . . . it stimulates some thought — which in these modern ? times is an achievement in itself.

The American mind needs just such a stimulus to thinking all around every question.

The freshness of its point of view is invigorating. The crying need of the weary old world is to get away from conventional viewpoints, conventional morality and conventional taste. It needs men and women who not only see things with their own eyes but do not fear to say that they have seen. We are living by habit and going to our death in as deadly a routine as if each soul was not a fresh and wonderful eternal adventure.

[This is interesting and very suggestive. It is really our intention to stand up for most of the "conventional morality and conventional taste." But we confess that many a "point of view" from which they have hitherto been mapped seems to us no longer tenable, and we often try to base our surveys upon new ones. EDITOR]

"Something Different." It is bright, crisp, snappy, zesty. The only thing I don't like about it is the name. — Well, I guess I'll have to subscribe for it too.

I have thoroughly enjoyed it. In an age when all the magazines of the country are running headlong in one direction, and dragging after them the people who like to have their thinking come ready-made, it is quite refreshing to meet a periodical which is distinctly different, and which has the witty flavor characteristic of the best English periodicals.

. . . the most virile and interesting magazine that I have ever seen.

. . . it would not bore me in the least to give you my impressions if I had any to give. I have no more impression of your magazine than my friend has of the girl he went to see the Sunday afternoon he discovered THE UNPOPULAR REVIEW, but I am still waiting for the return of the magazine, and shall attempt to put aside all jealousy and give it a fair trial.

EARLIER COMMENTS FROM OUR READERS

It had the look of a good half-hour morsel before bed-time — and it postponed bed-time by just over three hours. Inasmuch as the copy you sent me is imprinted “No. 12” there is nothing to do (if you would have me content) but to send me Nos. 1-11 and to see that I get No. 13 and subsequent issues. . .

The copy that I received had the most intelligent treatment of the suffrage question I have ever seen, just exactly as I would put it myself, if I knew *how* to put, and I would like all my fool sisters to be so enlightened, if that were possible.

. . . Hence the inadvertent failure to renew. But, God bless you, here is your \$2.50 at last.

I am a business person with a taste for literature, and your publication comes nearer satisfying that appetite than any other magazine I know.

Can't keep house without this now.

Although the date was more than a year back, the articles are of such permanent value that the magazine seemed only superficially a “back number.”

The publication is unique, in that the editor and contributors have managed to steer clear of those particular characteristics that have made similar magazines so contemptible in this country . . . sorely needed in a country which is chiefly remarkable for the mental rigidity, and the standardized conventionalities of opinion which prevail amongst the educated classes.

I've loaned [my sample] to several fellow preachers. Best thing in its line I've ever read.

I cannot refrain from telling you how thoroughly I enjoy your publication. I have read it through from cover to cover since the issuance of the first number. In my opinion, it is easily the ablest review of a general nature we have in this country. It has afforded me genuine pleasure to call it to the attention of my friends . . . and I have been the means of inducing a number to subscribe. — *From a Judge of a State Supreme Court.*

This quarterly oasis in the desert of undigested facts and harebrained theories.

I had not before known that such a periodical was in existence. I now hope it will never pass out of print. . . It should leave its mark in our national life.

It is pleasing indeed to find, at least in one magazine, so apparent a desire to declare the truth and — of necessity — be named “unpopular.”

It is far and away the most stimulating appeal to the intellectuals that has yet been made by our periodical literature. I can imagine but one possible hindrance to your abundant success — your falling into the snare that has been the ruin of all previous claims upon the Illuminati, viz: the notion that only agnostics are intellectual. — *From a Clergyman.*

[No danger! The number of clergy among our contributors and subscribers forefends that, let alone our own fervent belief in the essentials of religion. Editor.]

Its careful English is a real delight in these slipshod days.

A breath from the heights of Parnassus. I hope to take it in for the rest of my life.

The Unpopular Review reached its high position at a bound. It has writers without bigotry, and essayists who know their subjects. — *From a Bishop.*

The Unpopular Review has so far belied its name here that I have never been able to catch up with it since I let one member of our faculty take it to look over.

It does my soul good to see this independence of the hackneyed, the conventional, yet without any straining after the *outré* and bizarre as do some would-be clever publications.

To me it seems the ideal presentation of the rock bottom underlying the subjects treated.

In it I find more things that are interesting to me than in any publication of a similar kind . . . and yet I do not mean that, for one of its chief charms is that it is so different from all others. Like a new and interesting personality after most ordinary individuals.

In this day of editorial pandering to a gross and wayward public taste, The Unpopular Review comes upon our consciousness as a necessary corrective, as a stimulant to sturdier individuality, a stabler civic spirit and a saner social economy.

Between the many and varied forms of education brought forth by upstarts it was decidedly refreshing to find there were still people who had kept a sane balance.

Not afraid of being radical, though not erratic; and its conservatism does not approach to bigotry. If I can this summer induce our public library to buy it, I shall have the pleasure of reading it from “kiver to kiver.”

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS TO THE PRECEDING ISSUE

Where an official position is ascribed to a contributor in the table of contents opposite, farther account is not usually given on this page.

Mr. Merritt is a leading expert, perhaps the leading expert, on the controversies between Enterprise and Labor. There are articles by him in our Numbers 15, 13, 10 and 8.

Mr. Olgin has been for the last seventeen years in the very throes of new Russia. First a student in the University of Kiev, and a participant in the students' political movements; then sent to the army "for correction," a leading revolutionary writer, editor, and correspondent. Sometime a political prisoner, finally he was exiled.

Miss van Waters is a Ph.D. of Clark University. Special Agent for Boston Children's Aid Society. Supt., Juvenile Court Detention Home, first at Portland, Oregon, then at Los Angeles County, California. She confesses to having written "free verse" and having published some more or less free, as well as technical matter relating to her occupation. She also confesses to "an incurable love of delinquent youngsters that keeps me from seriously plunging into literature; a corroding love of writing that haunts my job; and, for the rest, the joy of Pacific seas and forests (if traversed while in knickerbockers)."

Mr. Colton is librarian of the University Club, author of several volumes of fiction and poetry, and a favorite contributor to this review.

Miss Clark writes:

"It seems hardly relevant to mention that I have been for twenty-two years Assistant Secretary of the [N. Y.] State Charities Aid Association, for I have not picked up the ideas that I expressed in your magazine in the office of the Association, nor in my visits to institutions for the feeble-minded and the insane. Perhaps there are those, however, who would think that a rational explanation of their source. I was born and brought up in Springfield, Mass., educated in private schools and at Vassar and Radcliffe Colleges (perhaps this purely feminine education might help to explain the views I have expressed)."

Mr. Lewis was born in Indianapolis in 1886, was graduated at Harvard with distinction in Economics, and the Harvard Law School; has practiced law in Indianapolis until he entered the Officers Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. He was a Progressivist, a member of the American Rights League, and was invited to express Western opinion at the Carnegie Hall Mass meeting on March 5th, but was unable to attend; is a Civil Service Reformer; and active generally in the promotion of good causes — not that *The Unpopular Review* regards the first of those named as good!

Mrs. Lyon was born and still lives in Texas. A few months after she left college, her mother died, and our contributor, being the oldest unmarried daughter, became chatelaine for an old-fashioned family consisting of four generations, thirteen individuals — and "company." In 1902 she married. She has no children, but has reared five. She has published some juvenile literature. Regarding "Earth's Supreme Moment" she says: "I will admit that I wrote it to shock my brothers, and succeeded."

In the biographical notice of Mrs. Gilmore which preceded her contribution, mention should have been made of her having been the wife of the Mr. Gilmore, who, under the *nom de guerre* of Edmund Kirke was quite a well-known author in the third quarter of the last century.

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The Unpopular Review

No. 16 OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1917 Vol. VIII

WHEN WILL WARS CEASE?

CHANGING this planet from a cloud of tenuous star-dust into a place fit for human beings to live in, is so long a process that many declare that it is not yet completed — that a planet with such goings-on as this one now witnesses, is not yet fit for human beings to live in. Be that as it may, no sane and instructed person will deny that the planet is nearer fit for the occupancy of man than it was as star-dust or as incandescent gas or as carboniferous forest where

The fearful dragons of the prime
Tare each other in their slime,

or even than it has been for most of the time since man has been upon it. This evolution has been accomplished by conflicting forces — from the centripetal rush of the star-dust leading to its centrifugal whirl; through the expanding heat caused by compression toward the center; through the chemical reactions that gave consistency and organization; through the mechanical reactions that even yet occasionally quake the crust; on through the struggles for existence among the primitive plants and beasts, that helped evolve the higher types; through the competitions of men with primitive beasts and, worse still, with each other through personal wars; then through tribal wars, then through national wars, and all the while more and more through trade.

The action of all these conflicting forces has of course tended toward equilibration. Despite an occasional earthquake or volcanic eruption, the earlier ones have

attained it for long periods; but among the later forces, the conflicting appetites of men kept individuals fighting until, within a century or two, advanced communities refused to be disturbed by private brawls, and got fairly to working the machinery for suppressing them that had been evolving with the rest of civilization. Long before the suppression of the private brawl, it had been reduced to some sort of order, in the duel; and it is most suggestive that long after that had been suppressed in England and America, and to a great extent in France, it was kept alive by Bismarck in the German universities, as an educational institution. Not only have the opposing forces leading to the private brawl been equilibrated in all civilized countries but Germany, if she is to be counted as civilized, but those leading to the public brawl — to war, seem, despite the present outbreak, to have been to a great degree equilibrated also.

Certainly the opposing forces of men's passions on the one side, and their consciences and judgments on the other, have not only long been moved toward equilibration by the general forces which we call civilization; but in relation to war especially, by the evolution of systematized arbitration, of International Morality, and lately by the rudimentary machinery started at The Hague for giving to that Morality the sanctions which will turn it into Law.

But now come along Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzly with a study, admirable as far as it goes, called *Is War Diminishing?* They have a chart showing the time since 1450 spent in war by France, England, Holland, Spain, Turkey, Austria, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Denmark and Prussia. For each nation there is a horizontal line of squares, one for each ten years. France's line is at the top, and the rest follow down in the order named. The time taken by wars is indicated by black shading in the squares. The most noticeable thing about the chart is

one upon which the authors themselves have not remarked. Up to 1720, the close of the war of The Quadruple Alliance, the chart is preponderantly black. At 1720 the black squares are cut off by a virtually straight line of white squares from top to bottom, through the whole eleven lines: the years 1720 to 1730 having been entirely free of wars in all the countries but four, nearly free in two of these, two-thirds free in another, and half free in the fourth. To the left of this line the chart is, as already stated, preponderantly black; to the right of the line the chart is preponderantly white. The Napoleonic wars blacken up some seven or eight per cent. of this right-hand section; the Crimean wars perhaps three per cent.; and Russia's other wars (mainly in Turkey and Asia) about as much. The rest are "scattering."

The decrease differed from natural processes in general, in that it was not a gradual subsidence to a lower level, but a sudden fall, as if some barrier had given way. It is peculiar, too, in the rather even maintenance of the new level. Until the present war, too, there has been little like even a temporary return to the old conditions.

How the authors with this chart before them could have asked their question: "Is War Diminishing?" is to us a puzzle. Perhaps an answer might be: Not in the usual sense of tapering off, but about two centuries ago wars gave a sudden slump to a somewhat uniform average of about a sixth of that for the preceding three centuries. They thickened up again for about thirty years around 1800, and then relapsed to their preceding average, until the present great outbreak.

Perhaps one reason why Messrs. Wood and Baltzly did not make as much as we are disposed to of the enormous falling off in the time the nations have been engaged in wars since 1720, is that that time does not cover the whole case, and that if the time could be multiplied into the destructiveness (which factor they have not attempted to determine), the contrast might not be so great. But

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it has long been common doctrine that the destructiveness of wars tends to limit their duration, and ultimately to end them. This doctrine was greatly strengthened by Germany's quick victory over France in 1870, but probably it will not gain much force from the present war — at least from the mechanical and economic point of view; but from the moral and emotional point it will probably gain a great deal.

Dr. Woods and Mr. Baltzly are slow to generalize from their results, because they cover so small a period of the time man has been upon the earth. We believed, and believe still, and supposed that everybody believed, that in the period of recorded history before A. D. 1450, the time spent in fighting was at least as great as between 1450 and 1720; and, to judge by what we know of contemporary backward people, the fighting before recorded history must have been much greater than since.

In spite of the plain showings of his own chart, Dr. Woods says:

Starting with the history of England, France, Spain and Russia, I was soon greatly struck by the failure of the modern centuries to give much diminution in the proportion of time devoted to the horrible art of war. As far as these nations were concerned, it seemed that there was no diminution of war worth speaking about. I was surprised to find that in the earlier as in the later periods, man seemed to have fought about half of the time, and not, as is often erroneously said, almost continuously in the early stages of history. I did not believe that a natural and psychological phenomenon which had persisted so constantly could suddenly cease.

Dr. Woods frequently repeats his statement that about half of each nation's time has been devoted to war. His own chart disproves it since 1720. It would be more important to be able to say what part of the *citizen's* time has been given to war. But this inquiry would probably be beyond even Dr. Wood's patience and accuracy. It would probably be his guess that the time has not decreased. It would be ours that it has decreased enormously.

Dr. Woods says that his investigations were made without any previous opinion, but the spirit in which he puts the positions of the militarists and the pacifists, not to speak of his attitude toward the showing of his own chart, arouses a suspicion that he may have a bias that he does not realize any better than most of us realize our own.

His chart and his text appearing to differ so much, we suspected that our interpretation of one or the other might be at fault, and wrote him. We have received no answer — a phenomenon not infrequent in the vacation season. If we have been stupid, here are our apologies in advance.

Much time could be well spent in searching for the causes of the sudden falling off of war about 1720, and the striking difference since then.

It is pretty plain that for some time before 1720, the passions causing the religious wars were flickering out, and that the influences of great moralists, as distinct from dogmatic sentimentalists, and of great writers on government and law, even international law, had begun to come in. Grotius's great treatise had been published a hundred years, those of Pufendorf and Leibnitz about half that time, Bynkershock's and Christian de Wolf's were at hand, and Vattel's was to appear before fighting got well going again. The statesmen behind the thrones and the wars must have felt these influences.

As to the more immediate conditions:

We have been seeing the effects of Bismarck's educational system already referred to, during the present war. The sort of man it turned out torpedoed the *Lusitania* and bombed the London school. This man has been long in the making. He was well started, though, even before the Franco-Prussian war. As we write, we recall a characterization of him given during our civil war by a young American scholar, later to become a leader in his department, who came from his studies in Germany to enter

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our army. He once incidentally alluded to "that most loathsome of human beings — the German student."

His fighting education goes far back of Bernhardt or Nietzsche or Treitschke, back even before Tennyson's fearful dragons fought over their quarry. But in human records there is one place where it stands out amid its causes and present consequences, so as to fairly startle. The father of Frederick the Great, in a rescript to his son's tutors, when the boy was under ten years old, wrote:

With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification, the Formation of a Camp, and the other War-Sciences; that the Prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. You have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son a true love for the Soldier business, and to impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein.

Notwithstanding all of which opinions, England had not had a military king for nearly three hundred years (unless William III, who was not a successful soldier, is to be counted one) and yet some of her sovereigns, including one woman, had managed to accumulate a fair stock of glory. And during the reign of the Prussian gentleman who thought military ability so essential to a sovereign, considerable glory was acquired by one Louis XIV of France, who, though he did look on at some battles, was anything but a soldier. The fact was that when Friedrich Wilhelm wrote, the period of military rulers was nearing an end. Nevertheless Eastern Europe generally, as compared with Western, was still in a backward, not to say barbarous condition. Its rulers were quite generally warriors, and the notion of acquiring glory by fighting and plunder was natural to the stage of development. Wars outside of the religious ones were for the possession of real estate and the serfs going with it: for under the autocratic

system that's what kingdoms and their peoples have been. Whenever the owner of a kingdom died without direct heirs, there was likely to be a war involving several other kingdoms and many thousand lives. There was generally, but by no means always, some show of title set up, and there was even a pathetic attempt under Emperor and Pope to have an authority to pass on the titles and secure justice. In all except this attempt, the system or lack of system survives in the central powers and in them alone, and it is against this survival that the civilized world is now fighting. The whole thing was but one step removed from the savage with his war paint.

Yet we are not to regard King Friedrich Wilhelm with unreserved contempt. If we did, we should put ourselves on a level with the pacifists who propose to leave America open to Prussian brigandage. In Friedrich Wilhelm's time the game was, as his present successor wants to keep it, one of dog-eat-dog, and it was, as it would be now, a poor cur who would not fight for his own bone. But in so martial an age as Friedrich Wilhelm's the spirit would not be restricted to self-defense.

In any event, for good or ill, so was educated the Prussian national idol, and so have the Prussians been educated — an eighteenth century people in the twentieth century.

The day that this is written, comes word that at the opening of the Reichstag, when some members called for a policy of no annexation, the Chancellor announced that Germany was in the war to conquer, and would not declare any peace terms. But she is not to be permitted any conquest: conquest is out of date.

While most of the rest of Europe has progressed, the notion of Friedrich Wilhelm has continued a sacred tradition in the Hohenzollern family, and was taken up with special enthusiasm by the present Kaiser. But that portion of Europe to which it had begun to be alien two hundred years ago is now in intense opposition to it, and its only supporters who count in Europe are the Austrian Haps-

burgs and the Turks. Even the Spanish Hapsburg shows no interest in it, and the new Austrian emperor not much.

Reverting for a moment to the topic of the education of a prince, it may be worth while to tell a little circumstance illustrative of the change of view between the early eighteenth century and the late nineteenth. About the eighteen sixties there was exhibited in New York a picture by an eminent French artist, called "The Education of a Prince." It represented a little chap six or eight years old dressed in the fashion of the period, in a palatial apartment, rolling balls into an army of toy soldiers. The court dignitaries — one of them a cardinal enlivening the picture with his splotch of red, stood around admiringly watching the game. Now this picture was in New York because Louis Napoleon, much as he liked to dress up in soldier clothes and pretend to lead his armies — even to Sedan, had prohibited its exhibition in France. What motives were ascribed to him at the time, we don't remember, but in connection with the education of Frederick the Great and his boy battalion, the circumstance may arouse some interesting reflections.

Well! Until within a few centuries the military ruler was the standard type throughout the world. He is extinct in France and England, and probably in Russia. In America, though some successful soldiers have been rewarded by the presidency, no president has ever appeared in the field. When the soldier ruler is extinct, there are not apt to be wars of aggression. He survives in Prussia, and we know the consequences. The absolutist ruler is always, ostensibly at least, a military ruler. He always has his picture taken in uniform: even the ex-Czar of Russia did.

The anxiety with which we watch Russia's experiment by no means all comes from our interest in its effect on the present war. Before the Russian revolution, patriotic Britons have freely announced themselves as "pro-ally

on the West, and pro-German on the East": they wanted a strong Germany as a buffer against Russia. Would not the firm establishment of the Russian republic resolve that anomalous situation? Would it not also dissipate most of the war clouds hanging over Asia? If China becomes a republic, will not the imaginations that have busied themselves with the yellow peril, find it much easier to take an occasional rest?

Some people fear that Japan's success against Russia has turned her head, or swelled it, as badly as Germany's success against France in 1870 swelled hers, and that Japan may be led into war both by our discouragement of her people settling here, and by her desire to attain some sort of hegemony over China. Japan's autocratic government, and the comparative newness of her astonishing advance in civilization, may give some justification for these fears; but strong considerations against them are her wonderful good sense, her desire to stand on a par with the older civilizations, and the hope that out of the present war will arise a combination of those civilizations which she would not care to antagonize.

In view of what is now going on in Europe, a smile may be excited by the suggestion that Japan's desire to stand on a par with the older civilizations would incline her toward peace. But the reasons for such a smile would be superficial. The present war is in despite of the older civilizations. They made no preparations for it, and tried to prevent it. The civilizations of Germany, who prepared it for years, and of Austria, are very young compared with those of their principal opponents, ours of course being as old as England's. Nothing illustrates the youth of Germany's better than her exaggerated opinion of it. Turkey never had any. Russia's, it is true, is young, but there is still ground for the hope that she has suddenly made a great leap toward maturity.

The last century — the last half century, has seen a

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revolution in the feeling of all advanced peoples regarding war. Its pomp and circumstance are gone, and nobody thinks of calling it glorious. Sherman called it Hell, and Grant regarded peace as the great desideratum, and told his conquered foe to keep the spoils — to take their horses home. Who expects that if we and our allies win in the present war, there will be any "spoils" beyond orderly indemnities for the damages incurred? How far have Germany's outrages been regarded by the rest of the world as matters of course, as the outrages in wars once were?

And here, by the way, we are reminded of a strange and significant circumstance, illustrating the effect of a couple of generations of militarism. When Germany invaded France in 1870, she committed no outrages, certainly not enough to be discussed in America. We even have the impression that as a rule she paid for what private property she took. But this seems too improbable, and is not worth the laborious investigation necessary to establish or refute it. Certain it is, however, that her outrages against her arrogant enemy were as nothing compared with those she has visited on inoffensive Belgium, and on non-combatants at sea. The contrast is a blasting illustration of the barbarizing effect of the conceit engendered by her easy triumph, her sudden greatness, her parvenu wealth, her rotten philosophy, her maintenance for nearly two generations of a military class, her being drilled in a system of automatic obedience to that class, and above all, her being under an autocratic ruler dominated by the ideas of the barbarous Germany of two centuries ago.

The fact that what has so far been evolved of International Law, and the little rudimentary Hague court, were as nothing before the whirling up of the present war, is not discouraging. Few doubt that their growth will continue, and still fewer that it is getting an unprecedented impulse from the present war. That impetus

comes not only from a desire to avoid such horrors in future, but from the vast mass of specific illustrations of the detailed needs to be met, and of suggestions of ways to meet them. Dr. Woods very happily suggests one wide-reaching one, when he says: "All armies that are relatively growing are potentially, presumably, armies of conquest."

Precisely! What would have been the effect regarding the present war if the nations had had twenty years ago an authority competent to determine what constitutes the proper "relative growth" of an army, and when that growth is exceeded, to say effectively: What are you doing there? What do you mean? Stop it!

We hope it is not banal to say in the connection that whatever discouragement regarding the future may come from the magnitude of the present war, is to be largely offset by the fact that it is the work of virtually a single people, and that all the other peoples of great consequence are opposed to the offender, and opposed with the unanimous declaration that they are at war to prevent future war.

When we get down to bottom facts, the dynastic element has been the cause of virtually all wars since the religious ones, and it was really at the bottom of a large portion even of them — the question being one of catholic dynasty or protestant dynasty. In the times when all states were the private property of their rulers dynastic wars were matters of course. But come down even to the last century; its wars were not dynastic on the surface, but consider them a little. Napoleon was a plain brigand, but he divorced Josephine that he might found a dynasty. The Crimean war was over "the balance of power," namely that no one dynasty should become too strong for the rest: if all Europe had been republican probably there would have been no such fear: with France a republic, England advanced in constitutionalism, and Italy a liberal monarchy, we no longer hear of the balance of power. The Franco-Prussian war was brought on by

Napoleon III to divert French attention from agitation which threatened his dynasty, and the very pretext for it was the dynastic question of a Spanish succession — not the first time a similar question has stirred Europe. And as to this war, it was begun to carry out a long meditated and elaborated scheme of land piracy. Such a scheme would never have been gotten up in a republic; but even if that is questioned, there is little doubt now that the war has come down to a question of Hohenzollerns or no Hohenzollerns. And there probably is not much doubt that the shortest way to finish it would be to let the German people know, if there's any way of doing it, what is taking more definite shape every day — that only with their elected representatives, will their opponents talk peace; but with them, will talk it gladly.¹

Of course for some time yet, while there are so many backward peoples in the world, there will be "small wars," not so much, let us hope, from bad motives as from good — to withstand aggressions upon settlers, and to protect the investments necessary to develop the world's resources, not to speak of developing these very peoples. Such wars are the only ones England had had for over a hundred years previous to the present greater one. The causes of civil wars are too complex to consider here. But leaving them and small wars out of the question, are there not very substantial grounds for hoping that, as far as concerns the advanced nations, when their last autocratic dynasty is disposed of, wars will cease?

¹This was in proof before the appearance of the President's reply to the Pope.—Ed.

WAR AND RELIGION

OF course everyone knows what caused the war. Nothing could be simpler. It was the murder of the Archduke; it was the menace of Pan-slavism; it was German militarism; it was the Frenchman's passion for revenge, the Englishman's jealousy of German enterprise, the Kaiser's obsession for "World Empire or Downfall;" it was caused by the jingo press, by the scheming money power, by military cliques, by economic competition, by a gloomy Malthusian outlook, by underhanded diplomacy, by the blindness of popular ignorance, by the prevalence of "free thought" and socialism, by the wickedness of variously identified Sodoms and Gomorrahs, or even by the dread inevitableness of certain apocalyptic biblical prophecies. War in general, including the present one, is a species of ethnic insanity; or it is a legitimate expression of the instincts inherent in the world-old struggle for existence; or it is the fateful fascination of the supreme occasion for heroism and strength and sacrifice; or it is due to a temporary eclipse of "vital" — i. e., dogmatic — religious interest.

If one sorts over the opinions he has heard expressed on the subject, he will probably conclude that each reflects the well-defined interest of a certain type of man. It is the economist who sees the cause of war in competition. The psychologist sees it in the primeval flush of anger. The ecclesiastic is just as sure that the basal difficulty is the alarming shrinkage in church membership, attendance, and enthusiasm. Most of these partial reasons are disputed by those who see the world from other points of view, but when this last assertion is made, there is a disposition to let it go unchallenged. If the hearer does not explicitly accept it, he is at least willing to concede that if all men were good Methodists, or Christian

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Scientists, or what not (viz. whatever the speaker himself is or thinks he should be) spears would soon be beaten into pruning hooks and nations would not learn war any more.

The cause of war is not the ebbing of religious enthusiasm. On the contrary, it is possible to point out some reasons for thinking that the element common to both ecclesiasticism and nationalism is the real thing to be feared. The first stands for faith in the creed, the other for faith in the government, and in both cases such faith is set over against reason, as superior to it. One in its extreme form is fanaticism; the other is chauvinism; both are instances of dogmatism. Dogmatism (blind, unreasoning conviction) is a source of tremendous strength; it is also profoundly dangerous. The venerable sentiment "My country, right or wrong," is the legitimate expression of it on the political side. It stands for acknowledged national prejudice and even unfairness. As a matter of fact, only a very few of us really approve of it. The calm and frankness of the thing nettle us. So we make every effort to convince ourselves that whatever our country does is really right, and not wrong; thus our zeal makes peace with our conscience. And on the side of dogmatic religion one finds the same psychosis. What is "*Credo quia absurdum*" but the latin version of "My doctrine, right or wrong?" The heretic dares to point out some of the inconsistencies of our doctrine, and we tell him he must believe what he cannot understand. Galileo must recant; Professor Mitchell must leave Boston University. Some one suggests that infant damnation is even morally heinous; we reply that God's ways are past finding out, and then continue to believe as before. "My theology, right or wrong!" That is dogmatism. Its opposite is the openmindedness of the scientific spirit. The attitude of the latter is, "I believe this is correct, and I can give evidence to prove it." The cry of dogmatic religion, of dogmatic nationalism, of dogmatic anything, is "I believe

thus and so, and I will fight to the last ditch, give the last drop of blood, to prove it." And it is an everlasting pity that such heroic sacrifice proves nothing.

No doubt there may be public spirit that is not dogmatic, just as there may be fine religious sentiment that is not built upon determined fidelity to historical religious dogma. But is it not perfectly evident that such public spirit is *not* the kind that brings on wars, — no more than could a free and openminded attitude of religious reverence bring on the rancors of denominational strife? Whatever is rational or openminded in either religion or patriotism (and there is much, and, so far as the nature of the religious and racial instincts are concerned, there might be much more) may be left out of present account. Dogma may be defined as a proposition which we believe without rational warrant, and to which we should continue to give our allegiance even in face of rational considerations to the contrary. This is the rigid unyielding thing that sees in every national or religious question, a question of "principle," and in every compromise, a contract with death and a covenant with hell.

Nothing here said about dogmatic religion would apply to the more sincere and unprejudiced religious attitude presented, for instance, in Dr. Eliot's *Religion of the Future*. That sort of undogmatic religion would be related to the particular religious cults just as a deep and generous humanitarianism is related to petty tribal and national jealousies. But this kind of religion is obviously not the kind our war-doctors have in mind. They are thinking of the "positive," faith-like-unto-a-child's kind, the kind that finds its beginning and end in a fated unreasoned creed, — that sees the goal of life in the preservation of a dogma. The dogmatic spirit is that which, in religion, clothes itself in the hard outer shell of orthodoxy; and, in politics, sees in patriotism only the arbitrary sacrament of the flag. And this is so much the case that the identity can be traced surprisingly in even the minor

features of these twin expressions of the same inner temper of mind, — in three at least that fairly obviously indicate that relationship.

In the first place, the outer trappings and suits of fixed orthodoxy and of blind patriotism are strikingly similar. Take, for instance, the use of music and song in the two fields. If we leave to one side the songs that have to do with sexual and parental love, those remaining can be classified almost exhaustively as either patriotic or religious. The kind of conviction that lives in the words of a song is instinctive and emotional; it is the farthest remove from logic or reason. It proves things by assuming them; it moves men, not through insight, but by psychic contagion. The *Glory Song* did for the Welsh revival exactly what the *Marseillaise* did for the French Revolution, and did it in exactly the same way! And no one who has ever attended a meeting held for the purpose of recruiting men for the army could fail to be vividly impressed by the similarity between it and an old-fashioned revival. In the one case a flag-draped rostrum, in the other a cross-emblazoned altar; in both cases the use of stirring songs to prepare the souls of people for what was to come, to establish an atmosphere; in both cases an impassioned — not an argumentative — address; the pleading appeal, the occasional use of the heavy silence of deep solemnity; in both the moving of men by the intense spirit of the hour, to make a great decision. The texts in the two cases are different; the spirit, the method, the outcome, are much the same.

In general the taste for pomp and ceremony, music and emblems, group action and unanimity, is approximately parallel in the religious and patriotic moods. The cross or crescent is regarded as the emblem of the “kingdom” of God on earth; the flag is the symbol of what is “sacred” to a nation. Both stand for group interest, and in both groups there is the iron law of unanimity; the “heretic” and the “traitor” are two (and the only two) species in

the one genus "non-conformist." In both cases the sin is that they do not agree with the rest of the group; in neither case is the reason for their non-conformity a matter of any interest to the group. That is the indelible sign of group action, and it is the social mass that makes symbols or ceremony the touchstones of power. Hence the crucifix, the flag, the orders of "high" church, etc. To see how closely similar the two states of mind are, one need only think of the many flags where there is, or has been, a complete fusion of the religious and nationalistic motifs: instance the British and Turkish emblems. And what is military and stately pomp, but "high" nationalism? Generals and cardinals wear elaborate uniforms; kings and popes wear crowns.

In short, ecclesiasticism and nationalism look, on the outside as well as on the inside, very much alike. But there is a third circumstance that points also to the conclusion that these two are intimately related: they almost invariably appear together. The church always has very much about it that is essentially imperial. According to an ancient metaphor it goes forth "like an army with banners"; it is arrayed in "the complete armor of God," and the Spirit is a sword. It is no minor authority who speaks of the earthly church as a "church militant," and in 1917 as much as ever the chosen ones make up the "army" of the Lord. And all this is no empty metaphor. As a dogmatic movement, it rests essentially upon authority. Rationalism it has always regarded as its worst enemy. Better a heathen belief than a "bloodless rationalism" that tries to seek the truth without partiality or prejudice! Authority makes creed; it blinds us in advance to any other point of view. That defeats mutual understanding and mutual sympathy. That is dogmatism. That is the zeal and passion that demands the utter destruction of the enemy: for in that state of mind every enemy is the enemy of the Lord, and so of course ought to be exterminated. That is, in its totality, the spirit of War.

Not only, now, is the church essentially militant, but war has generally been essentially religious. Think of the innumerable wars that have had explicitly religious motives. In ancient times wars were indistinguishably politico-religious. Romans fought for the Penates; Jehovah was primarily the Lord of hosts; even Athena always carried, not a scroll or a mask, but a spear and a shield! Think of the Holy Roman Empire, the Thirty Years' War, the wars of the Papal States, the wars of Philip II., the Crusades, the wars of Europe against the Turks, to say nothing of the great ethnic turmoils that redden the history of Asia. Was the French Revolution a religious or a political revolt? Who will say that the liberty our forefathers of the colonies fought for was a merely political liberty? In 1864, again, a million armed men were singing "Our God is marching on!" Lately we have heard talk of a possible "Holy War" on the part of Islam. Every Mohammedan war, for that matter, is a holy war. An infidel is, in their eyes, the one object in the world that deserves no mercy. But why look so far away? The Russians did not relax their fighting as long as the Czar was the "little father" in the holy Russian church; the Germans are fighting because they are sure of a "Gott mit uns." For France the war is, according to all reports, tantamount to a religious revival. And England trusts sincerely in a God who saves the King. The whole European conflict, as seen from the heart of any actual participant, is a "Holy War"! It may fairly be doubted whether *any* great war could possibly be carried on without that solemn religious conviction.

Yet one more comparison. It was pointed out above that, in the very respects in which ecclesiasticism and militaristic nationalism are alike (i. e., in their respect for and dogmatic assertion of arbitrary authority) they find their logical opposite in the spirit of Science. Rational science knows no authority whose deliverances are im-

mune from farther testing and correction. Its conclusions are consciously tentative. It knows how to venerate its great men without canonizing their books. It can profit by the great past without fearing it. And this movement of modern science (the only great institution that is not inherently dogmatic, though even it has lately been accused of becoming so) is, remarkably enough for our present thesis, the only one that knows no national boundaries. There is no "French mathematics," or "English physics," or "German chemistry." While the German hosts were surrounding Paris in 1870, a professor in the University there was saying to his students, "I do not believe that patriotism has any concern whatever with science. . . . Whoever permits himself the slightest suppression, the smallest alteration in the facts that are the subject of his research, from patriotic, from religious, or even from moral considerations, that man is not worthy to hold his place in the great laboratory in which honor is a far more indispensable title than skill." And now, while almost everywhere in the world prayers are being hurled like shrapnel to bring down pain and suffering upon the enemy, Professor Heinrich Morf, of Leipzig, tells his class: "There will be no change therefore in the scientific character of these lectures. Now, as heretofore, I will try to school your historic thinking to dispassionate conception and judgment of the things of the past and of foreign lands. Such scientific labor does not sunder, it unites. It teaches to perceive, to understand, and not to despise." Lagrange and Lord Kelvin and Ostwald, in so far as they are scientists, are international assets; and science is an international, or perhaps rather a supernational, affair. Thus it is not ecclesiasticism, but its logical opposite (so far as the basal question of dogma is concerned) that really stands for the elimination of prejudice and the harmony of spirit that make war on war.

In conclusion: If "vital religion" be identified with

ecclesiasticism, with grim loyalty to fixed tenets, with the very institutionalizing of the dogmatic spirit — and this is obviously what is meant when appeal is made to decreasing church attendance, fading importance of creeds, and the passing of effective orthodoxy — then war is *not* due to a waning of religion in the Occident. That kind of religious life which verges toward religiosity and crushes heretics and stones the prophets of everything new, — that kind of religiousness furnishes the very arms and implements of strife; it gives conscience its excuse, and hate its ardor to burn the incense to Mars. But if religion be taken to mean a sense of the eternal importance of life, a profound desire to know God, and an unprejudiced interest in all honest efforts to know more about His boundless world of Reality, — a sincere love of Truth, a respect for Duty, and a full joy in all the Beauty of the world, — then wars may be, and in very truth are, due to a lack of religion. The more of such religion in the world, the more of happiness and peace. And if such is not the peace the present world giveth, it is surely the kind it ought not to take away.

THE COST OF WAR

MUCH has been written of the vast cost of the present War; its appalling expenditure of wealth of every description has been a frequent theme, the latent thought being very generally: What will become of the impoverished world when all is over, the powder all burnt, the vast war machinery either destroyed or "scrapped" for want of use?

Upon which there is one important and, I think, reassuring observation to be made. It relates to the nature of what is expended by the warring nations. We speak in awe-stricken tones of the vast sums of money and amounts of material wealth expended, and in those terms we lose sight of the real character of that expenditure: for what is really expended is that which for want of a better name I shall call labor power. The labor power of a nation is much like some fructifying stream that pours ceaselessly through it. Like the stream it may be utilized for many purposes; it may turn a mill or fertilize a field or it may flow on and away idle and useless. Probably in no nation is labor power used to the limit: there is always left a margin of unemployed labor; but the point of the observation lies just here — the labor power must, like the stream, be utilized at once: it is as evanescent as the stream, and flows away as quickly. It is a perishable commodity; it cannot be saved or stored for future use. Nor can it be borrowed by way of anticipation: there are no stores of it to be recklessly squandered, with the result of subsequent poverty.

It is undoubtedly true that labor power used for war-like purposes is largely withdrawn from the production of useful wealth, but such withdrawal only affects the production of non-essential wealth: the wealth essential

for bare living must not and cannot be diminished beyond a certain point. In fine, the transfer of labor power from useful to warlike production cannot rob the future, because, after all, much of the current labor power of a nation is normally devoted to the simple task of supplying daily recurring needs of food, clothing and the necessary repairs of fixed capital, such as houses, machinery and the like. These needs must be supplied more or less fully in war time as well as in times of peace. It is only the excess of labor power that is free to be expended on either war purposes or for the addition of new wealth, and it is only, therefore, in this portion of labor power that any losses of a permanent sort that trespass on the future can occur.

The great expenditures on the war come mainly from an intensive and extraordinary use of labor power. For the time being, such an application inflicts hardship on all concerned, depriving them of many wonted comforts and luxuries, but it does not leave the world permanently impoverished, save in two ways, either by diminishing the amount or the efficiency of future labor power, or by the destruction of fixed capital or its deterioration for want of the labor necessary to maintain its efficiency.

With these exceptions then, it is certain that the great waste of war is the waste of current labor power. There is no minimizing its disastrous effects; but they are strictly and only present effects: they do not and cannot draw on the future. We are often misled by our dealing with the subject in symbols of money, and lose sight of the fundamental facts not only that labor power is the real wealth we expend, but above all that it is a wealth which is not diminished by expenditure, that it has to be expended to be of any value, and at once. Its characteristic quality is perishableness: It must be used at once or not at all, and it cannot be exhausted by anticipation. The great quickening of labor power, therefore, expressed in an unusual produc-

tion of goods or expenditure of money, is really not a draft on the future, which is impossible, but simply an intensification of labor power, a more energetic application of it to its task, which, if it did not take place, would produce either nothing at all or much less than, under the spur of necessity, it now does.

The war debt of a nation is a mere symbol of all this, a piece of book-keeping, without reality save as an adjustment of credits between the various parties concerned. In that sense it undoubtedly is of the highest importance, but if all the debts of all the nations were cancelled, there would be no loss of actual wealth, but only a change of credit relations between the parties involved. In this sense of the relative rights of creditors and debtors, there is a trespassing on the future: a war debt puts a burden on the future in so far as it regulates the apportionment between the creditor and his debtor of future wealth, the product of future labor. The future wealth is not greatly or permanently diminished. Here is to be found the explanation of the rapid recovery which is often noticed in a nation after an exhausting war.

From what has been said, it seems to follow that the greater part of the wealth of modern industrial societies must be produced every year: Wealth even of the fixed capital class requires every year its due dose of labor to preserve its usefulness as wealth. What would a railroad, a machine, or even a house be without daily applications of labor by way of repair? Other forms of wealth, such as food and most articles of commerce, have only a present value. They must be produced and consumed at once or they lose their value. All of which goes to show that practically most of the wealth of the world is produced every year by contemporary labor; it is not stored up to any great extent, nor can it by any contrivance be put into such shape that its usefulness as wealth is not dependent on constant applications of labor.

According to figures from the United States Census,

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in the occupation of farming, for example, in 1910 the capital employed excluding the land was in round figures of millions 13,000, and the annual product (1908) 7848. That is to say, labor power produces each year sixty per cent of all the fixed capital received from the past centuries of labor in that occupation. Similarly we find in manufactures that the capital employed (1910) was in round figures of millions 18,428 and the value of the product 20,672, in other words, labor power in one year produces 2000 millions more than the total capital, the legacy of past labor to that occupation. It is true that raw material supplied 12,000 millions of value to the product but that material is itself a product of current labor power.

If the whole wealth of the United States be taken for 1904, it is found to be 107,104 millions and the total product of current labor power for such years and occupation as are available about 24,096, that is 41% of all wealth is reproduced by current labor power every year. But in reality the percentage must be very much greater: for the census does not give the yearly products of all occupations, nor if it did would such products cover the innumerable lesser services small in themselves yet in the aggregate very large, which keep the machinery of the industrial world moving efficiently.

What then will be the net result to a nation, say, like Germany, which has not borrowed to any extent from others, or to the United States, which has not only financed itself but made loans to other nations? Probably simply this: some reduction, perhaps a very great reduction for a time in many accustomed comforts and ease of living, and coupled with this a derangement and difficulty in its commercial and industrial transactions, due to the disturbance caused by the readjustment of credit relations between the various constituents of its industrial organization. This is manifested in part in high prices and excessive wages, in short, inflation, but with this much

certain — that its labor power has not been *ipso facto* impaired, but rather quickened to increased efficiency.

So that apart from the loss of labor power by the actual destruction or crippling of its citizens — a most serious loss, but one not germane to this view of the subject — a nation exhausted by a war is much in the condition of a man returning from a prolonged debauch. He has used up his energies in an unproductive way, and by so much as he has failed to produce anything useful, he is that much worse off, or rather no better off than when he began; but supposing him not to have impaired his working power, he enters upon the next day's work just as if he had indulged in no such amusement.

No one will be silly enough to argue that he would not have been better off had he kept on with useful work, just as no one would say that the warring nations of today would not be better off had they applied the energies expended in killing each other, to the production of useful articles. But, leaving aside the destruction of the labor power (which is partly offset by the destruction of consuming power) the great loss is measured by the misapplication of labor power, and the moment that labor power is restored to its normal employment, industrial prosperity will return.

In other words, the nations as a whole could not and have not mortgaged *their future* wealth so as to burden themselves very seriously; about all they could do in that way was to establish by their war debts a different distribution of their future wealth. While this may be a burden on the debtor nations, and may embarrass industry to some extent, it will not greatly diminish the amount of wealth produced in the future.

FRANCE AND "THE GREAT RACE"

I BEG the reader to bear in mind that I have blue eyes. So have my wife and my children. No brunet¹ can be expected to discuss with equanimity the theories of Messrs. de Gobineau, H. S. Chamberlain, Vacher de Lapouge and Madison Grant. These theories are, in the main, a restatement of the old saying: "Blood will tell." I will give them in some detail. Aristocracy is a fact, not a prejudice. There are noble families. There are noble races. It was France that formulated the doctrine of democracy, and France has paid the price: with democracy came decadence. America, infected with the same heresy, is barely beginning to feel its evil effects, because the proportion of "noble blood" was larger than in France. Insofar as the forces of modern society are banded against aristocracy, they are sapping the very foundations of civilization.

This theory is based on bionomics. Race means more than surroundings. Under the most favorable circumstances, the individual can not transcend the strict limits of his type, and "add a cubit to his stature." He can not even transmit his own acquisitions to his progeny. Tend your sheep with all possible care, by all means, and make the most of the existing stock: but that is not the way to permanent improvement. If you are not careful to breed from the best, and to eliminate the least desirable, the flock will ultimately deteriorate. This holds true of the human race. Conservation, hygiene, education, are excellent within their sphere: selection alone brings genuine progress. A barbaric world in which the lower elements are roughly kept down may be on the up-grade; a well-ordered community in which these same elements are protected at the expense of the strong is doomed to decay.

¹ A brute of a word, but established in Anthropology.—ED.

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The scene now shifts from bionomics to anthropology. The supremacy of the white race is accepted as an axiom. Within the white race, there are sub-races of very unequal dignity. The Alpine, Celto-Slavic or Cévenole, short, stocky, round-headed, will, under proper guidance, provide useful "men with the hoe." The Mediterranean, slight of build, dark of hair and eyes, long-headed, is clever, but shallow. The true *Homo Europæus*, the Aryan par excellence, is the Nordic or Teutonic — tall, blond, blue-eyed, the race of the Gods.

There we pass from anthropology to the philosophy of history. Human progress is the record of Teutonic achievement. The Gods and heroes of Homer were blond giants: could you imagine a dark haired Apollo? David was a Teuton: are we not told that he was "ruddy?" So was Jesus Christ, for tradition represents him as blond. It must have been the Teutonic element that gave Rome the empire of the world. When that element was weakened through war and miscegenation, Rome perished, and the tall "blond beasts" from the North assumed control. They have kept it to the present day. The Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation was the center and leader of Christendom. It was the Franks of France who evolved Gothic architecture and chivalry; the Goths of Spain who conquered the Indies; the Goths and Lombards of Italy who were responsible for the Renaissance. England spread over the seven seas the sway of Saxondom. All the kings of Europe are Teutons. World-supremacy at present is in dispute between three Teutonic claimants, Germany, England, the United States.

One last leap: from history to sociology. The "struggle for life" was supposed to bring about the survival of the fittest, and therefore to be an automatic instrument of progress. We no longer accept such a simple optimistic view of evolution. The best may not be the fittest to meet certain natural or artificial conditions. The Nordic race is not easily adaptable to a warm habitat: condemned

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to common labor under the tropics, it would sicken and die. Then, being a minority, it is in constant danger of absorption by intermarriage: race-pride must be instilled as an indispensable means of self-defence. Adventurous, reckless, this aristocratic race has repeatedly turned its weapons against its own members. Franks and Saxons massacred one another in olden days, as English and Germans are doing under our eyes: the lesser breeds would stay at home, and replenish the earth. Finally, democracy is restricting at every turn the spacious freedom so essential to the strong; while maudlin philanthropy is coddling the weak, and protecting them unfairly in the battle of existence. Compelled to compete with races who accept a lower standard, the noble-born have to restrict their offspring: and limitation is the harbinger of extinction. Thus is democracy weeding out the best. England has shorn her Lords of all real power, and entrusted her destinies to a Welshman; America is slowly killing its old colonial stock. They are going the way of Imperial Rome and Revolutionary France. The result, in spite of all the appearances of material success, is already mediocrity; to-morrow, it will be stagnation; and soon after, decadence.

To such a situation, there appear but two remedies. The first would be for democracy to abdicate, of its own accord, into the hands of "the great race," to reserve all positions of wealth and power to the tall blond element. There are still enough descendants of the Nordic blood to save the State, provided they be granted the privileges they need, and provided a process of selection be kept up for generations. But it is inconceivable that our democracies should display such heroic abnegation. Have we not, on the contrary, applauded the revolution by which the Celto-Slavs of Russia have overthrown their partly Teutonized aristocracy? So the last hope lies in the victory of the one nation in which the Great Race, al-

though not unmixed, is still in the ascendant, and conscious of its mission. The Germans can once more save the world from decay, as they once rescued mankind from the abyss of Mediterranean corruption. Universal democracy was hemming the Strong in a circle of laws, aristocracy at bay is attempting to hack its way through. If it perishes, it will mean "The Passing of the Great Race," the triumph of the Celto-Slavs and Mediterraneans, and ultimately Pan-Mongrelism, or Pan-Mongolism, if the Chinese, who have pride of race, seize the sceptre of the world.

These theories might seem little short of grotesque if they were propounded exclusively by Germans. But such is not the case. The heroes of German thought, Leibniz, Kant, Goethe, Schiller, were cosmopolitans. This "Xanthocratic" theory (from *xanthochroi*, the fair whites, according to Huxley) was not "made in Germany." Early in the XVIIIth century, at a time when the German princes had no thought but of aping the splendors, and if need be the vices, of Versailles, Boulainvilliers protested, like St. Simon, against the bourgeois government of the Bourbon kings; the privileges of the nobility, he claimed, were based upon the Frankish conquest, and the superior race was entitled to rule. The Revolution was a rebellion against the Franks: at least Siéyès implied as much when he said: "Let them (the nobles) return to their German marshes, whence they came!" And Balzac shows us an old aristocrat who, when the Revolution of 1830 broke out, exclaimed: "The Gauls are victorious!" Thus the assimilation of aristocracy with Germanism was clearly established, at least in certain French minds. The Romantic school in France was from the first imbued with Germanophile ideas; Madame de Staël opened the way with her epoch-making book on Germany; Michelet, Quinet, Hugo, even Cousin, followed suit. We recognize in them the same strain of thought as in Cole-

ridge and Carlyle. But the theory had not yet received its definite form. This honor was reserved for a Frenchman — I beg his pardon, a Scandinavian, a scion of the Vikings, Count de Gobineau. Gobineau was a diplomatist and a gifted amateur in Oriental studies: according to Oppert, he gave no less than seven different readings of the same Cuneiform inscription. His *Essai sur l'Inégalité des Races Humaines* (1853-1855) is a classic — in Germany: for Gobineau remains an “illustrious unknown” in the land of his birth. His theories, however, were not allowed to lapse. We find, a generation later, the well-informed, impassioned, thought-compelling rhapsodies of the anthroposociologist Vacher de Lapouge. Dr. Gustave Le Bon, in ante bellum days, was another Teuton-worshipper. Demolins studied “The Causes of Anglo-Saxon Supremacy” at a time when England seemed the chief representative of pure Teutonism, before she had capitulated to the “dark forces” led by Lloyd-George. The masterpiece in that line is the work of an Englishman educated in France, Houston Stewart Chamberlain: his monumental *Foundations of the XIXth Century*, warmly lauded by the Kaiser. In English we have such books as *Race or Mongrel?* and *The Passing of the Great Race*. It is an extensive literature, in many respects a fascinating one, like many philosophies of history, and all Utopias and similar fairy-tales. It is characterized in all languages by the same sombre vehemence of expression, and the same contempt for “sentimentality.” As a survival of Romanticism, it is of no mean interest.

Aside from the fatidical style of its exponents, the theory has its appeal — at least for “Xanthocrats.” Did any one ever believe in the concrete equality of races, sexes or individuals? Not I: natural inequalities are too glaring. I never thought that Booker T. Washington and the average man in the street were equals. If any of our peerless leaders, W. J. Bryan or Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, were to encounter, unattended, an irate prize-fighter, no ab-

stract theory would avail against hard facts. Christianity is often accused of preaching equality. Christianity does no such thing: there is no equality between the Pharisee and the Publican; between Dives and Lazarus; between Simon Bar-Jonah the fisherman and Herod Tetrarch; between Paul the tent-maker and Gallio the Proconsul; Christianity has simply introduced a new test of worth — a paradoxical one, I must confess, which hampers the great of this world, and opens wide to the humble the gates of excellence. Democracy itself is not based upon equality: ideally, it is based upon justice, which is just the reverse. Even in its most debased form, the political machine, it does not treat alike the ward heeler and the presidential candidate. Aristocracy, therefore, is a word which should have no terror for us. If democracy is to be justified, it is a method of selecting an aristocracy. The government of the people for the people never implied the government by all the people in exactly the same capacity. The substitution of civil service examinations for direct election would, in most cases, not be considered undemocratic. An examination is but a crude way of testing what a man knows: it never fully reveals what a man is, or what he is likely to become. If we had some more scientific method, should we refuse to use it? The problem, therefore, is merely to compare criteria. If selection for office on the basis of race were indeed safer, more efficient, than examination or the ballot, it would better serve the interests of the people, and therefore the essential purpose of democracy: "Let the best people rule!"

But is the superiority of any one "Aryan" sub-race as well established as Messrs. Vacher de Lapouge or Madison Grant affect to believe? The sons of Missouri are a formidable brood in this land, and their skepticism will not be swept away by brilliant generalizations. I have not the least claim to the staggering omniscience displayed

by all anthroposociologists. I am not going to argue with them about the color of Jupiter's hair and of Minerva's eyes, or the cephalic index of Apollo. But there are a few things well within the reach of any careful student interested in modern history. France has often been used as an illustration, and France, if you please, will be our battle-ground: that way seems to lie her destiny. So long as she obeyed her Frankish aristocracy, so the thesis runs, France led the world; the resurgence of the Celto-Slavs and Mediterraneans under a democratic régime spells decay.

We do not know what the primitive population of Gaul was. The Gauls or Celts, and particularly the Belgae, were late invaders, tall, blue-eyed, red-haired, and therefore of Teutonic race. Throughout the four centuries of Roman rule, there was in Gaul a constant infiltration of Teutonic blood: voluntary colonists, "laeti" or auxiliaries settled in all the provinces, German prisoners sold into slavery. When Clovis and his handful of Franks embarked upon the conquest of Gaul, he had therefore to face a mixed population, with a large Teutonic element, especially in the North. His policy was to rely upon the alliance of the Church against his fellow Teutons, the Arian Burgunds and Visigoths. For that reason, he found it advisable not to disturb the existing Gallo-Roman gentry: those of his warriors whom he rewarded with estates simply took their place among the Senatorial families. Military service was then the chief avenue to success; but the army was opened to all free men, and Clovis had Roman troops under his command. The majority of the counts he appointed were Gallo-Roman. No doubt the triumph of Austrasia and of the Pepins two centuries later meant a recrudescence of Germanism. But even in Austrasia there were non-Teutonic nobles. In Neustria, it is doubtful whether the Franks were even the majority of the ruling class. In Burgundy, they were still fewer; in Aquitania, they were hardly represented

at all. On the other hand, there were many Teutons among the common people. There is no sign that the original aristocracy of France was founded exclusively on race. In French history we find a great deal of class and sectarian prejudice: but no race feeling at all. The aristocracy was renewed over and over again by a constant process of extinction and new creations. Adventurers, servants of the Kings, even merchants, were admitted into the nobility. And provided they were rich enough, the new families were allowed to "re-gild the old coats-of-arms." The French nobles are fond of tracing their origins to Crusaders; they never allude to the Frankish conquest. As a matter of fact, few can go farther back than Francis I; and many won their coronets under the Third Republic. In spite of the fanciful theory of Boulainvilliers, confirmed by Siéyès, the French nobility belong to the same race, or rather to the same races, as the commoners. From the time of the Renaissance to the present day, we have a number of authentic portraits: it is impossible to say that the nobility are more Teutonic in appearance than the rest of the population. Those Kings whose faces are most familiar to us, and seem most typical of royalty — Francis I, Henry IV, Louis XIII, Louis XIV, are just plain, every-day Frenchmen: no one would mistake them for Goths. Our idea of the aristocratic type, Anatole France remarks, is derived from actresses and the models of artists and dressmakers — all daughters of the people. There is no single "aristocratic type" in French literature. The ingénue may be a blond: but how much more interesting is the dark, "fatal" woman! As for the hero, dark eyes and hair are in great demand, as more "distinguished." Our present "King" — in partibus — the Duke of Orleans, is blond; look at his portraits, and you will agree with Anatole France about "*sa beauté un peu vulgaire*."

The Duke of Orleans, of course, is not a French noble, but a cosmopolitan, and predominantly a German. It

is a curious phenomenon, that recent corner in crowns that the Germans have been able to make more complete than the Bourbon trust in the XVIIIth century. H. G. Wells is now trying to tease his compatriots — that is the essence of the prophet's business — by referring to their idol Victoria as "that German Queen." This quasi-monopoly is due to the fact that Germany has long been infested with petty sovereigns, and that the "mediatized" princes, now listed in the second part of the *Almanach de Gotha*, retained the privilege of intermarrying with royalty. Thus, in the closed royal caste, the Germans form an overwhelming majority. But this is an artificial arrangement which implies no genuine superiority, and is not likely to endure. America will not easily be persuaded that the social queens of Bar Harbor are not the equals of anybody in the Gotha, first or second part. As for the third part, that is half-Yankee already, and soon the rest will hail from Chicago. Take for instance our latest Vicar of God on earth, Wilhelm von Wied of Albania: does anyone sincerely believe that this obscure German colonel was better qualified for the position than such democratic empire-builders as Doumer, Galliéni or Lyautey?

Supposing we should admit that the French nobility were racially different from the common people, what would be the lesson of French history? The growth of France is due to the coalition of the monarchy, the Church and the people against the nobility, who have always made a tremendous nuisance of themselves. Up to the middle of the XVIIth century, they formed innumerable leagues of rebellion, not for the public weal, but for their own selfish purposes. In so doing, they frequently accepted the aid of foreign princes, particularly of the King of Spain. The best that can be said in their favor is that they have never been quite so openly venal and so indifferent to national interests as the German princes. Louis XIV appears in history between Colbert and Bossuet, the great administrator and

the eloquent theorist of absolute monarchy, — both commoners. He imprisoned the nobility in the gilded cage of Versailles, and reduced them to a position of magnificent domesticity. As Napoleon said: "Those people alone make good servants." When the Bourbon monarchy, which had been essentially a bourgeois monarchy, was captured by its noble prisoners, its fate was sealed.

In 1792, the crucial experiment was made. Through intimidation, emigration or the guillotine, France lost the bulk of its noble class, all its "fighting blood." The result was the most wonderful epic of war the world had yet seen. Hemmed in by more enemies than Germany to-day, without allies, bankrupt, and torn by civil war, Republican France conquered in two years (1793-1795) the whole left bank of the Rhine — the immemorial dream of the Capetians. Nor was this the work of one commanding genius: no one claims that Carnot alone saved France, and Napoleon did not reveal himself until 1796. The Corsican, by the way, short and dark, can hardly be claimed for Teutonism, although he has more worshippers in Germany than in France. We have the portraits of the heroes of the Grand Army, Marshals and Grogards: good French faces, most of them, plainly the ancestors of Joffre, Sarrail, Foch and their Poilus; of a predominance of Frankish blood among them, no trace.

We are asked to believe that XIXth century France, democratic, was decadent; a glance at the roll of French fame for the last hundred years, is sufficient reply. Perhaps Cuvier, Comte, Claude Bernard, Taine, Pasteur, were all Teutons? Such an assertion, in most cases, is difficult to disprove. We may, at least, pick up a few facts at random. Renan, who was a believer in race, and a great admirer of Germany, gave his ethnic formula as "a Celto-Gascon mongrel, with a dash of Lappish blood" and added modestly: "This ought to correspond to perfect imbecility." Henri Poincaré was a mathematician

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of rare genius: it is said that in the last years of his career, he suffered from the solitude of the discoverer "voyaging through strange seas of thought alone." We have a minute physiological description of him by Dr. Toulouse. This pioneer was an Alpine, a "vile brachy."

The supreme argument is the decline of the birth-rate in France — the curse of the hybrid, barrenness. A very complex problem indeed, only very lately, and not yet widely, attributed to any involuntary cause, which I am not competent to consider in all its aspects. I shall be satisfied with a *Tu Quoque*. Were not the Prussians alarmed at the higher birth-rate of the Poles, and did they not consider the Poles, in spite of their prolificity, but because of their prolificity, an inferior race? The superior races breed with less *abandon*! Lions do not teem like rabbits! Does not Mr. Madison Grant heap up eloquent abuse on the French-Canadians — who are certainly not guilty of race-suicide? Are we not told that it is the highly desirable "Teutonic" colonial stock that is in danger of extinction, unless it be artificially protected? Well, such protection does exist in Australia. No colored immigration is allowed; hardly any immigration at all, except from Teutonic lands. What is the result of this race-exclusiveness? A birth-rate almost as low as that of France.

I need hardly say that I am not defending France: France has placed herself beyond the need of such defence. Neither am I depreciating the Teutonic element, which I sincerely admire, in Germany as well as in France, where it is still plentifully represented. I am simply attempting to test a theory. It seems to me that the lesson of French history is exactly the reverse of what the Xanthocrats are teaching. All European races have produced geniuses in all lines. In their purity, it is difficult to tell which is the most desirable. And their mixture, far from bringing decay, seems to have been singularly success-

ful. Both the Alsatians and the Burgundians are the result of an Alpine-Nordic crossing: and they are among the finest populations in Europe. The "melting pot" of France has been boiling for over two thousand years, and the world does not think the result so base.

I am unable, therefore, to accept the Xanthochroic test of aristocracy; and, until the matter is farther elucidated, I should be extremely sorry to see any law passed, or any prejudice fostered, that would establish a hierarchy among the physical types of men. It would be a sin to deny "the promise of American life" to an Italian, a Pole or a Bavarian, because they happen to be round-headed. It would be tyranny to prevent, on the strength of a mere pseudo-scientific hypothesis, the mating of a blond with a brunet. Have you never peered into brown eyes that were attractive, and even intelligent? H. S. Chamberlain himself confesses that many members of the Anglo-Norman aristocracy have brown eyes: for it was a French, and not a Scandinavian, army that conquered in 1066. Alexander the Great, truly eclectic, had one eye blue, and the other dark.

I am not challenging the main thesis of the "selectionists." It is obvious that not all human beings are endowed with the same gifts. These inequalities may be due partly to more or less favorable opportunities for development; partly, if you please, to the caprice of some unknown power: "the wind bloweth where it listeth." But it seems difficult to deny that, in the main, they are, like bodily traits, the result of heredity. If this be true, we are bound to admit that there must be certain strains in the human family more valuable than others. And it is only too evident that our rough-and-tumble, free-for-all competition is not well adapted to the selection and preservation of the finer, more subtle characteristics. Once more, I am not shrinking from the idea of an aristocracy: Republican France did not object to a dynasty of Carnotvingians — Lazare Carnot was the organizer of victory under

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the first republic; Sadi Carnot was a pioneer of thermodynamics; Hippolyte Carnot was Minister of Public Education under the Second Republic and Senator under the Third; Sadi Carnot was President of the Third; and the sons of President Carnot are now holding honorable places in the political world. But the test must be convincing. No one wants an aristocracy of the "effete" European type. Mere self-assertion and disinclination to work are not sufficient credentials. Of all the criteria for the selection of a ruling class, careful dressing, correct dancing and a mastery of etiquette are by far the most preposterous. Neither is the mere acquisition of wealth a sure sign of superiority. It may be due to energy, foresight, service; but it may also represent unscrupulous greed and cunning coupled with luck. It is no safe basis even for a life-aristocracy, still less for an hereditary one. Neither is culture: much of our culture is mere cramming or shibboleth. Although I respect the Brahmin class and the Levitical tribe, I would be the last to advocate an hereditary mandarinat for America. But I would rather rely upon any of the tests that made the Brahmin and the Levite, than upon the color of the eyes.

In the present state of our knowledge, there is nothing safer than plain justice. As our knowledge increases, our justice will be more enlightened: but knowledge will never justify injustice. If certain physical types are better able to perform certain services, let their deeds fulfill the promise of their eyes and hair. If you want tall men in the police, do not accept an undersized Scandinavian and refuse a gigantic Italian on the plea that the Scandinavians, *as a race*, are taller than the Italians, and therefore ought to secure a monopoly of such positions. If our present tests are too crude, let us make them more accurate. If the rewards for the finer kinds of service are inadequate and discouraging, let us put our trust in the attractiveness of congenial work, in the gradual enlightenment of the masses, perhaps in the generous wisdom

of a few individuals. The Xanthochroic theory is merely a bridge between a loose heap of facts and a mass of prejudices. It is interesting, but it is far from harmless. It has hurled Germany against the world. It is clamoring for the conquest of Mexico. It is preparing Armageddon between America and Asia. There is no reason why we should abandon Lincoln and Wilson for Gobineau and Chamberlain.

THE GREAT FALSE PROPHETS

PERHAPS there is no rôle so difficult as that of thorough-going reformer. Were Socrates to try it to-day he would be even more severely handled than he was in classical Greece. Plato seems to have confined his activities chiefly to mere speculation and the teaching of a few disciples; yet there are signs in his later writings of a bruised spirit. A number of reformers have lost their heads, and a still greater number their reason, men like Rousseau, Ruskin, and Tolstoi with spiritual conflicts that led to mental unbalance. For it is not safe, clad only in the armor of abstract theory, to cast oneself into the conflict with reality.

Yet nothing is more stimulating than to read the hearty appeals of these men for a nobler and more rational system of living. "The divine pattern, which is laid up in heaven," and which they call upon us to behold, is at first glance so flawless that for the moment we would gladly enroll as their followers; but they stumble so pitifully against the most obvious realities, and contradict each other and themselves so brazenly. Perhaps it is to the heartache because fact will not square with theory, that we must look for the tragedies of their lives.

To see the full significance of the effort to produce a social state that shall be founded upon reason and justice, and thus do away with the ills of humanity and the meaninglessness of life, we must turn to the first great speculator upon purely human problems. Like any great teacher, Plato had two methods of conveying his teaching — the one direct, by means of analysis and exposition, the other allegorical. And in the *Republic* there is as much of the one method as of the other. Thrasymachus has maintained with some heat that injustice is more prof-

itable than justice, that the wicked prosper in their wickedness, and that even the gods may be blinded by oblations. Glaucon and Adeimantus, near followers of Socrates, though they cannot accept this unorthodoxy, are nevertheless shaken, and look to Socrates for a final defense of their faith. The rest of the ten books is a justification of Socrates' "will to believe" in the transcendental and yet practical worth of justice.

Justice in the individual consists in the harmonious working of man's whole being under the direction of his higher nature, his reason, — the classical ideal of restraint, or culture, as Matthew Arnold, borrowing the term from Goethe, has defined it. Likewise culture or justice in the state, for Plato, consists in an ideal harmony between the rulers, the soldiers, the tradespeople, and the menials, who respectively correspond, in the individual, to the reason, the will, the passions and instincts; with the three lower orders under the direct control of those in whom the principle of reason and discipline is most developed.

All this seems excellent enough. It is only when we take his allegory of the perfect state too seriously (as some are tempted to take a new effort along Platonic lines by H. G. Wells in the perfect planet on the other side of Sirius), that difficulties begin to multiply. For Plato himself is more than skeptical concerning his own polity.

However, in heaven there is laid up a pattern of it, which he who desires may behold, and beholding may set his house in order. But whether such a one exists, or ever will exist in fact, is no matter: for he will live after the manner of that city, having nothing to do with any other.

Precisely! the man loving justice, will, when he knows what justice is, have nothing to do with the allurements of this earth. But so long as things are as they are, "a man must take with him into the world below, an adamantine faith in truth and right; that there he may not be dazzled

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by the desire of wealth or the allurements of evil." It is with the individual, after all, that Plato, as a genuine teacher, is rightly concerned. The state, according to the true individualist may look after itself. It is after all only a means to an end, forms and constitutions are nothing more than an outward expression of the inner man. Reformers who can see no farther than the external faults they would correct, are like boys playing with the mechanism of a clock, not knowing the end which the springs, balances, and wheels serve. For "they are always fancying that by legislation they will make an end of frauds in contracts, and the other rascalities, not knowing that they are in reality cutting off the heads of a hydra." Granted, but why then all the minutiae of legislation in the *Laws*?

But, paradox of paradoxes! Plato, in his philosophy an individualist of individualists, when he would illustrate his notion of the just man by showing a just state, gives us a picture of monstrous injustice. It is true that his state produced order, the one thing Athens needed after the collapse of her democracy. And orderliness in the state may be of the nature of cleanliness, and a great blessing, but it is not Platonic justice; for it is not founded upon any general sense of responsibility and free choice. To this end we may quote Plato against himself. "Virtue is free, and as a man honors or dishonors her he will have more or less of her; the responsibility is with the chooser—God is justified." But freedom based upon responsibility to one's self, except for the philosopher-kings, is at one blow swept from his state. To say that all have the opportunity of becoming philosopher-kings holds out the terrible possibility that all may imagine themselves philosopher-kings, like Bronson Alcott and his company at Fruitlands. It is hard for one who thinks of himself in terms of infinity to occupy himself with cabbages.

But there is one still more serious difficulty. Ants and bees have perfect order because there is no difference of

opinion among them. Similarly in the perfect social state, there must be perfect wisdom and perfect unanimity! It is easy to speak of perfect wisdom, but who shall recognize it? Who shall know the man with the happy balance of faculties, with none in a greater or lesser degree, and cognizant of all the errors and all the needs of his fellows? And above all, who can imagine a body of such single-minded personages as Plato's philosopher-kings? Angelic wisdom would never suffice; for even angels need the direction of Omniscience.

Later in life Plato, after a disillusioning sojourn with a pseudo-philosopher king in Syracuse, sought by means of compromise to make the dream of the *Republic* into sober waking reality. But his adjustment with things as they are, is far from desirable. He begins the *Laws* with an assumption which is more than startling. The state is to be as nearly perfect as possible; he shall see to that by admitting none but good citizens, and hence there will be no need for a general purgation nor a division of lands or settlement of debts. In consequence "there ought to be no disputes among citizens about property." And thus by the simple expedient of begging the question, we get rid of the chief cause of distress in the modern state. "Moreover in every state, above all things, every man should take heed that he have no deceit in him, but that he be always true and simple." And thus by this simple categorical imperative, we destroy the root of all present evil. The problem with the *Laws* is now simply to provide such an education, and such an environment, as will make the virtue perennial.

But does he succeed in this? We might overlook a few inconsistencies, though they would bulk large in any modern society. There was to be no use for gold or silver except as money, though how they could be accepted for legal tender unless they represented some other than a mere symbolical value, we are not told. There was to be

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no interest on loans. Ruskin also fell afoul of this. "No one could grow rich, since the good man gains half as much as the bad, and spends twice as much." And yet the constitution of the state was to be a timocracy of wealth modified by an aristocracy of merit. He had learned, perhaps by sad experience at Syracuse, to distrust philosopher-kings. Even the number of the citizens was fixed at 5040, and the necessity of this mystic Pythagorean symbol in the state, was insisted upon as much as the need of justice and moderation.

These idiosyncracies of a great man we might ignore were the constitution and the laws such as would preserve the happiness and welfare of the individual. But what Plato desired was the one thing that human nature may never attain without stultification. He admired the rigidity of Egypt, forgetting that social fixity means destruction of individual development. It is natural to long for stability, but to forbid progress in any direction, even in art or literature, is to do what the foolish wise men did with the constitution of India. Plato's state to be perfect must have "the quality of unchangeableness," there must be no change even in children's games; for changes "breed revolutionists." He affirms "that much learning is dangerous to youth"; and no one must be allowed to travel abroad until he has reached the age of forty, when his ideas and habits are firmly crystallized.

The tragedy of Plato's state is that, looking for a simple formula for justice, he found it in perfect harmony; transferred to the state, the formula too underwent a transformation, and became iron-clad order. Here even Plato was guilty of the sophist's fallacy of introducing a fourth term into his syllogism.

The ideal of freedom which Plato allowed to slip through his fingers when he passed from the individual to the state, is the one thing which the romanticists of the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries set most store by.

To Rousseau, and to a host of others, even in our own times, the chief source of man's misery has been the assumed loss of divine freedom, with which nature is assumed to have endowed him, when she created man good in her own assumed image. And the task before the reformer is to restore to man this priceless heritage of which he has been unjustly deprived. Rousseau says:

If we ask, in what precisely consists the greatest good of all, which should be the end of every system of legislation, we shall find it reduce itself to but two main objects, liberty and equality — liberty because all particular dependence means so much force taken from the body of the state, and equality, because liberty cannot exist without it.

And Rousseau even deprecates any possible objection to the worth of his ideal.

When I observe [a free people] sacrificing pleasure, peace, wealth, power, and life itself to the preservation of that one treasure, liberty, which is so disdained by those who have lost it, when I see free-born animals dash their brains out against the bars of their cages, from an innate impatience of captivity; when I behold numbers of naked savages that despise European pleasures, braving hunger, fire, the sword, and death, to preserve nothing but their independence, I feel that it is not for slaves to argue about liberty.

Precisely! To Rousseau, animals and savages have one virtue, and that a very high one, which more civilized peoples have learned to forego. And thus has arisen the cult of the natural man, the primitive man, the man free from all the extravagancies, luxuries, and slaveries of conventional civilization. For the great cardinal assumption with Rousseau is that man in nature, the primitive man, was virtuous because he was unrestrained, because he suffered no human superiority and exercised none, but was in every way free of his manhood. Man was by nature good, that is free, that is virtuous, and Rousseau would add, also moral, — was, in short, as fine as Cooper's Indians, when as a fact, primitive man is less than civilized man in all these particulars.

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The advance in civilization out of this primitive state was the original fall of man — all this has a familiar enough ring in the outcry we hear against these our degenerate days. Then originated difference in degree between the master and servant, then originated that vain curiosity in science which has been the primal source of all our ills. For Nature, the fond and wise mother, never intended that man should inquire too curiously into her secrets.

Let men learn for once that nature would have preserved them from science, as a fond mother snatches a dangerous weapon from the hands of her child. Let them know that all the secrets she hides are so many evils from which she protects them, and that the very difficulty they find in acquiring knowledge is not the least of her bounty toward them. But man has been an erring child, has inquired into her ways, and paid the penalty. For “as the light of science has arisen above our horizon, virtue has taken flight.”

Allowing for the rhetoric in this outburst, by means of which Rousseau hoped to draw the prize from the academy of Dijon, there is yet at bottom, a profound conviction that man and his ways were once good, that knowledge and science and civilization came and corrupted him, and that the only real cure lies in a return to nature.

But it is a serious mistake to suppose that Rousseau was not clear enough in his thinking to realize that after these many centuries of civilization a return to the freedom of nature is impossible. Though he praised the instinctive and emotional life of primitive man, he saw clearly enough that the intellectual life has gained such a control over man's destiny that henceforth the best we can do is so to order the intellectual life that as much freedom may be left for the emotional life as is consistent with its freedom-loving nature. In other words, if science and the arts are the great evil, the evil has gained such an ascendancy over us as cannot be shaken off; and we must in consequence be satisfied with compounding with the

devil, compromising by a *quid pro quo*, hoping by the exchange to get enough of good at least to save our souls, even if it does not leave us in a permanent state of perfect bliss.

This he strove to do in his *Contrat Social* and *Émile*. Man has a dual nature, he asserts, one social and intellectual, the other individual and emotional. The problem of society is to reconcile these and give to the second the greatest measure of free play. The state as the embodiment of man's life of reason is to have jurisdiction over only such matters as concern man's social nature. Outside of that lies the indefinite region for his individual expansion. Morality and conscience belong exclusively to this second realm, for they are matters which concern purely the emotions. The *volonté générale*, the common will of all, directs the action of each individual only in public matters, and by a queer twist to Rousseau's definition, there it stops. But to state thus clearly Rousseau's main thesis at a glance gives its refutation. Man's nature is not dichotomized in this way into mutually exclusive categories. The desire for individual expansion will in Rousseau's state be, as now, in constant effort to subordinate the *volonté générale*; and the common opinion has frequently in the best of states been a tyranny guilty of the most heinous of crimes.

As Plato's state provided for a highly intellectual aristocracy and a populace in subjection, so here Rousseau's democracy provides for an unintelligent populace with the higher intellects in subjection. Or, putting it in another way, as Plato strove for justice, and lost freedom, so Rousseau strove for freedom and lost justice, and losing that also lost freedom. Plato's rule, if possible, would at least have the virtue of being intelligent, and hence, in a degree, moral; but Rousseau's brawling, capricious populace, with each person seeking his individual freedom of self-expansion, would have little room for morals or for freedom; for a mob or a *demos* may be as tyrannical as

the worst of tyrants, since it also has no sense of responsibility. And its resentment is doubly sharp against one whose intelligence is a standing insult to its brutishness.

But however paradoxical Rousseauism may be when applied to the state, it has been exceedingly potent in nineteenth and even twentieth century Europe and America. As keen a thinker as Bosanquet has remarked in the Rousseau centenary number of the *Revue Métaphysique et Morale*:

In truth the present movement in the philosophical world, which takes for its motto, life, sentiment, the practical, and which is in permanent conflict with the word intellectualism, is born, whether it be found to be good or bad, from the new point of view and this passion for democracy, which Rousseau was the first to feel and which he expressed so forcibly.

The reason is not far to seek. For it is true, as John Locke once pointed out, that the untrained and superficially educated would rather guide their actions by emotional standards than by the arduous labor of the intellect; and among the things of highest significance to the emotions, is the natural desire for a fuller and higher expression of free individuality. To gain this man must acquire a practical command of his environment, must find his contact with his fellows sweetened with the milk of human kindness; in short, he must live in a little paradise, prepared not by the labor of his hand and brain, but sumptuously laid out ready for him by the benign efforts of society. This feeling, due directly to a type of mind of which Rousseau was the first great apostle, has been responsible for the thousand humanitarian sentimentalisms that disfigure the pages of nineteenth century thought.

Rousseauism has also its philosophical creed, which sinks its roots in transcendental idealism. The individual soul, as a manifestation of the cosmic spirit, has a transcendental worth above any class distinction or social

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machinery. It was made, like the eagle, to soar aloft, to hold communion with the soul of the universe, and if we set it at a more humble task, so much the less its worth to society and to itself. All this, too, is in Rousseau; but shorn of its philosophical verbiage, it may be read in any pamphleteer from Jefferson to Bouck White.

Wordsworth had much the same quarrel with science and the arts.

Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

What we need is, not more knowledge how to use what we already have, but to forget what we have, and allow Nature gently to instil into our open hearts her teaching. So Wordsworth went to peasants, herdsmen, his Michaels and Peter Bells, his idiot boys, and even to a young ass, to learn the secret ways of Nature, forgetting completely that it requires a sophisticated mind to enjoy Nature, and that a man whose sole communion has been with the mountains and the naked sky and the wide earth, has a mind as dull as the clod, and as vacant as the cloud that feeds his eye. It is a curious comment that nature poetry originated only after men became cognizant, in a measure, of Nature's laws.

But one very positive evil which might be traced to this emotional worship of nature and the origins, and this contempt of the intelligence and its creature, Science, has been a long hostility between Literature and Science, that only now begins to show signs of ending. While science was making its largest strides, during the nineteenth century, even Browning with all his resoluteness could exclaim in impatience:

Wholly distrust thy knowledge, then, and trust
As wholly love allied to ignorance.

The same love of the primitive led Wordsworth into the most brazen contradictions. In his desire to write in a diction that would reflect the humble and rustic life where "the passions of men are incorporated with the beautiful and permanent forms of Nature," he fell at times into abysmal euphemisms:

For often times

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms,
 Had done him female service, not alone
 For pastime and delight, as is the use
 Of fathers, but with patient mind enforced
 To acts of tenderness.

The ordinary speech of peasants would be much more direct. At other times when he had a poetic subject his diction was as artificial as any:

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

He hated specialized labor which reduced man to "the senseless member of a vast machine, serving as doth a spindle or a wheel." He loved primitive people, his shepherds and rustics of Westmoreland. He hated aristocracy as the instrument that crushed man's natural rights. Yet he was horrified when the Reform Bill tended to make natural and political rights synonymous. He hated dogma, and yet defended the Established Church in his *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*.

It is curious how Ruskin gains his power over immature minds. From a very early reading of *Sesame and Lilies* I learned that Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines. Now I had been taught otherwise by a diligent and enthusiastic master, and the discovery that there was a difference in literary judgments was painful and yet fascinating. And it is the fascination of paradoxes like this, that is the fascination of Ruskin. "What do you suppose fools were made for?" he asks in a book once much read. "That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the

better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them." All this is probably most devoutly true; but usually we do a great deal more: we give them votes and elect them to high office. We proceed now, — and there is nothing in Ruskin to gainsay us, — by declaring in practice that there are no fools.

But there is something tremendously inspiring in Ruskin's paradoxes.

In some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housing of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at least attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying, — "These are *my* Jewels."

But how shall we arrive at this far-off divine event? What political economy, what social reforms, what simplifications of life shall we require before we can realize this idyllic picture? The difficulty with us to-day, says Ruskin, is that our economics do not distinguish between "what avails for life" and "what avails for death." It is also necessary to know that what avails for life will do so only if it be in the hands of a person who is "valiant and himself avails for life." And this person is one who is not entirely occupied with his own concerns: for such a one, according to Ruskin, is the only true idiot. Thus to get anywhere through the maze that surrounds us, we must first of all get rid of the "let-alone" principle, the doctrine of individualism in society and labor. It is strange how reformers like Ruskin, Plato, and Rousseau play fast and loose with the principle of freedom. "The 'let-alone' principle is, in all things which man has to do with, the principle of death; it is ruin to him, certain and total, if he lets his land alone — if he lets his fellow man alone — if he lets his own soul alone." Coöperation, then, in pro-

ducing the things that avail for life is the principle and heart of Ruskin's creed. It might be presumptuous, but it certainly is necessary to ask by whom this coöperation shall be directed. And here, we ask in vain, unless the answer be, by the whole mass. But we daily see the futility of such an answer, in even the sacrosanct workings of a university faculty. How can it be expected to work with better result in a mass nation-wide and with infinite complexity of interests? But direction from somewhere there must be, lest our energies go off into the old "let-alone" morass, and we find ourselves in an orgy of interests that avail for death.

But what in detail are the things that "avail for death"? They are the ugly things in our civilization which put off the day of final reconciliation. But when we push further for an answer, we are still left in a state of uncertainty. In general we are forced to conclude that Ruskin, trusting his instinct and calling it reason, measured the worth of a political economy by its personal and æsthetic rather than by its ethical value. In brief, though he longs for a socialistic state, he is yet at heart a profound individualist, and for standards of social worth accepts his own instinctive likes and dislikes. And here, I believe, is to be found the secret of the futility, not only of Ruskin, but of the vast majority of our socializing reformers. Each man wants in the state, what he likes; and would bar what he dislikes.

Ruskin bewails the ugliness of our railroads, our mines and slag heaps, and the engines of production and destruction they have worked to create. He hates our concentration of labor into the factory system, because it has destroyed the independence of labor at home, forgetting that a sweat shop at home is still a sweat shop, and independence under such conditions a figment of the imagination. He praises the joy of a worker in his work, and the beauty of heart-inspired labor; and yet forgets that the Parthenon, St. Sophia, the Alhambra, the Taj Mahal,

and nearly all the great works of architecture have sprung from ages of corruption and sweated labor.

But we see the futility of Ruskin's ideas best in his effort in his Company of St. George to create a modern society upon a mediæval model. It was to be purged of the cruelty of feudalism and the superstition of catholicism. There was to be chivalry without war; devoutness without a church; nobility without luxury; monarchy without pride. The task of St. George was first to slay the dragon of individualism, and to deliver the people from the abominations of city life. There must be no competition, no huckstering, no fraud, no luxury, no idleness, no vain erudition, no engines. The only essential material things were to be pure air, water, and earth; and the only essential immaterial things, admiration, hope, and love. The company was to order its own coinage — how we are not told — which was to be without baser alloy; and it was to endure the wearing of only uncut jewels. The community was to be socialistic, in that it diverted all productions to the public use; and yet it was to maintain and encourage hereditary property. It was anarchistic in its defiance of all conventions of modern life; and yet was to be inflexible in requiring strict obedience to its own rules. It defied capital, but tyrannized over labor. It forbade interest on capital, and yet allowed rent of land. In short the whole scheme is a curious mixture of the Sermon on the Mount and the rules of the order of St. Francis.

The essence of Ruskinism is at heart a distrust of civilization and an ethical and economic anti-intellectualism.

The same mood, and the same desire for simplification, given this time with a religious fervor, is the heart of Tolstoi's message to his age. He accepts the definition from the Darwinians that civilization is an unequal conflict at the end of which comes inevitable death. As an allegory of man's life he tells the effective little eastern tale of the man who, escaping from a wild beast, falls into

a chasm, where he hangs to a bush whose roots are slowly giving way. To his further horror he sees near a venomous snake; yet with greedy tongue he licks a drop of honey from the leaves of his momentary support.

Pessimism in the darkest colors is the foundation upon which Tolstoi erects his faith. Civilization is a meaningless struggle, in which the richly endowed and the poor, the scientifically trained and the ignorant, Dives and Lazarus, all go hugger-mugger into the same grave; and unless man be raised with a higher hope it were better that he had never been born. Indeed civilization and science have been guilty of the greatest of crimes to humanity; for they have given rise to hopes which they can in no wise justify. They have hardened man's heart, made him forget the law of love and duty to his neighbor, have been a positive hindrance to the spiritual life. The only escape from this rank evil that has us so completely in its toils, is to turn again to the primitive life and primitive religion; and so Tolstoi made the great renunciation. In such a spirit he praises a boyhood acquaintance, the idiot Gricha. "Gricha, notable Christian! So mighty was your faith that you felt the approach of God; so ardent was your love that words rushed from your lips — words that your reason could not control. And how you used to celebrate His splendor, when speech failed you, when, all tears, you lay prostrate on the ground!" But to Tolstoi was granted the articulation of discourse.

It must not be thought that this return to the primitive with him was a thing of a day, or two years; all his life he had learned, when oppressed with this world's problems, to fly to the ignorant; but after his conversion, the occasional habit became a settled impulse. "The more I learned of the lives of peasants, the lives of the living and of the dead of whom I read and heard, the more I liked them, and the easier I felt it so to live. I lived in this way

during two years, and then . . . the life of my own circle of rich and learned men not only became repulsive, but lost all meaning whatever. All actions, our reasonings, our science and art, all appeared to me in a new light. I understood that it was all child's play, that it was useless to seek a meaning in it. The life of the working classes, of the whole of mankind, of those that create life, appeared to me in its true significance. I understood that this was life itself, and that the meaning given to this life was a true one, and I accepted it."

Perhaps no great man, at least in modern times, has so openly come out for the simple life in its boldest simplicity. Simplification became with him an ideal in itself. And he justified himself by himself. "I must be judge of what was right and necessary, not by what men said and did, not by progress, but by what I felt to be true in my heart." Thus he found it possible to sustain life without eating flesh; to associate with men without accepting class distinctions and conventional prejudices; to feed the mind and thrill the heart without having recourse to an art and science that are meaningless to the majority of mankind. And thus at one blow, he thought he had struck off all superfluities.

But there is one curious paradox running through all this. The life of the peasant is communal in thought, opinion, worship, even property. But Tolstoi was always in theory and character the rankest of individualists. "I had a hatred of the general tendency." He opposed instinctively all trains of reasoning, all conclusions, which were generally admitted.

It is for this reason that he hated liberals. "These free men recall the prisoners who imagine that they are enjoying freedom when they have the right to elect those of their goalers who are intrusted with the interior policing of the prison. . . A member of a despotic state may be entirely free, even in the midst of the most brutal violence. But a member of a constitutional state is always a slave;

for he recognizes the legality of the violence done him." And "political agitation arrests true progress." He is just as severe and paradoxical with socialism. He desired a division of the soil, and yet abused socialism, because its object "is the satisfaction of the lowest needs of man." It is the amalgamation of two lies, "the lie of liberty and the lie of science."

But it is a mournful paradox that while he cultivated the primitive in external conduct, his heart and his mind remained where civilization, and not his eccentricity, placed him. Though he might follow the cult of utter simplicity and ignorance, he was always in spirit Count Leo Tolstoi, the man into whose making centuries of tradition and culture had poured their fullest treasure. It must sometimes have entered his soul as an afterthought that the appliances and luxuries of civilization do not make civilization and culture, but that they are its creatures, and that to deny them is as though a man were to deny his clothes.

And yet was it not exactly this vain denial that Tolstoi argued? It would be as easy to deny the multiplication tables or the laws of geometric progression, because they have assisted some men to lay by greater stores of this world's treasure than seems justly their due. It would be no less absurd to deny and renounce differences in degrees of intelligence, which would, and do, lead to differences in comfort even between moujiks. Yet their differences only illustrate on a small scale the greater differences in the world at large. And there are injustice and greed and cruelty there, but we shall not get rid of them unless we can carry our denial also a step farther and deny human nature. For there is no evidence of more brotherly love and coöperation as we approach the primitive condition, and were all mankind to become moujiks, and all thought and science to be swept to the level of their powers of comprehension and application, be the brotherly love and coöperation between the afflicted

peasants never so rare, what toll would not the newest plague and famine take?

Tolstoi used to feel that if he could turn round with sufficient rapidity he would find himself face to face with nothingness, and at times a reader feels tempted to remark that the feat has been achieved. For in *Life* he writes, "True life begins at the moment when reason is manifested;" but in *Anna Karenina*, "Evil is what is reasonable to the world. Sacrifice and love are insanity." It is obvious that all his passions are purely individualistic, and yet he also maintains that "humanity has done with the idea of life considered as an individual existence." He writes *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, and the *Kreutzer Sonata*, in some respects the most minute studies in modern realism; and yet in his *What is Art* he would reduce fiction to the bald outline of a chronicle, and asserts that "the category of the emotions experienced by those who do not work in order to live, is far more limited than the emotions of those who labor." He encourages education among the poor by making spelling books; but believes that if the people do not value "the art of reading and writing which the intellectuals force upon them, they have their reasons for that; they have other spiritual needs." He asserts his love of humanity; and yet exclaims against marriage and marital love as an obstacle to the true human ideal. His whole life was a tirade against injustice and suffering; and then he justifies suffering, "for the assuagement of the sufferings of others is the essence of the rational life." To escape "the eunuchs of science and the corsairs of art" man must renounce wealth, work with his hands, and utterly forget all cerebral activity. Yet he never added to the portion of the peasants upon his estates; he had the chagrin of seeing a pair of shoes he had cobbled proudly displayed under a glass case by a purchaser; and the only piece of his work which might be found lacking in cerebral function was an abandoned garden plot.

"I often picture to myself a man brought up in revolutionary circles, and at first a revolutionist, then a populist, then a socialist, then orthodox, then a monk at Afone, then an atheist, a good paterfamilias, and finally a Doukhobar. He takes up everything, and is always forsaking everything; men deride him, for he has performed nothing; and dies, forgotten, in a hospital. Dying he thinks he has wasted his life. And yet he is a saint." And this, in a way, is an allegory of Tolstoi's own life and its essential futility.

There is one word more that would fain be said. His doctrine of non-resistance to evil is based upon an inspiration and an essential fallacy. It was meant not only for nations but even for individuals in courts of law. But evil is an active and malignant thing that at times takes joy in the tortures of its victims, and it has a fatal habit of propagating itself a thousandfold. And for such manifestations of its power there seems no remedy save the sword of a Saint George. Besides, so long as there are differences of opinion, there must be some means of settling them. Those of property rights are of least importance. There are religious, political, social, literary, and heaven only knows how many other opinions on which we are liable to come into conflict. Indeed, did not Tolstoi himself wage a long conflict with society, none the less deadly though in the end¹ it affected nothing but his own reason?

Finally it ought not to be so very difficult to give a broad definition to what has been attempted by these prophets. Life is so big, so monstrous, so utterly irrelevant, that our reason quails before it. The average man takes it as he finds it, with an easy optimism. But these

¹ It did not wait for "the end." We recall a passage written somewhere about his middle life, where, in one paragraph, he proclaims it essential to social salvation that money be done away with; and in the next paragraph he proclaimed as essential to social salvation some arrangements which could not be carried out without money being in circulation.—Ed.

greater men are at first stunned by its meaningless clamor, then roused to inspired effort to make reason and the will of God prevail. The demands of the inner life ring clear as a bell, and from its music they catch the melody that they would hear reëchoed from the chaos about them; and they set their imaginations to work. They will simplify according to the inner pattern. But straightway a host of difficulties appear and the problem becomes more complex and the unknowns begin to multiply, until in desperation they wipe from the slate all the distracting inconsistencies, leaving only what is fair and reasonable and fit for the divine taskmaster's eye.

And yet from the beginning, wherever we see fit to place it, man has been evolved into an intellectual and moral being by recognizing the facts, especially those in his own nature, and working and enduring in the effort to shape them to the ideal.

We cannot solve the problem by simply rubbing it off the slate. Perhaps the will of God they seek to have prevail, is a far more complex thing than they thought it. The solution lies through the approximation of reason and fact. Because these great men refused to look at the outer fact, instead of solely at the inner vision, they were prophets that led astray.

“YOU CAN DO IT”

IN the advertising section of a widely read magazine appears the picture of a well-dressed, rather repulsively virile-looking man, evidently a lieutenant if not a captain of industry, advising his twin brother in overalls to “sign the coupon” that accompanies a correspondence school advertisement. Illustrating a correspondence school advertisement himself, the successful fellow holds in one hand a similar advertisement, stares with hypnotic intensity at his overalled subordinate, and points an earnest finger at the miniature coupon.

“Jim,” says he in large type, “you’re just an ordinary workman now, but you have ability, and I’m going to give you some good advice. See that coupon? Well, it wasn’t so many years ago that I signed one just like it. At the time I was in the same position you are — holding down a little job at low wages. I was losing ambition every day — had almost concluded I’d never be anything but an underpaid shop hand, when I happened to notice one of these ads. I signed the coupon, and the job I hold today I owe to this school.”

The direct suggestion is that if Jim signs the coupon he, too, will discard those overalls.

As I have never signed a coupon myself, or known anybody who has, I cannot absolutely deny either the sincerity or the value of this advice. Jim looks skeptical. Perhaps he is in doubt whether he really wants to be an electrical engineer, an architect, a lawyer, a moving picture operator, a private secretary; or, on second thought, whether it wouldn’t be better to take the College Preparatory course and go to Yale or Harvard or perhaps both.

It is doubtful if at any earlier time has the call to ambi-

bition been so insistently shouted as now at the race of Jim. Printing presses were necessary, magazines and newspapers, correspondence schools, and the vociferous genius of modern advertising. To me the correspondence school in its dress of printer's ink is hauntingly reminiscent of the late Lydia E. Pinkham. Lydia signed herself “yours for health;” the correspondence school changes a letter, and in effect signs itself “yours for wealth;” and both present testimonials from grateful patients. Whereas we wondered in the days of Lydia that any woman was ill, we marvel now that any man is poor.

As the New England Primer used to say —

He that ne'er learns his A, B, C,
For ever will a Blockhead be;
But he that learns these letters fair
Shall have a Coach to take the Air.

Alas and alas! how many of us have learned those letters fair, and haven't even a little Ford car.

Milton called ambition “the last infirmity of noble minds,” but it must also have been one of the *first* incentives that lifted some prehistoric strugglers above others, and so established the foundation of all later civilizations. Strongarm the first, I imagine, got to the top without much ambition; he had the punch, as we say nowadays, and arrived at eminence by the blind operation of natural forces. But once at the top he became willy-nilly an object of envy and a source of dark and sinister ambition in others. It needed no correspondence school to whisper the thought: “Be a Ruler of Men and hold down one of the Big-Paying Jobs! You, yes, *you* can do it.” Thus was born ambition, from the spectacle of somebody better placed than oneself, with more cattle and wives, and the proud privilege of standup on his bow legs when everybody else in sight groveled on stomach. It was not the kind of ambition that Emerson had in mind when he wrote: “I hope America will come to

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have its pride in being a nation of servants, and not of the served. How can man have any other ambition when the reason has not suffered a disastrous eclipse?" But it was the kind that has so far most generally influenced men. If you doubt it, examine with cold honesty your own ambitions, and see how far Emerson might grieve that your reason had suffered a disastrous eclipse.

To drive a donkey one must needs have a stick; and as the young mind, when turned into the educational path, often develops a donkeyish disinclination to travel, the adult mind has long used ambition for this stirring purpose. Sometimes, indeed, it may have drifted across the adult mind that ambition is not altogether a desirable quality; that it is directly opposed to the first and unsophisticated teachings of Christianity; and that if all children became actively ambitious there would be the dickens to pay in a world where there is always room at the top only because so few are natively endowed with the ability to get there. But the idea is still potent that education, valuable as it is for raising the average of intelligence, will of itself provide a "Coach to take the Air," with all that such a coach stands for; and the siren song of the correspondence school — "*You can do it*" — simply applies to education by mail, a delusive notion that has been long associated with education by schoolma'am. Educated men of the time distrusted the invention of printing, which they thought would commonize and debase learning. Plato distrusted the invention of alphabetical writing, and feared a deterioration of the mind when men took notes instead of memorizing. But the learning of the few remains as distinct as ever from the learning of the many; and as for Plato — did I not recently receive in my mail a little folder entitled "Stop Forgetting!" which settles that question? For only \$2.50, it appears, I can buy me a memory system that "fits any type of mind from the ripe scholar to the young student" — or, in other words, from Plato to Jim.

It is an odd notion, which seems to have come in with democracy and universal education, that good habits — or what some rather painfully pithy persons have considered good habits — are invariably rewarded in hard cash. Practice economy, my child, and you will be rich. Early to bed and early to rise, my little one, and you will be healthy *and wealthy* and wise. Learn your alphabet, my pet, and you will ride in your own coach. But it is yet more odd that we should be surprised to find that this seed has produced a garden in which one very conspicuous blossom is the gaudy and alluring “Get-rich-quick.”

Truly the man who invented the printing press has much to answer for. Until that time proverbial wisdom had tended to comfort the great majority: there had grown up a kind of “*You can’t do it*” philosophy which consoled inability with the thought that, after all, the thing in question wasn’t so awfully well worth doing. And if, in one sense, this helpful way of thinking suggests the fox and the grapes, the fox was better off when he thought: “*I can’t do it,*” and remarked “Sour!” than he would have been if he had thought: “*I can do it,*” and spent the rest of the day jumping. In short those grapes (and herein lies the difference between the old and the new teaching) were too high for that fox. They may have been too high for any fox. Nor would it have helped matters if he had trotted off sullenly, and dragged his tail in gloomy conviction that he was somehow the victim of a conspiracy to deprive him of an inalienable right to jump higher than his own legs would let him.

The Book of Proverbs holds many a consolation prize of proverbial wisdom; but it contains, to my reading, little if anything in praise of ambition. Solomon in all his glory never advised saving the pennies for no other purpose than accumulating the pounds: he regarded knowledge as better than rubies, and certainly not as a means to getting them. I wonder indeed what would

have been his feelings if he had one day observed a new clay tablet in the market place reading —

Look at Solomon!
He is rich and has 700 wives.
But he is only such a man as *you*
would be if you were *trained*.
Don't you want to be a
Solomon? DON'T YOU?
Others have done it.
So can *you*!

Fortunately for the peace of mind of Solomon, it was impossible to convey this encouraging thought to enough people through the medium of cuneiform writing on clay tablets.

THE FARMER AND THE SOCIALISTS

I

A CENSUS of the Socialist Party has never been taken — in fact no census of any large political party in the United States is feasible — but so far as an analysis of the Socialist vote can be made by observation of specific localities, it appears that the farming class is scantily represented in this movement. The Socialists claim that their propaganda has “made deep inroads among farmers;” but the proof of this advancement is not forthcoming. The support of the party is really confined to the proletarian class, and to the *literati* who for various reasons have embraced the Socialist cause. Perhaps as many of our farmers vote the Socialist ticket, as do college professors and college graduates — not a numerous body when compared with the total vote cast in our presidential elections.

In failing to win the farmer vote, the American Socialists are not unlike the Social Democrats of Europe. In almost every civilized nation the Socialist propaganda appeals to the city workingmen; but among the farmers little sympathy for the cause can be found. Why are the peasants and farmers, the world over, opposed to socialism? Fundamentally because, like all the bourgeoisie, they are property-owners and capitalists. And why is their opposition to socialism such an obstacle to the coming of the co-operative commonwealth? Obviously because they form such a large part of the population of nearly every great state. Indeed as long as rural lands remain in the hands of small farmers and peasants, the great part of the agricultural population will find themselves allied with the property-owners of the city in opposition to the socialist program. In other words, the land-owning farmer will be converted to socialism only

when the bourgeoisie as a whole is ready to embrace this propaganda. Nay, perhaps the peculiar regard for his fee-simple acres, and the peculiar pride of independence that swells the heart of the freeholding farmer, may make him the insurmountable obstacle to the gospel of socialism.

The first great teachers of scientific socialism believed that the bulk of the agricultural population was bound to be reduced to the same condition as that of the city proletariat. Karl Marx was sure that the concentration of industry which had transformed the manufacturing city of his day was also on the point of transforming the country-side; that the small capitalist — whether in manufacture, commerce, or agriculture — was fated to disappear. Frederick Engels too was convinced “that capitalistic production would out-distance the powerless antiquated small farm as a railway train would run down a wheelbarrow.” Firmly believing in the doom of the small peasant, Marx and Engels never attempted to conceal their hostility to this class of society. In their Manifesto of 1848, they contemptuously relegated the land-love of the peasantry to the limbo where all the prejudices and superstitions of mankind must retreat before the progress of new eras. They even praised capitalism for rescuing a “considerable part of the population from the idiocy of rural life.”

Whatever may be the future, the past sixty years have not seen the fulfillment of the Marxian prophecy. In fact, the tendency — so far as agriculture is concerned — has been in the opposite direction; for, instead of losing ground, the peasant-proprietor has actually gained ground. In France, Germany, Holland, and even in Great Britain to a slight extent, there has been in the past half century a decentralization of agriculture. The number of small farms has increased instead of declined; and at the same time the peasants have gained in prosperity and ease of

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life. In our own country a similar increase in small holdings has occurred. In 1850 there were 1,449,073 farms in the United States; in 1910 there were 6,361,502. Of course we must remember that during this period the population also increased more than threefold; the significant thing is that while the number of farms increased, the average size of farms decreased — from 203 acres to 138 acres — a decrease partly due to the breaking up of the large plantations of the South and of the bonanza farms of the West. Statistics from all available sources show little evidence of the approaching doom of the small farmer which the Marxian philosophy described; nay, many eminent economic scholars, even in the socialist ranks, have frankly admitted that concentration of industry stops short of the realm of agriculture, that the small farmers are crowding out the large land-owners, and that the standard of life among the agriculturists everywhere to-day is far higher than ever before.

Years of experience have taught the modern socialists¹ that the Marxian hostility to the peasants does not pay. These socialists have found that they cannot, for the present at least, forego the peasant support. The case is stated by Wilhelm Liebknecht in his *Grund-und*

¹ It is possible to divide the modern socialists into two general groups — the Marxians, who adhere to the teachings of the father of "scientific" socialism, and the Revisionists who would "revise," correct and amend the theories of Karl Marx in the light of modern science. Marx believed that all history was the story of the warfare of classes, and that the conflicting interests of the classes were incapable of reconciliation. He also held that a new epoch was dawning — that concentration of capital in industry was on the point of transforming the capitalistic system into the industrial democracy. So firmly did he believe in the approaching inevitable downfall of the present social order, that he utterly refused to compromise with any program which abandoned the demand for the collective ownership and control of all means of production and distribution. A large group of socialists to-day are as unrelenting as their master. The Revisionists, on the other hand, are more amenable to facts. Harboring no illusions about an impending collapse of the capitalistic system, they are willing to compromise with the existing order of things. Without altogether abandoning hope of the industrial commonwealth, they are not adverse to forming a socialist party in the legislature, competing with other political parties for votes, and building platforms with an eye to winning favor here and there. Indeed, they will even discard, on opportune occasions, the demand for the collective ownership and control of all means of production and distribution.

Bodenfrage as follows: "We need the peasant and the small farmer if our struggle is not to be a hopeless one. The fatal opposition between the city and the countryside that has so far hindered and frustrated every movement in the direction of freedom must cease. The warning example of France is not lost upon us. . . . The French peasantry of 1848 created an empire through their blind fear of proletarian socialism. . . . The nation is what the peasants make it."

This appreciation of the political importance of the peasant class has led the Socialists of Germany and France into some curious political manœuvres. In the Social Democratic Convention at Frankfort in 1894, the proposal was made that a different jargon be used when talking to the peasants. "The socialistic medicine must be administered to the country people in homeopathic doses, otherwise it will kill them," said one of the supporters of the new policy. A program was accordingly adopted, which proposed an exemption of peasant-holdings in the socialistic régime. But this attempt to win the agricultural vote by a radical compromise of the socialist doctrine was more than the unrelenting socialists could brook. They raised their voices in indignant protests. The agrarian program of Frankfort, moreover, sadly lacked an element of sincerity; it had too much the appearance of political charlatanism. In the following year it was repealed. Nevertheless, the tendency to trade in politics has remained one of the characteristic features of the Social Democrats in Germany and France, and all too frequently we are reminded of the deplorable statement of the most astute of the German socialists, that "tactics and principles are two different things."

The same tendency to play politics has been true of the American Socialists. The Socialist Labor Party is, of course, an exception. They have consistently stood for "the restoration of the land, and of all the means of production, transportation, and distribution to the peopl

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as a collective body." "Restoration" is specially good! "the people as a collective body" never had them. But the Socialist Laborites are a small party, polling scarcely fourteen thousand votes in the presidential election of 1916. The larger party — the Socialist Party — has pursued a course somewhat like the revisionists of Europe. The first national convention of the Socialist Party, held at Rochester, New York, in 1900, adopted a platform which called for the "complete overthrow of the capitalist system of production," and which said nothing on the subject of agricultural properties. In the convention of 1912, however, the party included in its program the following principle: "The collective ownership of land wherever practicable, and in cases where such ownership is impracticable, the appropriation by taxation of the annual rental value of all land held for speculation or exploitation." Certainly here we may suspect a concession to the small farmer whose property-rights it may or may not, in the opinion of the Socialists, be *practicable* to annihilate. Quite true it is, that the above quoted principle is put forward by the party in a group of six measures which are "calculated to strengthen the working class in its fight for the realization of its ultimate aim." But the flexibility of the wording of the platform and the failure of the Socialist Party's campaign books for 1912 and 1916 to clear up the matter, suggest the conclusion that the American Socialists are still at sea in regard to their attitude upon the agricultural question. The omission of the topic of Agriculture from the *Socialist Party Handbook* for 1916, and the somewhat bitter protests of Mr. Simons — editor of the Milwaukee *Leader* and well known writer upon agricultural economics—against the trading tactics of the present party leaders, are indicative of the conflict of opinion within the Socialist ranks.

The American Socialist, like the European Social Democrat, has reason to be solicitous over the farmer vote. For what advantage will it be to gain the entire proleta-

rian vote of the city — which at best is scarcely a majority of the urban vote — when nearly all of the farmers in the country are ranged on the other side? The farmers constitute at least a third of our population to-day, and quite likely will remain a third of our population for a long time to come. If then, the bulk of the agriculturists of America are arrayed on the side of private property-rights, and if they furnish few recruits for the co-operative commonwealth, the ideals of the Socialists will probably never attain fruition. The problem of the farmer vote is indeed a difficult nut for the Socialist politician to crack. And the leaders of the party are becoming keenly aware of the necessity of an agricultural alliance. The Socialist candidate for the presidency in 1916, Mr. Allan L. Benson, has told his party that “so long as the farmers and factory workers remain apart, the problem will remain unsolved.” “If ever the victims are to throw off their masters,” he adds, “they must get together.” The editors of a recent handbook of socialism have this to say of the situation: “The large class of agricultural laborers, and small agriculturists practically in the condition of agricultural laborers, must be won to Socialism if there is to be a Socialist majority and a Socialist government.”

II

In the past all attempts to join the farmer and the city wage-earner into one party have failed. The Greenbackers and the Populists assumed that, because both classes were manual workers, both had a common cause in dealing with the exploiters of their labor and the products of their labor. They did not clearly perceive that the farmer-proprietor was a capitalist, and belonged to a class radically different from the rural and the urban wage-earners who possessed no property. In pointing out the fallacy of the Populists we cannot say that there is a fundamental difference between the farmer-proprietor on the one side, and the farm laborer and city workingman, on the other

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side, based upon the distinction that the former is a capitalist and the latter are not. No such distinction can be made; for, an agricultural laborer or an urban wage-earner who has saved a few dollars in the bank has put himself in the capitalist class by his own efforts. The proletarian mass in the Marxian sense — that prolific, miserable, gaunt rabble who create the “surplus value” — is by no means a large part of our population; to say nothing of claiming a majority for it. Less than forty per cent of our adult male population is in the receipt of wages, and this forty per cent includes a large number who are already capitalists themselves, or who expect to accumulate a capital stock from the savings of their wages. It is a highly varied group, from the “aristocrat of labor” who drives the locomotive, down to the humble section hand who digs the embankment. In the sense of being property-owners, then, a large part of the workingmen of the cities are in the same category as farmers.

And yet there still remains a radical difference between the interests of these two groups of citizens — the farmer and the city wage-earner. For, the farmer is a producer of food products, and the workingman of the city is a consumer of these products. Obviously: in the matter of the price of foodstuffs the interests of the two classes conflict, the farmer demanding high prices against the consumer's demand for low prices. The “high cost of living” in recent days has made the antagonism more apparent, perhaps even to the degree of exaggeration. In England and the Continent, the Labor Party and the Social Democrats, long before the present war, attempted to secure the state regulation of the price of food. For several years past the problem has also engaged the attention of all the political parties in America. The increasing cost of foodstuffs has made the city laborer extremely suspicious of the farmer as well as of the middlemen. And this antagonism, it seems, will always exist, until the days of the socialist régime — if those days ever come —

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because, even in case the middlemen were eliminated, and even in case the government should assume the regulation of the price of food products, yet there would ever remain a struggle between the farm-owning population and the urban population to control the action of the government.

The antagonism between the rural and the urban population which we have just described, would cease to exist, of course, if the present majority of freeholders in the country should ever dwindle to a small minority — that is, if an overwhelming class of landless agricultural laborers should arise. Here would be a rural proletariat who, while taking part in the production of foodstuffs, were without a share in the business profits — a proletariat who would sympathize more or less with their brothers of the city in their struggle for cheaper bread; yea, a class, who would demand cheap bread for themselves. But at present this class of laborers in the United States is very small. The Census of 1910 reported 2,896,439 laborers working on farms not owned or operated by themselves or by their immediate families, in other words, “hired men.” This is a comparatively meagre number when we remember that the total number of persons engaged in agriculture is about twelve and a half million. Furthermore the figure which we have quoted for the farm laborers in the United States includes a large number of farmer lads — sons of farm-owners and consequently heirs to farm property — who have engaged themselves to work for wages on neighboring farms. These wage-earners cannot well be classed as among the landless class. Certainly not a fourth nor a fifth of the agriculturists of America come under the category of the rural proletariat in the Marxian sense; and the increasing substitution of machinery for hand labor (it is now applied even to the milking of cattle) tends to keep the proportion down.

Small as is the body of agricultural wage-earners, it would seem to furnish, nevertheless, a promising field

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for the Socialist propaganda. The experience of the past, however, has been discouraging. As Compère-Morel has confessed, the Social Democrats in France have gained little support from this quarter. And the Socialist Party in America has failed altogether. One reason for this ill-success in America is obvious: the farm laborers of our country are ambitious; and, not only ambitious, but they are able to improve their condition and rise to the independent status of land-owners. Anyone familiar with farming neighborhoods can cite instance after instance of prosperous farmers who began as "hired men." It is a common occurrence — eminently characteristic of American life — for a farm laborer to save from his wages sufficient capital to set up as a renter. In a few years he is able to buy a farm, with the help of a mortgage; and when at last this encumbrance is paid off, he has reached the independent status of a freeholder.

Withal the Socialists have not as yet bridged the gap between the farmer and the city workingman — to say nothing of their failure to win even a considerable portion of the wage-earning class. The problem which confronts the Socialists seems well-nigh insurmountable. On one side the politicians of the party find the question of the "high cost of living," with the farmer demanding good prices for his products, and the working people demanding cheaper bread. On the other side the practical politician is sorely tempted to play the political game, and exempt small properties from the socialistic régime. The only logical solution would seem to be that of steering a straight course whatever the outcome — to demand cheaper bread and to refuse the exemption of the small farm from the annihilation of property rights in the social democracy. But both of these programs tend to alienate the farming class, and to restrict more and more the support of the party to the proletarian mass and to the *litterati*. All that can be offered to the farmer, then, is the economic theory of concentration, and the altruistic appeal. A few farm-

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ers already have responded to these arguments: for even among the agricultural class we find ideologues who believe that the socialist régime can soon be attained; but these farmers are few — very few.

III

What is the possibility that the hope of the Socialists lies in a revolution of the farmers themselves? What are the chances that an agrarian movement in the West or the South may some day sweep along, making demands that lead to socialism, receiving the support of the proletariat as a body, and finally ending in the creation of the much dreamed co-operative commonwealth? We think that such chances are very small. In the agrarian movements which have appeared from time to time in our history, there has been very little that savored of socialism. Whoever has studied these agricultural upheavals must be convinced of their esoteric and sectional character. Shay's rebellion of 1786 was fundamentally a demand of the farmers in western Massachusetts for paper money and for scaling-down of debts. The Anti-rent War of 1839 in New York was a demand of the farmers living on the old patroon estates for the absolute title to their farms. The Greenback Party of the seventies was a second demand for paper money to pay off their mortgages — this time on the part of the farmers of the Mississippi Valley. The Granger Movement of the seventies and eighties was another outcry from the Mississippi Valley, chiefly directed against the railroads — a demand for their supervision by the government. And finally the Populist Party in the early nineties was the culmination of the agricultural discontent throughout the West and the South, demanding primarily a greater consideration, at the hands of the federal government, for western and southern interests as opposed to eastern interests, and urging among other things a federal income tax, government ownership of railways and telegraphs, postal sav-

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ings banks, the initiative and referendum, popular election of senators, free coinage of silver, a national paper currency to be loaned on the security of lands and crops at two per cent interest, the prohibition of land monopolization for speculative purposes, and the forcible disgorgement by the Pacific railway corporations of the lands granted to them by Congress.

Radical as these demands were, for the time when they appeared, they were by no means the fruit of a socialistic philosophy. They did not aim at the collective control of the means of production and distribution. Populism was not socialism: rather it was a demand for the intervention of the state in a few limited fields. The Populist farmer (and a majority of the party were farmers, in spite of the appeal to the city workingman) did not approach the problem of the day from the Marxian standpoint. Equally oblivious was he of the respective merits of the unrelenting socialist and of the hopeful revisionist. He would have the government regulate the great public service monopolies, such as the railroads; but his attitude toward society was hardly such as would permit the extension of state regulation to his own fields. Who was he to take orders from Washington when to sow and when to reap!

Another crisis resembling the earlier movements which we have mentioned has lately appeared in the Northwest, particularly in North Dakota, where the farmers have organized themselves into the Non-Partisan League for political purposes. At the autumn elections of 1916 this organization swept the State, capturing the Governor's chair and the House of Representatives. The control of the Senate too, would have been secured by the Non-Partisans were it not for the two-year term of office which left enough old members in that body to block the enactment of the program of legislation proposed by the League. But, although little at present has been accomplished in the name of reform, yet it appears that the new agrarian

movement will run the course of its predecessors. The agitation has spread into other states and well may be the beginning of a movement which will cover the entire wheat area of the Northwest, and perhaps more. The Non-Partisan League is another farmer's crusade. Its platform demands the state ownership and operation of grain elevators and warehouses; state standardization in cleaning and grading of grain; state ownership of flour mills, cold storage and meat packing plants; state insurance on crops; the exemption of farm improvements from taxation; and the establishment of a rural credits system. These demands are radical indeed, but they do not indicate any departure from the traditional views of the American farmer upon the question of property rights. In fact, they are a good example of what we mean by the esoteric and sectional nature of the agrarian movements of the West. In the northwestern wheat belt, the interests of the middlemen and of the flour manufacturers have conflicted with the interests of the farmer and he is determined to get the whip hand. At the same time he proposes an exemption of farm improvements from taxation; which is purely a piece of class legislation for his sole benefit. Withal, like the Greenbacker, the Granger, and the Populist, the Dakota farmer of to-day demands the intervention of the state — an intervention limited to the control of crop insurance and crop-marketing. The collective ownership of all the means of production and distribution is in no sense desired. Few Dakota farmers would submit to dictation from Bismarck as to when to sow and when to reap; nor from Washington either. Call it prejudice if you will, but in the opinion of the American farmer, the call of the land does not mean the surrender of his acres or the surrender of his labor to the co-operative commonwealth.

The agrarian agitations of the last three or four decades have undoubtedly sent us in the direction of state control.

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But the impetus has been almost exclusively limited to the field of distribution — the only field in which, according to Mr. Simons, concentration of industry has really oppressed the farmer. The realm of agriculture has heretofore been a sacred precinct where the state has seldom encroached. But in case of a long and exhausting war the exigencies of the republic might bring state-control into many realms of industry, even into the domain of the farmer. It may be deemed necessary to mobilize the farms as well as the factories. This was not the result of the Civil War, because in those days there was superabundance of agricultural production. But to-day America finds herself encumbered with a peculiar obligation to feed the Allies as well as her own people, and at a time when her urban population far exceeds in number the people on the farms. Already the subject of government regulation has been broached in many quarters.

It is interesting to note that under the Democratic administration of the last four years, the Department of Agriculture has studied the problem of the distribution of foodstuffs as it was never before studied in our history. And now perhaps the European War has brought a happy opportunity to correct our antiquated system of the marketing of farm produce. The tendency of the federal government, however far it may ultimately carry state-control, will be to limit its action in the beginning to distribution and transportation, rather than to enter immediately upon the field of production. And we may look for a nationalization of the process of distribution before the federal government undertakes the complicated business of directing the operation of individual farms. Indeed we believe that it will be many a day before the socialization of America, even under the abnormal conditions of war, will go so far as to undermine the independent position of the farmer.

IV

The American farmers have never since the days of Thomas Jefferson thrown their strength entirely into one political party. Lack of co-operation, and the existence of sectional rivalries, have prevented the agricultural interests from speaking with a united voice. Under the two-party system the tillers of the soil have been quite evenly divided against themselves. Even if a political combination of all the farmers were possible at the present time, they no longer comprise a majority of our population. Nevertheless the farmers remain the backbones of the two great national parties; and the Socialist will have a difficult task to win any considerable support from either side. Late years have witnessed a peculiar attention lavished upon the farmers by the great parties. In 1910 Mr. Roosevelt said in his introduction to the *Country Life Commission Report*: "So far the farmer has not received the attention the city worker has received, and has not been able to express himself as the city worker has done." Pregnant words indeed; and from a political leader who has always called himself a "thorough-going Westerner!" The farmers of America have long felt that neither of the great parties between which they divide their allegiance, has been as attentive to their needs as might be expected.

The Democrats lately, however, have made some remarkable advances in the direction of the agriculturists, the most notable of which has been the Federal Farm Loan Act, passed — obviously as a bid for votes — on the eve of the last presidential election. By establishing a system of government loans to the farmers, it may be that the Democrats have inadvertently opened the door to the socialist régime: for the American Federation of Labor, taking the cue, has hastened to urge upon Congress the need of financial aid from the federal government for the erection of modern tenements to house workingmen, and

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Congress may be hard pressed to keep the doors of the treasury shut against the onslaught of demands which would eventually bring about an approximation to the social democracy. What an irony of fate, if a measure calculated to insure the independence of the farmer, should lead to the dream of the socialists! But we may be sure that if the Democrats have wandered a little erratically in the matter of the Federal Farm Loan Act, they will probably correct their mistake before the Republicans have an opportunity to do it for them. A deep-rooted opposition to socialism permeates the rank and file of the great political parties. The public consciousness of America is more distinctly adverse to socialism than is the public consciousness of Europe. Perhaps this is because we know less about socialism. But certainly one cause is the fact that we have so recently evolved from an agricultural nation into an agricultural-manufacturing nation. Our institutions, pioneer traditions, and our prosperity are all opposed to the socialist propaganda. We are no longer a nation of freeholding farmers; but nevertheless this class of society — the bulwark of property rights in Europe as well as in America — is still the most powerful element among the forces of our democracy.

THE AMATEUR REVOLT IN OUR THEATRE

I ALWAYS hesitate to use the word "provincial," because I can never employ it without recalling what Henry James is reported to have said to his brother — "You are the only person in America, William, who is not provincial." There must have been witnesses present, for William James himself would surely never have repeated this unfortunate remark. Perhaps, indeed, Henry never made it. Yet, if he did not, somebody invented it to show what he thought of the famous novelist's attitude of mind — and that, perhaps, is even more significant than if the tale were true. At any rate, "provincial," among a certain class of critics of aesthetics, has come to be a term of tolerant or condescending contempt, and by the same token, I suppose, "cosmopolitan" stands for something superior and correct. With this taint of aesthetic Pharisaism over both adjectives, the merely ordinary mortal hesitates to use them.

Yet they have no substitutes, and if we wish to speak of a drama, say, which is narrow and localized in its content and immediate appeal, we have to call it "provincial," and then do our best to rescue the adjective from its unfortunate connotations. Perhaps we ought to rescue the adjective before we discuss the drama. If all Americans except the James brothers were (and doubtless are) provincial, then against the cosmopolitanism of Henry we must contrast, let us say, the provincialism of Mark Twain, against the cosmopolitanism of Whistler, the provincialism of Winslow Homer or George Inness. Thus starkly stated, it is not difficult to see that there is something to say for the provincials. It would be a rash critic who should affirm that *Huckleberry Finn*, *Tom Sawyer*, *The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyberg*, are not as enduring art as *The Golden Bowl*, or any other of Mr.

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James's novels; or that the rich, warm, human quality they draw from their very proximity to a certain piece of local soil, their ignorance of the scented draughts of cosmopolitan culture, is not an element of their greatness, and an explanation of their wide appeal — for, be it noted, the provincial Twain has been translated into more languages and been read by many hundreds of thousands more readers, than the cosmopolitan James. I readily grant that immediate popularity is no test of true art; but ultimate popularity, on the other hand, is an infallible test; and both men began to write so long ago that Time has now applied this test. Similarly, the provincialism of a painter like Inness, catching the golden poetry of his beloved October swamp which the wild fowl haunted, emerges triumphant as the years go on. Far from being necessarily a slur, the term "provincial" may very well indicate a depth of true observation and local feeling which results in the human note universal, the art which endures for all men.

All of which is by way of preface to the statement that so far as we have a cosmopolitan city in America, it is New York, and so far as we have a cosmopolitan theatrical taste, it might supposedly be the taste of Broadway; and for many years now as our theatre has more and more intensively come under the control of New York, more and more we have produced plays primarily to please this Broadway taste. Conversely, less and less have our provincial theatres had any independent existence, our provincial tastes any influence. And look at the result!

Until recent years, to be sure, the drama was the literary pariah in America, save for a decade or so before the Civil War, when something like a dramatic awakening seemed impending. Certain literary leaders — Mr. Howells, for example, and even Mark Twain — tried their hand at dramatic composition, but to choose play-writing as a genuine career was simply not done in the aristocracy of letters. It was not until Bronson Howard began to

fight valiantly for the recognition of native drama on a footing of equality with European importations that either our men of letters or our theatre-going public took the native product seriously; and it was not until James A. Herne, an actor, had written and produced *Marjory Fleming* in 1890, and *Shore Acres* in 1892, that our stage was at all prepared to accept and make use of the revolutionary realistic technique of Ibsen. As the years pass, we can see ever more clearly the debt our native drama owes to Mr. Herne. In *Shore Acres* he made a New England kitchen the hero of a play. He raised the homely, the intimate, the provincial, into sudden beauty and significance. Our dramatic development during the stirring nineties was much slower than the development in France, Germany, even England. We enjoyed the nineties vicariously, as it were — through *Magda*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, *Arms and the Man*, and *The Devil's Disciple* (no one of which we then quite understood), and, of course, the belated Ibsen productions. For ourselves, we were getting *Alabama* and *Arizona* from Augustus Thomas, *Secret Service* from William Gillette, *Nathan Hale* and *Barbara Frietchie* from Clyde Fitch, as well as the plays of Mr. Herne; but still more we were getting the traditional Victorian repertoire of romantic or "well made" plays, with more or less liberal applications of "the classics," chiefly administered by Mr. Daly. Sothorn played *The Prisoner of Zenda*, or made ardent love over a sundial. Hackett employed such sundials as Sothorn left at liberty. The dramatized historical novel was in vogue.

But in 1900 Clyde Fitch's satirical and touching drama of current New York life, *The Climbers*, was produced, and also Herne's last play, *The Reverend Griffith Davenport*. The new century began with two American plays which at last welded fundamental human facts of American life into truthful, effective, realistic stage narrative. American drama had reached man's estate. Thereafter,

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for nine years, Mr. Fitch produced play after play, of greatly varying merit, to be sure, but almost all of them attempting to track down the facts of American life and character, or, at the very least, to do no violence to those facts. Before he died, the percentage of European importations on our stage, which was as high as 75 or 80 per cent in the nineties, had shrunk to less than 50 per cent. Other men of first rate literary ability had given their talents unashamedly to the theatre, notably William Vaughn Moody, who wrote *The Great Divide* in 1907, followed it immediately with *The Faith Healer*, and had settled down to a life in the theatre, when his tragic death robbed our stage of its most promising talent. George Ade, a provincial surely, had given us *The County Chairman*, *The College Widow*, and the best musical comedy libretto yet written by an American, *The Sultan of Sulu*. Eugene Walter had written, and Belasco produced, *The Easiest Way*. Augustus Thomas, growing into a new style, gave us *The Witching Hour* and *As a Man Thinks*. Joseph Medill Patterson, burning with a reformer's zeal, attacked a fettered press in *The Fourth Estate*, and the Roman Catholic opposition to divorce in *Rebellion*. Edward Sheldon wrote *Salvation Nell* and *The Nigger*. Langdon Mitchell wrote *The New York Idea*. A year after Fitch's death Miss Rachel Crothers wrote the drama of the new feminist awakening, *A Man's World*.

What was equally significant, during this same decade Harvard College, our oldest and in many ways our most conservative university, established the first course in practical play-writing in the history of university education in America, under the guidance of Professor George P. Baker; and other colleges were not slow to feel the rising tide and to respond with greater attention to the practical drama of the hour.

The opening decade of the twentieth century, then, saw the American drama reach a point of interpretative significance and literary distinction which it had never at-

tained before. It saw the profession of playwright attain a new dignity in the eyes of literary men, who no longer hesitated to become practical workers behind the foot-lights, and in the eyes of college authorities as well, who suddenly began to offer their pupils opportunities better to understand and more intelligently to enjoy the playhouse of the present. All this was accomplished, it must be carefully noted, within the four walls of the so-called "commercial" theatre, or, in the case of the colleges, with an eye on the "commercial" theatre as text book and laboratory — the only theatre recognized as worth attention.

But, just as surely as the first decade of the present century marked a rising tide of accomplishment in our playhouse, in our native drama, the second decade has marked a steady decline. The percentage of native plays, to be sure, has not grown smaller; if anything, it has risen, especially since the Great War. But the percentage of native plays of any serious interpretative significance and literary distinction has shrunk almost to the vanishing point. Against Fitch's *The City*, against *The Easiest Way*, *The Great Divide*, *A Man's World*, *The Fourth Estate*, *The Witching Hour* — all plays of the closing years of the first decade — we have to offer during the past year or two almost nothing except Mr. Anspacher's *The Unchastened Woman*. Even Miss Crothers, in *Old Lady 31*, during parts of her play wallows in sentimentality quite like the author of a best seller (*Pollyanna*, for instance), while the newer writers who have come into the theatre, instead of carrying on the work so well begun by Herne and Fitch and Moody, all strive for the success which has crowned the plays of George M. Cohan. This second decade, in fact, is the decade of Mr. Cohan and his school. The characteristic of the Cohan drama is rapid-fire farce glossed over, veneered, with a superficial realism learned, perhaps, from Fitch. The veneer is cleverly applied, and as most theatre goers never scratch the surface, the cheap

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pine is not discovered. However, it is there — and nothing else is there. *Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*, *Broadway Jones*, *It Pays to Advertise*, *The Boomerang*, *Potash and Perlmutter* (the veneer was pretty thick and sound in this play), *Turn to the Right*, and a dozen more of the “hits” of recent seasons all belong to this shoddy school. They are superficially realistic, they are undeniably brisk and clever as farces, but just as undeniably they have no significance whatever as interpretations of American life. They mark a distinct retrogressive step in our native drama. Instead of advancing from Herne and Fitch, we are going backward.

Why? I would not pretend that the answer is simple, but I believe it is far less complex than many suppose.

After the Civil War our country began to expand with rapid strides, and coincident with this expansion came an increase in the number of places where theatrical entertainments could find profitable audiences, and hence increased profit for a play which was produced by a traveling company instead of a resident stock company. By the nineties, the traveling company system, with its natural result, the star player, was in full vogue, and the resident stock companies were fast disappearing. The Boston Museum Company passed out of existence in 1895, Daly's in 1899, and only the Lyceum Company in New York lingered a year or two into the twentieth century. But the nineties were also a period of business combinations, and it was then we began to hear about “efficiency” (it was called at that time “putting things on a business basis”). Hence the formation of the Theatrical Syndicate, which by obtaining possession of chains of theatres through the land could dictate alike to players, producers, audiences. This syndicate was composed of only six men, not one of them an artist, and it operated from Broadway. It was organized strictly on a business basis — that is, to increase revenue by killing competition — and although we hear little about it now, a rival “Syndicate” having re-

stored a kind of competition, the fact remains that for twenty years the theatres of America have been controlled from Broadway, they have been unable to offer any attractions not produced primarily for Broadway, and produced, furthermore, with the sole object of attracting the largest possible number of spectators. For a time, our drama, following its initial artistic impulse, swept on in spite of this condition. But it could go only so far without a fresh impulse, and this fresh impulse was not supplied. It could not be supplied. By 1910 the physical organization of our playhouse was making itself felt too strongly, and from then on the newer dramatist had to yield to the imperative business commands for plays which should appeal to the largest number, irrespective of truth or literary values, which could run two hundred nights on Broadway, and then go out and appeal to the crowds from Maine to California. In other words, he was working for real estate men, and he had to bring in the highest possible rental. We are but now, in fact, reaping the full harvest from our theatrical system which was going to "put the theatre on a business basis." We are but now realizing that where you put art on a business basis, you ought first to call in the minister and hold a funeral service.

But we *are* realizing it — and that is the bright ray of hope in the present gloom. We are realizing, too, that the taste of Broadway, which now dictates to our stage, is in no true sense a cosmopolitan taste, but rather a strange mixture of provincial tastes, not one of them ordinarily operating under normal conditions. So far as Broadway taste represents New York, too often it is hectic and flashy and thoughtless, the taste of the scum of the melting pot. What is sound and stable and truly cosmopolitan in New York taste will be found rather in the concert halls than the theatres, only occasionally coming to the rescue of a play like *Peter Pan* or *Magic* or *Justice*. But far more than New York, Broadway

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taste represents "the provinces," in the persons of the 500,000 transients who are to be found every day in our vast city, here for twenty-four hours, or a week, transacting business by day, perhaps, and by night determined to "have a good time." They are in the mood of orgy, as the scientists would say; they spend money ridiculously, they throw off normal inhibitions, they are out for a spree. To such people, a seriously interpretative drama is not the one to give pleasure and satisfaction. They want *Turn to the Right* and the *Ziegfeld Follies*. And that is what they get. As a result, of course, that is what all their neighbors at home get, too, for that is what the managers produce and ultimately send on tour. It would be the height of the ridiculous to call such drama cosmopolitan. It has neither the urbanity and subtlety of cosmopolitanism, nor the deep-ploughing humanity of provincialism. As much as anything, it is a sort of nationalized cockney.

But the impulse for true drama is too profound a stirring of the human spirit, and the impulse for self-expression too profound a stirring of the provincial soul, for such conditions permanently to endure. Already sounds of protest are being heard, and definite steps are being taken to throw off the yoke. That is the real significance of the Drama League of America, and of the numerous amateur efforts, the "Little" theatres, the clubs and pageants, so characteristic of the past few years, and daily increasing in size and number in spite of occasional failure, disappointment, ridicule. The professional theatre is completely in the hands, not of professionals but of real estate operators. These men have put it on so sound a "business basis" that scarcely a section or a city or even a theatre in the land has any dramatic independence, provincial self-expression is impossible, and the playwright is virtually forced to write in that flashy or sentimental idiom which will please, first, a thousand people

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a night for two hundred performances in New York, and then go forth through the nation. In other words, it is exactly as if no professional publisher in the United States would issue any book which he did not think stood a good chance to become a best seller. What would become of our literature? It is safe to say that even certain works of genius which have been best sellers would, under such conditions, never have seen the light of day. The work of genius is seldom widely apparent on first inspection, and the vast proportion of best sellers are of a sort which follows a formula. The trail of that formula is now over our drama. Here is the logical and inevitable outcome of our theatrical system, of the playhouses through the land controlled from New York, supplied with attractions from New York, of the abolition of local companies, the exclusive employment of the traveling "star" or road company. And it is to break up this system that the amateurs, consciously or unconsciously, are rallying. The professional manager in New York who recently said that our playhouse must be protected from the amateurs was, in reality, voicing the protest of outraged privilege!

It may seem, at first blush, a hopeless task the amateurs have set themselves. And with the amateurs in this fight, of course, we must class all such professional players as have broken away from the present theatrical system, and produced for the love of the work, content if the results gave them a living. Yet the results are already so considerable that I, for one, am greatly heartened.

For instance, in two short years, the Washington Square Players, a group of young amateur writers, artists and actors, have entrenched themselves firmly on Broadway, proved that they can make a living, experimented with radical stagecraft, given us our livest theatre, and done more than any other single agent (more than the commercial theatres in fifty years!) to bring the one-act drama into serious practical repute. They have repeated the exploit of Antoine, the gas company clerk, in Paris. Again,

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the amateurs — various groups of them — aided by Stuart Walker and his Portmanteau Theatre, have popularized the plays of Lord Dunsany, and at length compelled the commercial theatre to take him up. Again, in various cities, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Chicago, Milwaukee, Galesburg, (Illinois), and especially St. Louis, Little Theatres have been built and conducted, or companies organized, wholly or in part by amateurs, with complete independence of Broadway, and with far higher play standards than prevail on the commercial stage. Of course not all of these ventures have succeeded. Some have even come to grief through unfortunate and unworthy social squabbling. Yet even those which have ceased operations seem to have accomplished something. The Toy Theatre in Boston, for example, directly contributed to the development of the new scenic art in America, and also provided a theatre building for the occupancy of the Jewett Players today, who are giving Boston a season of stock productions of first rate dramas. In other cases, the theatres, far from failing, are growing in the regard of the communities, they are advancing the local appreciation of fine drama and imaginative stagecraft, they are giving local artists a laboratory for experiment, they are even, in some instances, actually putting on original local drama. It would of course be foolish to maintain that as yet these small and scattered theatres are of great influence. But they are of great significance. They are of great significance because they represent tireless effort, a vast expenditure of time and labor and, in some cases, of money, by men and women who love the theatre enough to make these sacrifices in order to secure what our present system does not supply — vital drama, progressive experiment, literary values, local self-expression. It was so the Abbey Theatre started in Dublin, and that amateur and provincial experiment gave to the world, as dramatists, Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Lord Dunsany, and many more.

By the same token, our local theatres, now springing up, may yet give us a drama of the cornfields, or the southern highlands, or the yellow Mississippi. It is certain, at any rate, that at present we can get it in no other way. To write for the world, Synge had to write first for an Irish audience, Ibsen for a Scandinavian, even Mark Twain for that more nearly homogeneous America which is now fading so rapidly into the mists of the past. The man who writes for a world audience, indeed, is only too likely to find none at all. As George Moore once remarked, "Art must be parochial in the beginning, to become cosmopolitan in the end." One reason, we believe, why Fitch's plays were so successful was because he so exclusively depicted the life he knew — a narrow corner of New York; they were truly provincial. At any rate, for an understanding of, and a demand for, interpretative literature, in contrast to mere sentimental story telling, it is essential that a people shall have seen their own peculiar life interpreted in terms of art. It is doubly essential in this day of the dreadful movies. Merely for an appreciation of "cosmopolitan" literature, a provincial literature is an indispensable preliminary. And the hope of such a literature in the American theatre seems to lie today in the hands of the amateurs.

The Drama Leagues were organized at first, five years ago, to rally people to attendance upon meritorious plays in the commercial playhouse. The Leagues have, in most cases, rather signally failed to affect the commercial playhouse in the least by this method, though in the smaller towns they may have been influential in attracting a company not otherwise likely to come. But the Leagues very soon branched into other lines of endeavor, where already their work is bearing positive fruit. They have organized numerous pageants, for example; and the community pageant is at the very base of local dramatic self-expression. They have inspired study courses, thus profoundly influencing the sale of printed plays in this country.

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They have organized the amateurs, and in hundreds of towns and schools they have caused the production of worthy dramas where, a dozen years ago, that sort of trash would have been presented which you and I remember under the name of "amateur theatricals." A proof of this is the statement recently made to the writer by the leading American publisher of plays for amateurs, that in the past year he has at last found it profitable to issue first class original dramas for amateurs, after thirty years of vain hoping. Thus not only is better taste being fostered, but amateurs everywhere are creating for themselves theatrical pleasures which the commercial theatre does not afford them, and authors are beginning to find a market for their serious product.

Again, in our colleges, the amateur movement is finding its own expression, independent of the professional playhouse, and year by year graduating men and women fitted by laboratory training in the college theatre workshops to act, to write plays, to paint scenery, to design costumes, to devise lighting effects. Some of the most ambitious and talented, of course, are already breaking into the commercial theatre — witness Robert E. Jones, the scenic artist. Still more, however, will become teachers in other colleges, or in high schools (where already the standards of "dramatics" are being raised, and a few schools have even gone so far as to instal stages for the practical teaching of Shakespeare and the guided expression of the normal dramatic instinct common to boys and girls), and thus bring a better equipment to the task of training the dramatic tastes of the next generation. Still more, no doubt, will simply go back into their various communities, to aid in amateur effort, to lead, perhaps, in the rising revolt against Broadway, to talk and work for independent local theatres, for a return to the repertoire company.

All these amateur experiments we have mentioned, all this amateur effort, represents a disinterested and sur-

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prisingly spontaneous enthusiasm for the arts of the theatre, and a widespread and profound discontent with present conditions. The enthusiasm is contagious, the discontent only too easy to share. More and more converts will be made every day, more and more, therefore, an audience will be assembling ready to welcome larger efforts at practical production. When those efforts are large enough, the professional players (who are, of course, and must always remain, the backbone of the theatre), will be drawn in to coöperate and guide, as many of them are already doing. The "Provinces" will sign a declaration of theatrical independence, and the work of Herne and Fitch and Moody, the work of creating an interpretative American drama, will go on again.

THE PILGRIM AND PSYCHOLOGY

I HAVE made an interesting observation — perhaps a discovery — that under certain circumstances not yet fully determined the contents of books standing adjacent on shelves, or lying upon one another on the table, may become in a manner mixed and transfused. It is my personal belief that this mingling occurs most often in the presence of an idle mind, but at the moment it is less causes and explanations than a bare account of facts that I wish to present; and the main fact is that the contents of adjacent books do sometimes intermingle.

I first noticed something of the kind some years ago when I took up to replace on the shelves a copy of Mrs. Hemans' *Poems*, which had accidentally been left lying on top of a copy of Kipling's *Barrack-room Ballads*. As I lifted the book it opened of itself at the well-known verses on the *Landing of the Pilgrims*. What was my astonishment, as my eye fell upon the page, to find — what I had never seen there before, and what I knew had no place there — a choral refrain following each stanza. It made the poem run like this:

The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed.

On the road to Plymouth bay,
Where the simple red men play,
Can't you see the Mayflower rolling
Half-seas-over toward the bay?

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

In the roads of Plymouth bay
What is this the exiles say?
Ain't there any return tickets?
This here ain't no place to stay.

And so it went on through the whole. It was plain enough that Mrs. Hemans' stately lyric had become infected with Kipling's *Mandalay*. This was curious and shocking, and I looked promptly to see whether Kipling also would show any effect of the juxtaposition. I turned up the *Mandalay*, and there, sure enough, was clear proof that the exchange had been mutual. The last stanza reads in the original:

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is as the
 worst,
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise
 a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', and it's there that I would be,
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea.

As I now read it this is what I found — very much perhaps as it might have been worded by a Salvation Army songster:

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the heathen are the
 worst,
Where they don't know no commandments saving those they
 like to burst;
For the mission spirit calls me and 'tis there that I would be
Doin' Christian-martyr duty by the lazy Burmah sea.
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where there ain't no God they say,
 And the heathen idols flourish, gettin' chesty day by day!
 On the road to Mandalay,
 Where the spicy breezes play,
 And the prospects all are pleasing save our brother far
 away.

Kipling infused with Mrs. Hemans was, if anything, worse than Mrs. Hemans Kiplingized; and I hastily put both books out the window to air and cool off. And I am happy to say that after a time both poets "came back" and were again normal in words and spirit.

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I have noticed many other minor instances of such transfusion, but the most remarkable case occurred when a copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* had been left standing for some months between a volume of *Life* and one of the *Philosophische Studien*. The volume of *Life* which had stood on the left of the copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* showed considerable moral improvement, but its jokes had all become antiquated and its illustrations resembled those of the *New England Primer*. The effect upon the *Studien* on the right was less in amount, perhaps because of its serious character, and was represented chiefly in a lapse toward the "faculty" psychology.

Of the state of the allegory, which had suffered invasion from both sides, and therefore showed the most marked effects, it is hard to speak descriptively. Let me quote a sample instead. The one which I select, almost at random, is from the fifth chapter, in which in the unpolluted text, Christian comes to the House of Interpreter and is shown in symbolic representation some of the experiences to be met in the religious life. In the corrupted text the visitor is everywhere called Pilgrim instead of Christian — an effect, I suppose, of the preponderatingly secular character of the contaminating works.

"The guide at once led Pilgrim along the main corridor of the House," so the book read, "explaining to him as they went something of its plan and purpose, and telling over the rooms they were about to visit. Even as he was speaking they came before a large door over which were painted the words 'Psychological Laboratory,' while in letters nearly as large there stood below the threatening legend: 'Who enters here must leave his soul behind.'

"As he read this last Pilgrim began to tremble, and turned as though he were half minded to run away. The guide, however, caught him by the arm. 'Be reassured,' he said, 'you are in the House of the Interpreter, and no harm can come to you here. You will not lose your soul; you will only need to leave it in check here at the door

while you are inside. You cannot take it in, because if a single live and active soul got loose inside, it would make no end of trouble, and might wreck the whole science of psychology.' Then Pilgrim looked and saw that on each side of the door there was a large set of pigeon holes and an attendant in clerical garb, in whose care all those who entered left their souls, each receiving in turn a check showing in which hole his soul had been placed.

"Not without misgivings, but still with trust in his guide, Pilgrim made the exchange, and the two entered the laboratory. Down the center of the spacious hall were cases of shiny brass instruments while many students and assistants were moving quietly hither and thither. On each side smaller rooms opened off the main hall. All this Pilgrim took in at a glance while they advanced toward the first of the cases, where stood a man, looking like a philosopher yet also something like a mechanic, whom the guide presented as Mr. Try-'em-out, Director of the Laboratory.

"'The Interpreter begs, Mr. Director,' said the guide, 'that you will show this guest of his what you may now have in the laboratory that is notable.' 'Right gladly,' replied the Director, and turned at once to a door on the right which was marked Haptics. 'This room,' he explained, 'is devoted to the study of Touch, the mother of the senses.' As he pushed the door open Pilgrim saw a tattered pan-handler 'touching' a reluctant attendant for the price of a night's lodging. 'Yes,' continued the Director, smiling and answering Pilgrim's expression without waiting for his question, 'Yes, it's all real. This study is one on "active touch" and we have called in a professional to assist us. We have great hopes for the future, particularly in the line of applications. We hope soon to be able to furnish charity collectors and even college presidents with precise directions for the most efficient "touching" of wary millionaires.'

"A little further down on the same side the Director

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stopped before an open door marked Olfaction. 'This room,' he said, 'like the other is for the study of an important sense—the one having the closest connection with the brain—the sense of Smell. I think you will be interested in our cabinet of odors and essences. Some of them are really unique.' And with that he showed the visitors a case of many bottles, all carefully labeled and some of curious shape and color. 'This bottle,' said the Director, taking one from the shelf and handing it to Pilgrim, 'contains the Odor of Sanctity. We are trying to analyze it. What do you make of it?' Pilgrim took the bottle and removing the stopper took a strong whiff of it. 'It is indeed a strange mixture,' he replied. 'There is something in it of mustiness, of that I am sure; something also, I should say, of stale incense, and something perhaps of unwashed humanity.' 'Well done,' exclaimed the Director; 'few recognize so many elements at the first attempt. And now try this one,' he continued, handing him another bottle. 'This is the Essence of Pragmatism. Some say they can smell nothing in it but the odor of the primroses of the path of dalliance; and others nothing but dry logic and the spirit of progress. How does it seem to you?' 'I can hardly say,' said Pilgrim, trying it once or twice. 'I seem to have smelled something like it before, but I cannot give it a name. The odor is pleasant, though, and penetrating. I rather like it.' 'And here is a third,' said the Director, holding up before Pilgrim a curiously shaped bottle containing a little muddy looking fluid at the bottom and having its cork carefully tied in and sealed, 'but I shall not ask you to try it. You would not like it; of that I am certain. It is the Essence of Freudianism. We have to keep it tightly sealed not only because the odor of it is outrageously rank but because it is very volatile and a good deal of it evaporates if it is left open even for an instant.' And with that he replaced the bottle and led the way still farther down the hall to a room marked Vision.

“‘The most interesting thing here,’ he began, pushing the door open, ‘is a new instrument which we call the *introspectrometer*. Its purpose is to facilitate the most fundamental process in all psychological investigation — introspection. The invention of this new instrument rests upon a thought so simple that I am constantly surprised that it has never been hit upon before. Peripheral vision is, as you know, binocular; it is therefore practically certain that the inner visual activity is also binocular. It was only necessary then to find an apparatus which would enable one eye to look into the other, and then to add a little special practice, to accomplish the same feat for the inner binocular vision. This U-shaped tube with a polished mirror surface inside,’ he said, picking one up from the table and handing it to Pilgrim, ‘is the instrument. It is as simple and as epoch-making as the ophthalmoscope. We are now engaged in calibrating it and furnishing it with a metric scale. When that is accomplished we shall be able to treat introspection quantitatively and at last the day of precision in psychological investigations will have dawned.’

“While the Director was saying his last words in praise of the introspectrometer the party had left the Vision room and were passing a door at the end of the hall opposite that at which Pilgrim and his guide had entered, above which stood the words: Department of Comparative Psychology. ‘I shall not take you in here,’ said the Director, ‘for it is a kind of holy of holies and before you could enter here you would have to lay aside your consciousness as you gave up your soul at the other door and without your consciousness you would hardly profit by what you might see.’

“‘This room,’ the Director began again as they passed before the first of the rooms on the left of the hall, ‘is the Departmental Library. There is nothing much that would interest you here on a short visit unless perhaps it be our new system of classification. All our books were first

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arranged in a twofold system according as they dealt with Consciousness or the Unconscious. Now we find it necessary to recognize Conscious Consciousness, Unconscious Consciousness, Conscious Unconsciousness and Unconscious Unconsciousness.'

"'And now,' said the Director, 'since your time is short and I fear to weary you, I will show you but one thing more;' and so saying led them to a room near that end of the hall at which they had entered. 'This room,' said he, 'is devoted to Psycho-physics and the Measurement Methods. Even in the City of Destruction you must have heard of the Psycho-physic Law, the great law of Weber and Fechner, the first triumph of experimental psychology — the law which recites that sensation increases as the logarithm of the stimulus, or, as others prefer to state it, that while the stimuli increase in a geometrical series the corresponding sensations rise only in an arithmetical series. The room, as you see, is now much crowded with machinery and is getting hard to work in, but we have nevertheless just reached certain most interesting results, — nothing less than the demonstration of the validity of the Psycho-physic Law in a wholly new field, namely, in that of psycho-physical publications. All our recent figures go to show that while the length of papers tends to increase in geometrical ratio the value of the contribution which they carry creeps along on a beggarly arithmetical basis. We have reason to suspect that this interesting principle holds also in many other fields beside that of psycho-physics, but we have not yet been able to establish it with the same certainty.' And with that the Director opened the door for them and bade them Good Day.

"Once out Pilgrim hastened to exchange his check for his soul and gladly placed it again within his bosom, feeling that thrill of mingled relief and familiarity which, we are told, is the psychic root of all pleasure.

"'You have now seen something of the methods and

results of pure psychology,' his guide began; 'I must take you next where you can see something of its application — to the Afflatus Turbine and the Time Distillery. The first of these,' the guide continued, 'is one of the most interesting sights of the place; look carefully at what you see and Mr. Watts-and-Ohms, our efficiency engineer, will explain it all to you.' While he was speaking he opened the door of what seemed like a large studio. In the center of the room, seated so as to form a ring, were ten or a dozen painters — not facing the center, but each facing the back of the painter before him so as to make a complete circuit without break. Besides these painters there were also several assistants not in the circuit, who every little while took away finished pictures from before the artists and supplied them with fresh canvases. Nothing could exceed the speed with which these artists worked or the excellence of their productions. They kept the assistants so busy, in fact, that it was some time before Pilgrim could ask Mr. Watts-and-Ohms what the peculiar placing of the artists and all the rest might mean.

“‘I am not surprised that you ask,’ said the Manager, ‘nor am I loth to explain it to you, for it is the outcome of a little idea of my own. It is all in reality but a means for using economically the inspiration and enthusiasm which these artists generate. We have discovered that the flow of inspiration is universally from before backward. You have perhaps noticed the tendency of painters and poets to throw their long hair backward from their foreheads. It comes from this very cause. Now if one artist sits behind another facing the same way, he gets the advantage of the overflow of unused genius from the man who sits before him and is mightily helped thereby. From this simple arrangement it is but a step to placing them in a circle so that no genius goes to waste at all and each man gets the full advantage of the contribution of each man in the circle, including his own which comes back to him after having made the round of the company. And

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even this is not all. When once this combined stream of genius is given a circular motion it takes on a cyclonic character and sweeps everything before it. That is why we have called the arrangement the Afflatus Turbine. Our great difficulty, so far, is in controlling it. We are considering the hiring of a quartette of conscientious professional critics of the classical school to sit in the corners of the room, to see if that will not act as a brake.'

"'Your turbine is certainly a most wonderful device,' said Pilgrim. 'Would it, perhaps, be possible, to use it also in education?' 'Yes indeed,' replied the Manager. 'We know that the principle holds for education. You may yourself have observed that the best work in a school room is commonly done by the pupils in the back seats, and that back seats are generally chosen in churches. I believe that these observations point the way to the application of the methods of efficiency not only to education but also to religion.' And then as the Manager turned to give fresh canvases to his artists, the guide fetched Pilgrim on to the rooms which were occupied by the Time Distillery.

"Here he ushered Pilgrim without ceremony into a small office in which was seated at a desk a very old and white-bearded man of alert manner and evident efficiency. 'Mr. Superintendent,' said the guide, 'this is a guest of the Interpreter who would like to learn about the Distillery. Can you spare a moment to tell him?' 'Certainly,' replied the superintendent, seeming like other busy and efficient people to have unlimited leisure. 'Have seats, gentlemen, and let me give you a point or two before we go into the works. You are doubtless aware, Sir,' he said, addressing himself to Pilgrim, 'that all the recent advances in the machinery of civilization, the railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and automobiles, which have been heralded as time-savers, have been but temporarily helpful. No sooner are they generally adopted than they become necessities; they are presupposed; and no one has more time than before. The difficulty is that all these inven-

tions are merely devices for saving time and not for gathering new supplies of it. Our Distillery, on the contrary, is aiming to gather up time from those who have it to spare for the sake of those who need it. We have found that of all men the hobos have the most spare time and in the Distillery here we are extracting by appropriate and humane methods the superfluous hobo time, disinfecting it and putting it into a shape useful to others. Let us now step into the works.' And with that he led the way into the Distillery.

"Pilgrim's wonder as they entered knew no bounds. On either side of the room he saw a dozen immense chambers or show cases of plate glass, each in fact a sumptuously furnished apartment. In each was seated, or lying on a couch, an unmistakable hobo surrounded by all the appliances of creature comfort and each waited upon as need or fancy might require by a trained nurse of singular beauty, skill and kindliness. From moment to moment these nurses were mopping the hands of the hobos with wads of surgical gauze and quickly passing the cloths, as they became saturated, through openings in the glass to white clothed male attendants who clapped them into the great glass retorts which stood, in number equal to the hobo chambers, in the middle of the Distillery. From the tops of these retorts descended coils of glass tubing like the worms of stills, with here and there gauges and indicators, all leading down at last to small vessels in hour-glass shape in which the purified and disinfected time, now looking for all the world like very fine sand, was collected.

"'The essential point of the process, you see,' said the Superintendent, 'is to supply each one of these hobos with absolutely perfect creature comfort. He then has no unsatisfied desires, and time not only hangs heavy on his hands, but actually drips from his fingers. The rest is merely refining, collecting, and preserving;' saying which he beckoned to one of the attendants, who was passing with a tray full of vessels of the distilled time about the

size of a three-minute egg-boiler, and taking one handed it to Pilgrim. 'Take this with the compliments of the Distillery,' he said, 'and at your leisure try it. Treat it precisely as you would an hour glass and you will find that while its finely divided fractions of seconds continue to run you will have time for anything you wish.' And so he brought them to the office door and bowed them out.

"As they stepped outside Pilgrim stopped a moment, drew his hand across his forehead once or twice and then murmured to himself: 'I begin to see what the old man is driving at. Time is mine for the taking; when I will take the time for anything, I surely will have it. Psychology is indeed a great science!'

"And now the guide would have shown Pilgrim many other things, the Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture and the Museum. But Pilgrim begged him rather to take him to a place where he might rest a little, inasmuch as he had come far that day and what he had just seen had given him food for thought. 'Let me then take you out upon the terrace,' said the guide, 'for you can there both rest and enjoy the prospect.' So Pilgrim sat upon the terrace and mused of what he had seen, until a messenger came saying: 'The Interpreter bids you spend the night and the morrow here, and the third day you shall set forth again.' So Pilgrim abode there two days, and the third day took his departure along the road that it was appointed to him to travel."

This, my dear reader, is a sample of what I found in our time-worn family copy of *Pilgrim's Progress* after it had been for some time in company with the volume of *Life* and the *Philosophische Studien*. One must, I am sure, admit the strangeness of the phenomenon, whatever he may think the cause. To what it may lead I do not know; but it justifies, I should say, the prejudice which many scrupulous people have against piling other books on their Bibles and prayer books, and lays heavy emphasis on the need of keeping one's library in order.

MANNERS AND MORALS

(An Unconventional Dialogue)

Part I. *Manners versus Morals*

IT was "Scrip's" evening at the "Interrupters," which is a Club of a dozen ancient and honorable diners, mostly of the academic persuasion. It was named upon the experience that good talk, like mixed drinks, must not have too much of any one ingredient. "Scrip," (which is short for Scriptorius, as "Cad" — which is my honorable title — is a libel for Academicus) after five years' absence, had travelled far to return to the fold for his fiftieth birthday. So we drank his health, and let him talk. He had always chafed a bit under the academic harness; when the chance came, he was enticed New York-ward to the editorial cubicle of our foremost magazine. Scrip was always thought of as *the* writer in our little company, in which few were innocent of a book. For the rest, there was "Zeno" our Greek scholar; and "Plautus" our Latin one; "Cosmos" our encyclopedic biologist, who devoured novels like breakfast food; "Chaos" our iconoclastic sociologist, who took Scrip's chair and his place in the Club; Eliot "The Puritan," who held forth on things in general, though officially a philologist, — all of the Faculty of Athenopolis. To this hub of the mid-west, Scrip and I attached ourselves — young, eastern, and effete — seventeen years ago, if so unreliable a document as a college catalogue may be credited. With us came "Mac," sometimes known as "Popular Error," — Scotch, controversial and chemical, and to be silenced only by letting him read "McAndrew's Hymn;" and "the Kid," who wasn't appreciably younger than the rest of us, but declined to grow up. He taught English, and abused his privileges frightfully. The out-

siders were "Pluto" — Plutocrat — a man of generous ways and hospitable autos. He was the only moneyed member of the group unless I except "Bruno," whose name was Brown, and who practiced law on lawyers lucratively; the "Judge," who really was a judge; and the "Senator," who once ran for office but was outstripped, and was primarily an Interrupter. The talk was much less of a monologue than my report suggests; but it was Scrip's evening and a lively one; Talk that seems worth reporting is rare in these syncopated days. Scrip's talk was always an inspiration to me, and that is how I came to Boswell him. Boswelling, to get by the editor, must be trimmed to set proportions; so the high points alone are left. Talk is a way train, sprinting and lounging at pleasure, and touching leisurely at small stations; this is an express version.

It started rather innocently, — just a reference by Mac to anti-cigarette laws and "dry" campaigns, which set Scrip off with a fling at "the clumsy hold on the values of life that passes for wisdom in this melting-pot of ours, and makes legislatures so childishly solemn when they call out the whole fire-department of morality to extinguish an innocent bit of smoke. Whether a cigarette or a temperate mug of ale makes for a fine habit or a coarse one, depends entirely upon how it is mannered; and that's what we're all going to preach and teach as soon as people are sensible enough to stand the gospel.

"This isn't a little matter, because it's part of a big one. I want to hasten the day when we can talk and write and act as we feel and think, and still pass for as respectable as we happen to be. We can't do it to-day because we are carrying along an old-fashioned, words-of-one-syllable, Puritanic notion that we can solve our problems by simple home-remedies of morality, that leave a bad taste in the mouth. You all sport a public, moralizing, dress-parade self, and a private one, far more attractive and comfort-

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able, which makes this Club possible. In fact you're all frauds and hedgers, trimming your professions, and dulling your insight to the feeble capacities of students and the prejudices of their parents the tax-payers. I hope you enjoy it. That's what I'm going to talk about. I'm rather full of the thing now; and I'm beginning to find inklings of it in a book or two just off the press. So I want to announce my discovery before it gets commonplace. It's *my* story now — a poor thing, but mine own.

“Perhaps it's not quite modest to claim to be a moralist, so I'll only claim to be *a mannerist*; curious to relate, that has been the actual working division of men since they stopped regarding one another as venison, and enjoyed peace at the family board. Go as far as you dare in any direction, and you come to the great divide: the men who want to save the world by morals, and the men who propose to redeem it by manners. What I intend to point out are the limitations of the moralist's program, past and present. So if you have cigars to light, (or cigarettes, if you've broken the law) prepare to light them now; for I'm off.

“What I object to is this senseless brandishing of the slogan that life is simple, when it is bewilderingly complex, and, like the cost of living, going up all the time. Ten commandments! Why, a thousand wouldn't fill the bill. The program of the simple life is about as sincere as a log-cabin with hot and cold water, porcelain tubs and electric lights. Marie Antoinette and her frivolous bevy playing at being peasants were models of sincerity compared to the modern pretenders. I sometimes suspect our many-sided Ben Franklin of starting the cult. Our greatest amateur was also our first and readiest moralist. He had a pagan streak that let him compare the charms of the Parisian dames with the virtues of his wife, which he lauded in precept and found dull in practice. Things were really simple enough in his day to permit an amateur with a good head to make great discoveries and start big

things. Franklin could afford to moralize; but he taught the trick to others who couldn't. He overdid the thrift idea: "A stitch in time, saves nine" and makes a wretched rhyme. "Early to bed, and early to rise:" "Healthy, wealthy and wise!" Wall St. was a pasture in those days! Lamb pricked that bubble; exposed early rising as a foolish fallacy or a bad habit. Nowadays we know that when not a necessity it is a disease.

"Fortunately for American habits of mind, Franklin has had two great foils — Emerson's transcendentalism and Lincoln's humor. And because we took the best of all of them, and compounded their wisdom, we are, among other things, the sanest people on earth — at times. Lincoln's Grant-whiskey story is a classic, though it won't do for the First Reader. You can't do big things on small moralities. 'Hitch your wagon to a star' is a finer way of saying it. Either way, you've *got* to have illumination and inspiration, get it as you will."

Here Plautus and Zeno broke in — Zeno first. "But that *is* morality. That's what the Greeks taught. They wanted men to grow bigger and better and lose their littleness. I'm sure the Greeks would have been evolutionists if they had only known the facts. As it was, they kept guessing at it. They subordinated the little moralities to the big ones, and drew a fine perspective of the virtues and the graces alike. I don't know that I ever thought of it in just those terms, but *that* was the Greek idea: to be a mannerist and a moralist in one. *Kalagathia* was *their* slogan. The good is the beautiful. It's the same glorious spectrum broken up in different rays."

Then Plautus: "And it was the Roman ideal as well. The patrician was the generous gentleman, disregarding the minor annoyances of life, and keeping his eyes set on the real values, while maintaining a philosophical composure, a fine indifference. He may have overdone the disregarding business. I don't set him up as a model for a more careful age. But he stands as an antidote for

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the New England conscience, which, I take it, is what annoys you."

Scrip: "I'm always tickled to have the Greeks and Romans on my side. No one is jealous of them any more, and so we generously allow them all the good qualities that we miss in our friends, even if they didn't have them. And my idea wouldn't be true if it weren't valid in any coin, and couldn't be spread all over the ages, and applied backward and forward as well as sidewise. It's just one of those obvious distinctions that has to be rediscovered with every renaissance of insight, and put on the map in the geography of culture as she is taught."

"But aren't you forgetting Christianity, the religion of gentleness? The gospel of the gentle-man, of manners, is as easy to find in it as the gospel of morals; and it's lived as well as taught in the life of the Master and the disciples." This obviously from Mac, the theologian.

Scrip: "Unquestionably so, but neither exclusively nor unreservedly. Christianity by the flavor of its works gave manners a chance. But it wasn't quite direct about it, in fact rather jealous of it. You know the answer to the riddle of the Sphinx: 'All sensible men are of the same religion, but no sensible man ever tells.' I am foolish enough to rush in and tell. Christianity didn't, for fear of losing its hold. But Christianity has no monopoly of manners. Christianity couldn't improve the manners of the Japanese; and have you forgotten the *Letters of a Chinese Official*, which were so true to the part, though they were not written by a Chinaman, and so mannerly and so plausible, and exposed the moth-holes in Christian civilization so ruthlessly and yet so truthfully, that these *Epistles to the Boeotians* were accepted at their par value by our late Secretary of State, then quite unused to what the colored preacher called the 'insinuendo' of diplomacy?

"But I've never been particularly interested in systems or precepts. I suspect that I am an unsuspecting prag-

matist. To me nothing short of the test of life proves anything. The missionaries taught more by example than by text. When we find what fine fellows men can be, we're perfectly willing to give their Christianity a share in the product, and a great one in the historical outlook. But the squaring of practice with profession is a treacherous procedure, and often an acrobatic one. When a man is dead set on a conclusion, and is running to it as fast as he can, he'll pick up anything that his eye lights upon in the roadside, and call it a reason — and what's worse, a justification of conduct. You've got to consider that the Christian conscience went in for persecutions and trials for heresy and the damnation of the innocent and the self-righteous superiority of the saved and total immersion and the 'heathen' superstition and the rest of it. Christianity seems to my heretical mind to have just the same kind of double-entry slate as any other solution that supported men's faith in the trying days of darkness. Perhaps it is just because its light is so strong that its dark corners seem so deep in shadow. But let's get back to the issue.

"Morality has always depended on a conscience; and what men (*pace* women) will and won't do for conscience's sake is about as predictable and reasonable as what they'll do for fashion's sake. Yes, I said *men*. For a ring in your nose, or a slash on your cheek, or a wig on a perfectly good head of hair, or a stove-pipe hat, or an asphyxiating collar, all look alike to me. Mind you, I don't condemn fashion, I commend it. I cultivate it, in a way; I want it to come under the chaperonage of manners and the tutelage of art, to be on good terms with everything that will keep it from folly and indiscretion, as well as from prudery. Fashions come and go, and go fast; but fashion has come to stay. Use it, I say, to help manners and morals alike. Make morality, as well as good manners, *good form*: for the best things in fashions, like the classic styles, survive. You needn't be afraid of an age of cubist

morals; mannerism doesn't last. Just remember that you can judge a man by his Clubs as well as by his Church; and don't forget that not all the degrees worth having are conferred by the colleges. If it weren't for fashions, some people would simply stagnate or dessicate. Of course 'manners maketh man,' and woman too — and not style, but style helps. When it's well done, it's an emphasis on quality approved by manners. There are as many ways of following a fashion as of following a principle.

"Lest we forget, I repeat: the instrument of morality is a conscience. Now, a conscience is an admirable bit of mechanism, and worth all the trouble that it takes to build it. It should be powerful and reliable and under control, with an emergency brake, a good hill-climber, and equal to rough roads as well as smooth ones. What I dislike is this ostentatious and laborious cranking-device that goes off noisily every time the thing starts. I believe the day of self-starting, silent, odorless morality is at hand, built in with the machine, and taken for granted. Living will then be a fine habit. A man should use his conscience, not take a joy-ride in it.

"Morals are indispensable. That's obvious and won't be forgotten. In the last analysis, the world is built upon honor; and about every tenth man in it is more or less of a fraud. He may profess morality, or he may not. He annoys me more if he does. Your sententious Sunday School Superintendent going the limit six days of the week, saving souls by precept and damning them by practice, is just the fellow I should like to haunt if I were in the haunting business. Between you and me and the electric light, we've at last become properly suspicious of piety and profession. Two generations ago young men were given *Persuasives to Early Piety* to read; ——"

"Oh! come off!" from the Kid.

Scrip: "Fact, my dear boy; I'll give you chapter and verse if you like. Now the idea makes you titter, even if you're a deacon; and why? Well, for a peck of reasons.

One of the big ones is our faith in works; and one of the almost as big ones is our appreciation of *manners*. It isn't profession but practice that counts; and people who practice don't need to profess. If we can make a young fellow less of a cad or an ass or a prig or a boor or a know-it-all, we're well satisfied. We've got him started right toward becoming less of a liar or a coward, and he'll turn out a gentleman despite himself, if he's got it in him. What other things he happens to have been taught, is a side issue. And that's what you extreme moralists can't or won't realize.

"The case against morality enough, is a serious one. Looked at through the telescope of history, it leads to literalism; literalism leads to ritual — the letter for the spirit, empty form, lip-service, not to say hypocrisy — and there you are. The descent to Avernus is the inclined plane tilted upon the preacher's barrel. It isn't the sermon, but the habit of mind that I'm talking about. You'll find it outside the usual orbit of morals as well as in it. For an off-side instance, take translations, with which I have had some sorry experience. If you have that kind of a conscience that you have to translate an author literally or lose sleep, you libel him. In your determination to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, you perjure yourself. (Sounds like Chesterton, I know; only it isn't said for the sake of saying it.) Your conscientious translator makes a botch of it. Your real translator exposes himself judiciously to the original, absorbs it, and puts it down as though he wanted to say it himself. He gets the flavor or the reaction, and tells how it feels. He may improve on the original, like the darky witness who insisted that he told the whole truth: 'An', Jedge, I took a little rise on that.' It's the conscientious translator of the gospel of living who misses its meaning, and the darky who gets its flavor.

"The literalism of morality is one of its devastating liabilities. It's the same thing in the law, only more

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irritating. (At this the Judge smiled, but said nothing.) So morality is needed to humanize the law, as manners are needed to palliate morality. I am afraid that literalism is a masculine disease. It attacks lawyers, theologians, educators, moralists of all types; and by that token you may guess the nature of the microbe.

“There’s a feminine variety of the malady, but the tact of women usually saves them. If, in the present imperfect stage of human development, lying must be done, they know when to lie and how to lie. I had a fishing-guide in Nova Scotia some years ago, who was introduced to me as the most inexpert liar in the province; he had lost all ambition to be believed. Women don’t fish. But when a woman has a conscience, she works it overtime. The normal woman, when she reaches the New York Customs office, shortly after saluting the Goddess of Liberty, smuggles as naturally as a man swears. A draughty dock on a wet day when you’re anxious to get started for home is no place for nice distinctions. What would happen if every woman decided to obey literally a law — about which she hasn’t been consulted — and itemized and identified every last folderol that a deceiving foreign clerk induced her to add to her collection of things that she couldn’t afford *not* to buy! Why, the whole customs machinery would stop — and good riddance! It would take a week to dispose of a ship’s load that are hustled through on a reasonable amount of lying in a few hours.

“But stern morality disregards all this, and bids you tell the truth, and hasn’t any closed season. Manners tell you when to keep it to yourself, and advise that you do it gracefully. For morality, flattery is a poison; for manners it’s a cordial — which to your prohibitionary literalist are one and the same thing. A person who told the whole truth indiscriminately and shamelessly would be a freak and a nuisance in one. Everybody knows this and acts accordingly; but when you *say* it, it sounds bad and bold, and makes you uncomfortable to hear it, because

the Puritan blood is still undertowing in your veins. Morality knows it; manners know it; but they aren't supposed to know it; and you mustn't talk about it until the cigars are lit, the ladies having been left to practice it delicately by themselves. Copy-book morality is inexorable. I have no doubt that these same copy-books flourished in young ladies' finishing schools where the fine art of lying was taught to a finish according to the etiquette of the day. Diplomacy is the art of official, likewise polite lying. I don't like the brand; but I recognize that it comes of good stock. I'm not that kind of a mannerist exactly. I go farther still. I believe that morality and manners can keep house together, to their mutual advantage, if they will give up their mutual suspicions, and, like well-bred mannerists, have a decent regard for one another's tastes and foibles. If morality won't insist so strongly on eating what's good for you, and if manners won't complain too constantly that everyday dishes lack flavor, will remember that wash-day is an ordained institution, and will relegate frills and frosting and sauces to a proper place in the household, all may yet be well. Nor need manners rush to the door when a visitor is announced, and apologize for her sister, still wearing the badge of service."

"Sorry to be so stupid," said Plautus, a good talker when disposed to exert himself, "but I don't see much occasion for a quarrel. We don't all use the same cook-book in life, any more than in the kitchen. Some cook by food-units and talk wisely about domestic science; and others go by the taste. If you weren't so educated you couldn't tell which is which. The proof of the pudding (even bread pudding) is in the eating. We're all moralists *and* mannerists, and like the bread pudding, which we accept as it comes, we can't tell how it or we are composed."

Scrip: "True enough; but there are differences of flavor even in bread pudding. The flavor of life comes

from manners; they are needed to temper the crudity of the daily diet. We Americans are pretty poor cooks, you know. But my point is that there really is a quarrel, when either morals or manners ignore the other side. Of course they should be married, and live happily ever after. But divorces will occur even in the best regulated families; and incompatibility of temper is the common excuse. Really incompatible people shouldn't have married; morals and manners make the best kind of a match. Their quarrel is a family quarrel, I grant you, — a curable incompatibility. Take affectation for example. Morality frowns on it, hates it, sees only the insincerity of it. Manners see the ambition of it, tolerate it for its intention, or pity it for its futility, and regret that what people pretend to be is often so much less worthy than what they really are or could become. Morality is suspicious of all indulgences; manners rather like the innocent ones, and try to make a fine habit of them. It was a witty man of letters who in declining wine and a cigar, and a liqueur and coffee, asked his hostess not to think badly of him as one with no vices small enough to show in public. Morality is irritated by any touch of conceit or vanity; it feels the obligation of taking people down a peg. Manners prefer to set them up, if there's the least justification. Morality is inclined to overdo humility, and may lead to a door-mat manner of showing good will. Manners equally cultivate good will, but choose a self-respecting welcome. Morality squelches; manners ignite.

“Of course, if you overdo either you generate about the same degree of discomfort. People who bristle with scruples are as uncomfortable to serve as people on a diet. It doesn't take many of them at the table to spoil the cheer of the occasion. The formal worshippers of good form — which is an authentic god, but a dead one — generate a freezing mixture that is just as killing to the buds of good cheer. But the true mannerist never overdoes. He doesn't go to extremes; he objects to capital

punishment (except for people who abuse children or don't answer letters); and he isn't provincial. He doesn't seek insulation, either crudely by surrounding himself with barbed wire, or subtly by carrying a portable pedestal and posing as his own statue.

"To cap an indictment, morality in the wrong temper — and in this it has such strange bedfellows as politics and religion — is apt to divide men bitterly. Manners tend toward the right temper which unites men pacifically and congenially. In fact hobbies, manners and science are the only genuine pacifists. I grant you morality has the same intention, but its insistence makes it tactless. And that isn't quite the whole of the charge. In pursuing its aims — " ("in the wrong temper," interrupted Plautus) "morals breed a blind faith in democracy. They urge you humbly and democratically to adopt the bad manners and the slovenly language and the vulgar disregards of others in order not to hurt their feelings. Manners share Bentham's doubt when he defined democracy as 'a machine for extracting golden conduct from leaden instincts.' One of the things that make me most uneasy about morality, is that its loudest sponsor in these modern days is democracy. Now democracy has many virtues; and when it comes to include manners in the list, it is going to have the odds in its favor. But at present I can't dismiss the charge — the awful democratic character of morality. Anybody can be moral, and be a nobody at that. I can get used to that. But what I can't or won't swallow is the notion that there is to be one standard for all. One vote for all, I don't mind: for I think it can be demonstrated to a finish that the result would be just the same if one man in ten voted, or one man in a hundred — yes, or one woman either. Whatever may be the case for morals, you can no more have one standard for manners than one standard for food, or for dress, or for architecture, or for furniture, or for pictures, or for magazines, or for butter. The things that are really worth while are

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our differences. Civilization is an institution for cultivating the right kind of differences. Unless we have different standards there is no chance for one of them to be higher and better. And my point is just this: the best way to refine a person's morals and to bring out his individuality, is to give him a finer standard all around; and the easiest way to do it is by way of manners. The fastidious man is saved from a lot of vicious and nasty habits quite as efficiently (pardon that unmannerly word) as the moral man. And when you come down to sources, good morals mean fine manners. We've tried to make it mean something else, and almost succeeded; we tried it because we wanted to cut our manners to fit the average man and a ready-made, shirt-waist civilization."

There was a break here; the talk drifted or I lost the bearings. When I caught my mooring, Scrip was saying:

"On the rare occasion when I go to a shop, find myself (not rarely) asking for an article which isn't in stock, and get the stock answer: 'We haven't much call for that,' I never can quite decide whether it is the irrelevance or the insult of it that galls. If I need a certain kind of lens in my glasses, what in the name of common sense has it to do with the case that other people's eyes are differently afflicted! If I need them, I need them; I'm sorry, but I can't help it. I'd like to oblige that clerk, if he showed any consideration for my feelings, and take something else that I don't want and wouldn't use. Well! that's the case of the democratization of morals. The finer qualities of manners that the shop-keepers haven't much call for, wouldn't be available for those who appreciate them. Only the stock moralities bought in job lots would be popular. Yet these nicer resources are in their place as indispensable as life-preservers, which also one doesn't have much call for, but cannot be replaced by anything else."

"All very well," said Cosmos, our other church member,

"but why evade the truth? There's a lot of average work to be done in the world, and by an arrangement so fortunate as to be almost providential, there are plenty of average folk to do it. They need the stock moralities, as they need common schools. What they want is a decent safeguard for decent living, and morality supplies the article. Up in Maine last summer, I was buying a padlock for my boat; I thought the lock offered me by the captain of industry of the general store looked rather cheap and easy. But he said with a twang: 'You know a lock only protects against honest folk.' That was a mighty wise Yankee remark! What's a lock to a burglar? A mere toy. But the security of conduct depends upon common cheap cast-iron padlocks, which to the average honest man who wouldn't pick them if he could, but might be led into temptation if they weren't there, says: 'Keep out; this means you!'"

Then Eliot got his chance. "You're asking too much of morals. I'm not a platform democrat, or a catalogue democrat, as you once called college presidents. You remember: when twenty of them were asked by an enterprising newspaper to mention the peculiar characteristics of their colleges, nineteen replied: 'Its democratic character.' The twentieth said: 'Its extreme democratic character.' And so against the notion that popularity is either a virtue or a test, I join you in solemn protest. *Vox populi* is just as apt to be *vox diaboli* as *vox Dei*. I believe that I am the only don bold enough to tell students that a mass-meeting to stir up reluctant rooters is a foolish and caddish performance. I object to the spirit of their 'mixers.' I tell them the story of the Wisconsin professor who reminded the boys assembled at a 'mixer' that what made Wisconsin famous was the 'separator.' Birds of a feather will and should flock together, and that means flock apart from the others. In the college flock each chap has a chance to find out of what feather he is. That, as *you* say, is where the emphasis belongs; and yet

the common staff of life must be plain wholesome bread. I don't see how anything but plain morals are really possible for the masses. They can be restrained by morality, when manners seem just frills. The masses are too few to count in that kind of an issue."

Scrip resumed: "I'm glad both of you said all that, not only to give me a chance to light a cigar, but to save my saying it. The point is exactly that morality goes about as far as that, and even quite a bit farther. But it doesn't offer a guide to the perplexed, even to the ordinary desirable citizen and worthy neighbor, who, if he does any looking, or reading, or thinking is at times perplexed, despite the *Ladies Home Journal*. To speak of the limitations of morality doesn't imply that its confines are narrow. But it isn't the whole of even a simple life, as so many pretend or proclaim. The cast-iron view of morality has sunk into the back consciousness, and insists that morality is supreme and always adequate, is all that young people and most old ones should know.

"The need of needs is the recognition that it takes a complicated kit of tools to do the work of the world, and morality is only one of them, though the most indispensable. The limitations of morality may be driven home on its own ground. Morality tells you, among better things, that honesty is the best policy, that it pays to be good, that a kindly man gets on well, that the considerate man succeeds, and so on. Of course you reply that that's a middle-class morality, which is all too true. But I urge that the only thing that can redeem middle-class morality is not more morality of the same type — which is the democratic answer — but a finer type of morality, which includes an appeal to manners. Your higher morality will tell you to be honest whether it pays or not, but a minor reason is that the use of honesty, as of Sapolio, is a fine habit. Be honest not only for the higher reasons, but also for the same very helpful reason that you wear clean collars, because clean-collared people are pleasant to deal

with, and in so many respects the right persons to copy. Not that a clean collar of itself will save a neck from hanging if it deserves hanging, but that it is an outward symbol of your standards — an uncertain one of course, and may be a pretense, but better than none. Though we don't wear our hearts on our sleeves, we can't help showing our sensibilities on our cuffs. Godliness with its near neighbor cleanliness is morals plus manners; and that has double power. It's more than the cleanliness; it's the nice aesthetic fitness of things. The aesthetic is a great big slice of life; and it will be a happier and a wiser day when we all admit it and act upon it. But art is long, and time is fleeting.

“When you face the facts (which nobody does, because we all wait until the facts turn our way) — the kind man can be too kind, and is likely to be imposed upon — dead certain in fact. The fellow who really has more than his share of his own way in the world is the nasty man with the bad temper; people will go almost any length not to stir him up. *Mephitis mephitis* is one of the most respected of animals. Bad temper ruins more lives than drink. I wish you sociologists would make some Ph.D. give us the correlation of morality with bad temper. I have a suspicion that more professedly moral people have it than non-moral (I don't say immoral) people; I mean those not aggressively moral. The chief moralist weapon is reproof; now, scolding, no more than shooting, as I observe it, ever did anybody any good. I don't mean well mannered correction, but reproof superiorly administered. To the mannerist, scolding, like bad temper, is bad form; he educates so far as he must, by tact, mostly by example. The habit of reproof, he finds, is generally worse than the habit reproofed. And furthermore: the moralist tells you that a gentle answer turneth away wrath; the mannerist says it's true, but claims it as a mannerist maxim. Yet candor and insight compel him to admit that a gentle answer sometimes makes the other

fellow madder because you don't seem to be taking his anger seriously. If you really had any case of your own, you would be shouting and flying off the handle yourself. And if not this, then the gentle answer may leave the spoils with the worse cause. For as I observe it, it is often the impertinent question that gets and deserves an impertinent answer. At all events things are never simple when they come my way, — in this vale of tears with a bad climate. I confess that when in doubt, and that's about half the time, I turn to manners. Of course I'm handicapped. Being only of Napoleon's height, I find most things out of my reach. I suppose really good people, like tall people, have no serious problems. Well, such is my thesis or my confession; whether I should be proud of it or should be cured of it, you will decide. For next to manners as a guide to the perplexed, I rely upon the Interrupters."

(Cries of "Hear! Hear!" in derision and approval.)

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This was not the end of the discussion. In fact we talked long and earnestly. But the trail was lost. A good deal was said of the actual work of morals in an imperfect world, which restored the balance but was not otherwise notable. And I got a chance to point out that only old civilizations, which have worked their spirit into the flesh and blood as well as into the hearth and home of the people, have universal good manners. We shouldn't expect too much of one so young as America. But I was promptly informed that times have changed: what has never been is about to be. Thus drifting, we found ourselves again with Scrip at the helm; but he had changed his course, and was launched on a wider voyage of exploration. He kept on demonstrating the limitations of morality, but the emphasis had changed. There was a good bit of moralizing in it; the text of the closing movement I should call: "The Sin of Literalism."

HERBERT SPENCER

UNDER the title *The Exploded Quack*, some person, we were tempted to say some blackguard, has made, in the May *Blackwood's*, an attack on Herbert Spencer, of which the knowledge, discrimination and decency are on a par with the title; and they are all on a par with the modesty which leads the writer to set up his individual judgment against those recorded from nearly every eminent man of science of the last half of the last century.

Spencer, like all other men dealing with large subjects, may have been mistaken in many ways, but to call him a quack is to be worse than mistaken, — shamelessly and shamefully mistaken: it is to perpetrate a crime — a criminal libel which could be proved such in court.

One is curious as to what manner of homunculus it can be who does this thing. The bitter animosity of the article suggests a seeking of revenge for a personal slight, while its general qualities suggest the *odium theologicum*. Yet it sounds more like the shriek of a hysterical woman. Whoever the perpetrator is, the gurgitation in itself is not worthy of notice, but the strange fact that it was permitted to appear in a publication that has had the reputation of *Blackwood's*, suggests that our readers might not suffer from being reminded of a few facts about Spencer.

Darwin himself, on March 15, 1870, wrote to Lankester:

It has pleased me to see how thoroughly you appreciate (and I do not think that this is general with the men of science) H. Spencer; I suspect that hereafter he will be looked at as by far the greatest living philosopher in England; perhaps equal to any that ever lived.

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And he wrote to Spencer (June 10, 1872):

Everyone with eyes to see and ears to hear (the number, I fear, are not many) ought to bow the knee to you, and I for one do.

When, in 1866, Spencer issued a notice that the publication of the instalments of his philosophy was to be suspended for lack of support, Lubbock, Mill, Tyndall, Huxley and Busk issued a circular seeking subscribers to "join the undersigned in taking additional copies."

In 1896 upon the publication of the last volume of the *Synthetic Philosophy*, Spencer was presented with a congratulatory address signed by virtually the eighty names in England that could give such a testimonial most weight, and asking that Spencer "permit us to employ some eminent artist to take your portrait with a view to its being deposited in one of our national collections."

There has been nothing discovered to prove these great men mistaken, yet Homunculus sets up his judgment against them all. The testimonial drives him into wild and uncouth antics which he attributes to "satisfaction" that there were lacking among these signers, Peter Guthrie Tait, William Thomson and John Cook Wilson, whoever he may have been. The absence of the first two names from a list of over eighty is no more than could be accounted for by the men being abroad, or some other accident. The third man probably was not invited to sign. Our ignorance regarding him may be shameful, but it appears to be shared by the editors of the *Britannica*: for an attempt to dissipate it by consulting their work has been vain. In the midst of Homunculus' antics, however, he shrieks:

Those who had the privilege of being pupils of that remarkable scholar, philosopher, and volunteer, will never forget how he used to pace up and down his room like the proverbial caged lion, while he tore to ribbons the flimsy fabric of the Spencerian ethics and metaphysics, or made game of certain excursionists from Cambridge into the domain of Aristotelian philosophy.

So it may have been John Cook Wilson "that remarkable scholar, philosopher, and volunteer," whom the *Britannica* knows not, from whom Homunculus learned to gyrate — and who was evidently not an Aristotelian.

Probably no other philosopher ever had such a vogue as Spencer had from about 1870 to 1890. Most preceding philosophers had presumably been mainly restricted to readers habitually given to the study of philosophy, but not only was Spencer considerably read and generally talked about by the whole intelligent world in England and America, but that world was wider than any that preceded it, and much of his work was translated into virtually all the civilized languages, including Russian and Japanese. When he visited New York in 1873 he was given a great public dinner. Some earlier philosophers may have had such an experience, but if so, knowledge of it never crossed our limited horizon.

Now the fact that Spencer is no longer talked about everywhere by everybody, although he is probably quoted many times as much as any other philosopher, has led even some of his disciples to think that his philosophy is in eclipse, and has led some of the heathen to rage like the Blackwood scribe, though none, so far as we have seen, with such foamings, writhings and indecent exposures.

The coming of Spencer into a popular prominence probably never reached by any other philosopher, and his recession from it, are easily accounted for, and the latter in no way reflects upon the importance of his work.

Of the three great laws — Universal Gravitation, Biologic Evolution and the Conservation of Energy, on which the Spencerian philosophy rests, the last two were discovered as Spencer's mind was flowering into maturity. With these three laws, the second of which included what we know of the laws of heredity, there really was at last a basis of universal fact for philosophy to go upon. But

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before Newton, speculation, having no universal facts, wildly roamed the empyrean at will, and was a matter of hit or miss. Spencer's latest biographer, Mr. Elliot, seems to make out that Spencer independently deduced Conservation of Energy from the molar motions of matter, but this could not have covered the transmutations from molar motion through chemical reactions, heat, light, electricity, and organic function.

But the law of Biologic Evolution was not of universal application, it was not a philosophic law, under Spencer's clear-cut definition or under the definitions fumbled over by most of his predecessors, — if he was not too radically different from all who preceded him, to justify calling any of them predecessors. But the laws which Darwin had discovered in Biology, Laplace in Cosmogony, and Joule, Faraday and their coworkers in Physics, it was Spencer's peculiar function to extend into Psychology, Sociology and Ethics. This raised the law of Evolution not only into the dignity of a philosophic law — a law pervading all functions that we know, but into that of the first philosophic law ever discovered. Anaximander and, by a little stretch of the imagination it may be said, several others, had guessed at the law of evolution itself, at least in its cosmogenic and biologic aspects, but there had not even been a guess — at least one that at the moment, we remember coming across — at the law in its social, psychological and ethical aspects. Tracing it there seems to have been Spencer's unique and colossal glory.

Other philosophic laws had been guessed at. For instance, Schopenhauer's guess that behind all manifestations of energy there is will, and Plato's guess that all the shifting phenomena we know are but expressions of Ideas, which are eternal — as an architect's idea may exist in his plans or in a building, or in pictures of the building, or in no material shape whatever, and yet be given at will material shape of any one of many kinds. But neither of these guesses has been proved, or seems likely to be in

the present stage of our faculties, though some of the phenomena now under investigation in Psychical Research do point toward the guess of Plato, and its direct bearing on the immortality of the soul. Schopenhauer's guess would give aid and comfort to those who would reduce the source of the motive power of the Universe to human dimensions and characteristics. Previous to Spencer, what was called Philosophy was made up of endless guesses more or less like these in regard to the Universe, plus much more of the same kind in regard to mind and morals, with a comparatively few generalizations of fact in psychic processes. But before Spencer, there was but one philosophic law, as distinct from a guess — one law of universal application discovered and established. It was the law of the universal attraction of matter, and even this law is philosophical only when it is realized that matter is the vehicle or channel of mind — not necessarily, as some think, its source.

Well, Spencer came into productive life with everybody who thought at all, interested in Biological Evolution. It appealed in some respects more deeply and widely to human interests than any law of Nature that had before been discovered. The assertion that men were descended from monkeys or some such creatures was at least interesting, even if it was not at first attractive. The fact of progress upward has now, however, very satisfactorily replaced the superstition of regress downward. Not only was everybody interested in Biologic Evolution, but all the mechanical world who used their brains, were interested in the Transmutation of Forces — an aspect of the Conservation of Energy. Now Spencer took these two laws, with Newton's laws of motion, and worked out the law of Universal Evolution. In doing this, he performed an intellectual feat which the great men of his time — and no other time has known so many great men — agreed was the most tremendous since Aristotle, if indeed it did not surpass even Aristotle's

performance. And yet it was a feat of which the average man, the world over, was ready and eager to form some sort of comprehension. All these circumstances brought Spencer such a vogue during the generation to which his feat was announced, as probably no philosopher had ever had before.

Now why is that vogue gone, and why does a periodical of the traditions of *Blackwood* permit a virulent little homunculus to defile its pages with an ignorant and abusive article made up of ludicrous attempts to prove the great man an exploded quack?

The reasons given in the article are that the great man was a disagreeable selfish valetudinarian bachelor, that early in life he had read a sentence by Von Baer, that he gave some account in his autobiography of his physical peculiarities, took care of a couple of children for a while, showed several people (we have no doubt efficiently) how to do things, blamed the butcher who supplied the Athenaeum Club, for sending too much connective tissue in his meat; and corrected many misapprehensions of his doctrine.

No one of these arguments is germane, but on the first it seems worth while to make a few comments. Spencer probably was never, even in his lonely and suffering old age, as disagreeable as Diogenes or Schopenhauer, and in his middle life, as the present writer knows from the testimony of numerous friends, and from half a dozen intimate chats with Spencer himself — two covering entire days roaming in the country — he was a more than ordinarily agreeable and sympathetic man. He was popular at the Athenaeum Club and at the Army and Navy Club, where, during the Athenaeum's annual housecleanings, he was, among the military and naval men, "Our Philosopher." Disagreeable men are not elected to second terms on the management of clubs, as Spencer was at the Athenæum. A part of his alleged disagreeableness was laid, and

probably justly, to selfishness—to an aged valetudinarian's natural guarding against discomfort; but he became a valetudinarian through one of the greatest services ever rendered the human race.

That he was not selfish in the ordinary sense we know from two of his closest friends, who were in constant correspondence with him, and who were among our closest friends.

The following words were written soon after his death by one who knew him and his works well:

His position was not among the defective distorted ascetics, like Diogenes and others of unfragrant memory, but among the complete men—Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and their kind, each of whom lived in his world, gave it of his best, and got its best in return; and . . . these complete men were the greatest.

Here are extracts from a diary written by one of his disciples in 1879:

There is very little "warmth" in his manner, yet no one would think of calling it cold—he is very gentle, kindly, and sincere. . . .

He takes a joke in the most sympathetic way. On his telling us [John Fiske and the diarist] that he had no memory whatever for dates, and little for personalities—that facts left his mind as soon as he was through with them for purposes of generalization, I pled guilty to the same weakness regarding dates; but Fiske said that he remembered, without conscious effort, nearly all dates that he read or experienced, and nearly all persons that he met. On this I said to Spencer: "Let us fall upon Fiske, and slay him!" And at this very temperate little joke Spencer laughed like a child.

At first glance his face appeared old-fogeyish, and not striking; but in conversation it lights up as few faces do, and his rather large, soft hazel eyes have a very sympathetic glance.

(Another writer has said that his eyes were blue. Probably they showed different colors in different lights, as we have known done by three pairs of eyes, all belonging to exceptional persons.) The diary continues:

S. is certainly one of the kindest and most translucent souls I ever met. Perhaps the same amount of kindliness in a smaller

man would impress me less. Of course, as shown from him to me, it impresses me very deeply. I don't say that he is a warm-hearted man exactly. His life has perhaps been too purely intellectual, and too little blessed with the exercise of the strong affections, to make him that. Though perhaps if he were more of that, his thinking and living would have been so involved with other things than thought, that the world would have had to wait longer for the *Synthetic Philosophy*.

Well, there was no such awful amount of disagreeableness, and if there had been, it would have had nothing effective to do with his philosophy.

Another subdivision of the entirely irrelevant disagreeableness charge is that he was conceited. The diary says:

Something led to a remark on differences in the royal accomplishment of remembering people. Spencer declared that he had none of it, and told us in illustration that one or two evenings before, he took down to dinner a lady who told him that exactly a year earlier she had gone down with him at that same house. "And there!" said Spencer, "she had remembered me, and I had not remembered her at all." Whereupon I said: "But Mr. Spencer, if meanwhile it had occurred to her to write the *Synthetic Philosophy*, perhaps you would have remembered her." He laughed! he evidently had not thought of that aspect to the case at all.

This was the man whom Homunculus calls conceited!

He was no fool, and did have some idea of the value of his work, even though some others have no idea at all. Here is some more from the diary:

With all Spencer's ingenuousness, he accepted the fact of his own greatness as he accepts sunshine, and his consciousness of the one seems no more obtrusive or persistent than of the others. He talked a little of himself, as he might have talked of somebody else. Touching on the limits imposed upon his work by the ratio of its magnitude to that of the life and strength of one man, he said that he looked with surprise at his having undertaken it, poor as he was in health and resources, and having carried it along while it was exhausting his little means year by year. But now, he said, he was prospering, his books being translated and read widely, etc., etc. Yet his statement of all this was so perfectly colorless that it awakened hardly any

more feeling than a glass of water awakens in the eye or tongue. Herbert Spencer seemed just the same to him that anybody else is — no more and no less.

There was not the slightest appearance of assumption in his treatment of us two disciples, even though we were some twenty years his juniors — no such expressions as “when you get to be as old as I am,” or “that view is natural to your years,” etc., etc. In all these particulars he is as thorough a gentleman as I ever met, perhaps the most thorough.

Yet, though he was not conceited, he took himself for granted, as he took any other natural phenomenon. For instance, in one of his books he alludes to Fiske as “an adherent of mine.” No one would have admitted the truth of the characterization more readily than Fiske, and yet. . . .

Homunculus charges against Spencer that he was ignorant, because he did not read Kant. It may be suspected not only that he did not, but that he could not.

When at the very beginning of the *Critique*, he found a placing of *a priori* knowledge on an equal basis with experience, and a claim that phenomena conform themselves to mind, and a maze of contradictions involved in these propositions, his stopping there may be justified, even by some who do not endorse his philosophy. And yet his very principles admit something in the nature of *a priori* knowledge: for if acquired characteristics are inherited, knowledge being an acquired characteristic, must be to some extent inherited, and to that extent independent of individual experience. True, Spencer's latest biographer makes the most sweeping assertions against that inheritance, which his subject believed in, but the question is not yet settled, certainly not in the biographer's way.

While Kant devoted himself to facts more than most of his predecessors, he was still largely given to their speculations and their terminology. Now the mass of guesswork that makes up philosophy before Spencer, or perhaps it would be but a little too liberal to say before

Kant, and to some degree since either of them, is a queer conglomerate. It contained not only Anaximander's guess at Evolution, Pythagoras' guess at the harmonious working of Natural Law, Plato's guess (largely a statement of fact) of the permanency of ideas, and many other way-pointing guesses; but it also consists mainly of guesses that to many seem mere words, outside of anything in the compass of our minds. Take, for instance, the questions at the basis of what was called philosophy — the fundamental nature of knowing — its nature back of experience; and the fundamental nature of what is known — its nature back of phenomena. Now apparently all that our minds are capable of knowing of the external world are certain perceptions resulting from certain vibrations reaching certain organs, and all of the objects known consist of these vibrations; and what we know of the internal world consists of impressions and emotions from these vibrations, and groupings of these impressions and emotions; according to their resemblances and differences, and continuous groupings of successive groupings. What is under the perceptions — what we make the subject of our alleged science of Epistemology — behind Physics and Psychology, is, to human minds, simply nothing at all; and what is under the vibrations — what is the subject of our alleged science of Ontology — is, to human minds, simply nothing at all. And all the talk about both is mere word juggling and paradox.

In addition to Epistemology and Ontology, whatever they may be, philosophy before Spencer (and since) contains a vast amount of platitude dressed up in technical language, and so made to look to the undiscriminating as if it were important. Many men claim the presence of something else; and that many other men fail to see it because of sheer incapacity — an incapacity like that which, while it permits us to run cheerfully through elementary mathematics, brings many men up short at plane trigonometry, many more at analytics, most at the

calculus, nearly all at quaternions, and so on up, until a mathematics is reached which only a few men in the world understand, or even some mathematics understood by only the man with whom it originates. Now are Spencer and his followers simply incapable of understanding Epistemology and Ontology, as so many men are incapable of understanding the higher mathematics? The answer seems to be in the facts that the higher mathematics start in established facts, grow out of them by closely concatenated logic, and can be verified at every step, while Epistemology and Ontology start nowhere, a fact which is doubly proved by their getting nowhere.

Spencer was not the only man of exceptional knowledge who was content to remain "ignorant" of *them*.

The old division into Platonists and Aristotelians holds good today, but does not hold entirely good, and never did — any more than most, perhaps all, sharp-cut divisions do. But although there are minds at home in both regions, there are very few minds that cover both. John Fiske's did to a remarkable extent, but was comparatively indifferent on the Platonic side; James's did to some extent, though mainly Aristotelian; Royce's was mainly Platonist. Dear old John Porter, who of course was a Platonist, took a class through Spencer's *First Principles*, for the sake of guarding them against its dangerous influences; and every man of them came out a confirmed Spencerian according to his lights. Spencer's mind was almost exclusively Aristotelian; and if it had not been, it would have had to be superhuman (which it was very nearly), or he couldn't have done his job. Fiske, who was really fond of him, used to say that while he was an immense creature, he was strangely specialized for his work.

The world contains two sources of knowledge — (I) the facts of Nature, including mind, and generalizations of them, and (II) speculations and generalizations regardless of the facts of Nature. The second category in one aspect belongs in the first — all our speculations and gener-

alizations are facts of Nature; but the division is justifiable and from many points of view even necessary. Now Spencer had precisely the same universe from which to gather his philosophy, that his predecessors had, and vastly more of it than most of them had — so much more as to constitute almost a difference in kind: for even Kant, while he guessed at the law of planetary evolution, had no demonstration of it, had no law of biologic evolution, and none of the conservation of energy. Now did Spencer take from that universe all that the limitations of the human mind at his time permitted it to take, or did he neglect a valuable part taken by the whole Platonic school, — or is that part — the *a priori* speculation that fills so many volumes, not taken from the Universe accessible to our faculties, but simply a froth of words?

Spencer found all that even his gigantic intellect could handle, in the facts of Nature. And the intellect which handled them as they had never been handled before, was probably not shaped to handle the speculative field, even had he felt inclined. But on that account to call Spencer ignorant, is probably as ridiculous a thing as was ever done on this planet. In a long life, the present writer has known a good many learned men and men learned in many ways; and yet he never heard such a stream of knowledge, during a long and intimate acquaintance, even from John Fiske or William D. Whitney, as he heard during the hours he spent with Spencer.

Spencer himself, however, knew the stream was limited, and happened to give the diarist already quoted one aspect of his limitations. He and Fiske and the diarist spent a day walking around Windsor. Spencer being almost a resident, and a great storehouse of knowledge anyhow, and the place being one of unending historic associations, the diarist, being a stranger, naturally asked Spencer a good many questions. The diary says:

He answered amiably and readily, until once he stopped still in our walk, and answered: "I'm happy to say I don't know."

The mass of gossip of courts and camps usually called history has no interest for me. I care for facts only as sources of generalization. My mind will hold a pretty good mass of them until my generalization is made, and then they vanish utterly."

On two other occasions I heard him allude to the same peculiarity of his mind. It did not let go of the facts of Nature, however, as it did of those of History.

By the way, there's a good deal to be said (but there's not room for much of it here) about that distinction: it's full of paradoxes. Is Nature superior to man? Aren't man's proceedings, actuated by mind, superior to those of the inanimate world and the beasts? Or are man's works merely man-made, while God's works are God-made? But isn't man the noblest of God's works, so far as we know them? etc., etc.?

Homunculus was led to make the exhibition of himself by the appearance of a new book on Spencer by Mr. Hugh Elliot. Its author, with most exemplary candor, has set forth his subject's faults and the weaknesses, as they appeared to Mr. Elliot, of his philosophy. All of these, Homunculus has pitched upon with ghoulish glee; while to Mr. Elliot's exposition of the great features of his subject, Homunculus has paid no attention.

Mr. Elliot dwells on Spencer's old-bachelor-invalid side much more than on his genial-old-bachelor side, and even seems in some respects to lack appreciation of his great work. He says:

He perceived that all Nature was in a constant state of change or flux; and he endeavored to find some law which should describe the tendencies of such change — a law which should be equally applicable to the change of a nebula into a star or stellar system, and of a protozoan animal into a man. This law he called the law of Evolution.

The second fundamental conception of the Philosophy, and perhaps the more important, as it was certainly the larger section, is devoted to political and social thought. When Spencer was a very young man . . . he eagerly caught up the catch-word of Liberty and proceeded to identify social progress with

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the admission of every individual to the *maximum* freedom consistent with social order and security.

This, if we read it aright, implies that Spencer's service to the doctrine of evolution was merely to pick up Laplace's nebular hypothesis and Darwin's discussion in *The Origin of Species*, and give a name "Evolution" to a law which they suggested, and which he merely "endeavored" to find, which law, Mr. Elliot says,

Proposed (*sic*) to describe the various stages characteristic of all progress in all departments of Nature as the universe grows older. He believed that the outlines of such changes were similar throughout all varieties of the changing substance.

Now, as already said, what Spencer did was to *find* the law — to carry the conception of Evolution beyond Laplace's Cosmogony and Darwin's Biology into Psychology, Sociology and Ethics — in short into all human experience, and to prove its operation throughout. This was his distinctive original work, and it is all clearly stated in the *First Principles*.

Law throughout all Nature, and therefore the greatest thing in Nature, unless it be the manifest beneficence, Spencer has done more than all other men, not merely to guess at and poetize over, but to demonstrate. This will do more than anything else to fill the place, if anything does, of the decaying faiths. In the hours like those of Carlyle's *Everlasting Nay*, when waves of misfortune and skepticism roll up and overwhelm, and there is no apprehension of any God to help, one can at least cling to such a spar.

Spencer's latest biographer devotes much more space to the Applications of the Philosophy, in the *Biology*, *Psychology*, *Sociology* and *Ethics*, than he does to the Philosophy itself, in the *First Principles*; and yet, the Philosophy being furnished by the great original mind, hosts of men could have made those applications — are making them every day, most of the makers all uncon-

scious that they are doing it. Every nursemaid that confidently awaits a traversable gap between the automobiles on Fifth Avenue, is unconsciously recognizing the law of the Rhythm of Motion that Spencer recognized in the circulation of the blood and of the planets, in commerce and in wars, in the discoveries of the explorer and the philosopher, in the yearnings of the miser and the lover, in the motions of the ions and the stars. Every mother who confidently waits for her child's petty ailment to run its course, depends all unconsciously upon the law of Equilibration which Spencer followed into the subsidence of storms and earthquakes, of errors and passions, of competitions and wars, and of the motions of suns and systems.

As we ask *cui bono* of the philosophy based on ignorance, why should we not answer *cui bono* of the philosophy based on fact? Mr. Elliot says: "The whole of modern thought is founded, consciously or unconsciously, on Spencer's work." Every newspaper every day is protesting against some opinion — some forecast, because it is counter to Evolution, and approving some other because it is in conformity with Evolution. And yet in some corner of the same paper is apt to be some homunculus firing off his dirty little squirt gun to the effect that the colossal genius who first showed that the law of Evolution applied to all the topics that newspapers discuss — to politics and ethics and society's ways generally, is an "Exploded Quack."

There is another *bonum* perhaps worth mentioning. Great thoughts are of inestimable value, and on the slim chance of saving the souls of Homunculus & Co., it may be worth while to explain that thoughts including the Universe are great.

It seems to us far from true that, as Mr. Elliot says,

The second fundamental conception of the Philosophy, and perhaps the more important, as it was certainly the larger section, is devoted to political and social thought.

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On the contrary, what appears to us immeasurably the most original and important work outside of the *First Principles*, is the *Ethics*. This was Spencer's own opinion, and he published *The Data of Ethics* in advance of its turn in the system, to guard against the possibility of his dying or breaking down before completing it. The first little chapter of that little book does what the best thought of the ages had been struggling for in vain: it gives morality a clear and unquestionable sanction, and links it up with the rest of the movement of the universe.

The *Psychology* once for all brought that science out of the clouds and into the regions of correlation and prediction. But notwithstanding the *Psychology's* pioneer originality, it is still true that the *First Principles* and the *Ethics*, and perhaps it would be well to include with them the little *Study of Sociology*, are worth more than all the rest that Spencer wrote. It is true that the *Sociology* ("political and social thought") is the "larger section" of his system, probably because it was written after advancing years had attacked his power of condensed statement; but this reason and many others make it far from "the more important." The guiding clue of Evolution being supplied by Spencer, it seems possible that his other work could have been done by later men; but even with the clue supplied, the world might have waited generations for the revolutionary and epoch-making organization of Ethics under the Law of Evolution, had not Spencer given it.

Mr. Elliot also says (p. 81): "Evolution and Liberty are the two guiding Stars of Spencer's philosophy."

Evolution is Spencer's philosophy. The discovery that it pervaded all phenomena was his great original feat. More than one of the great leaders among his great contemporaries, and no man ever had so many, thought it the greatest feat ever accomplished by the human intellect. If he had died after he completed *First Principles*, his

great work would have been done. The rest was but detail. Although the *Psychology* and the *Ethics* were both epoch-making, they were of an order of work less exalted, and, as already intimated, *First Principles* being given by Spencer, the later works would in time have been virtually attained by somebody else. It is probably not too much to say that the atmosphere created by Spencer made James's great *Psychology* possible, although James inherited so much of his father's transcendentalism that perhaps he did not quite realize the atmosphere in which he worked.

Many students of Spencer will find it strangely incongruous to associate as coeval factors of equal importance in Spencer's work, his original development of the Law of Evolution, and the notion of Liberty, which for generations had been the shuttlecock of political speculations, and even the rallying cry of mobs. The importance of that notion, even in Spencer's minor work, (not, we make bold to say, his "more important," as Mr. Elliot calls it) is still farther diminished by the fact that his use of it there is the most conspicuous example in his writings, of his human fallibility: he carried it to extremes, some of which, however, he afterwards corrected himself.

Mr. Elliot seems to have judged the relative importance of the various departments of Spencer's work by their relative bulk. Thus to the *First Principles*, concentrated into one volume by the terse vigor of the author's best years, Mr. Elliot devotes fifteen pages, while to the *Principles of Sociology*, spread by the garrulity of declining years into three volumes, he gives fifty-three pages.

Perhaps such proceedings are to be expected from a mind capable of producing the following sentence (*italics ours*):

In an essay on "Representative Government" published in 1857, he reached the conclusion that democratic forms are the best of *all others* for the purely industrial type of society; but that for the military type of society it is the worst of *all others*;

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yet the sentence is far from characteristic of Mr. Elliot, and but for his general sense of relations in Spencer's works, would have aroused some surprise.

Here, we think, is a farther misapprehension:

It cannot be seriously denied that, in the main, Spencer formed his theories *first* and established them by induction *afterwards*. (p. 86.)

The whole of Spencer's Philosophy was worked out by the deductive method. It is probable that he would have objected to so sweeping a statement; but nevertheless it is true. (p. 84.)

A generalization was at once formed; and all the rest of the universe was forced into the mould without further ado, whether it really fitted or not. (p. 247.)

Now the first of these passages contradicts the second, and despite that fact they are both incorrect — the first in a measure, and the second utterly. Spencer did have a probably unparalleled capacity in tracing threads of uniformity in masses of fact; and where he found one that was worth while, he did follow it up into more facts; but to say that his first detection of it was not among facts, but by the *a priori* method, is to go counter to the whole drift of his mind and spirit of his work, and even to them as set forth in Mr. Elliot's book. The fact is that when many of us get to treating of induction and deduction we are very apt to get the infants mixed.

Mr. Elliot does his great subject farther injustice when he says:

In 1852 he wrote an article in order to show that Organic Evolution had arisen from the unique factor of the inheritance of acquired characters, for he could not think of any other factor. Here he was entirely mistaken. Writing now at a distance of much more than half a century from this essay — a half-century filled with the most intense biological speculation and spirit of inquiry — it may be stated that not one single fact has come to light which justifies that acquired characters are inherited.

The conflict over this question keeps swaying to and fro. We do not profess to be competent to an expert

opinion, but we will risk the statement that Weissman's assumption that the germ cells are not affected by influences which affect other cells, is on its face gratuitous and absurd, that it is so marked by more than one eminent biologist, and that Spencer's rejection of it at the outset will probably yet be recognized as one of the marks of his genius.

Mr. Elliot caps the climax by saying (p. 89) that "the theory of evolution was true. Spencer conceived the right principle, although he supported it on wrong grounds." Would it not have been better if Mr. Elliot had said: Although of course some of the grounds on which Spencer supported it have been shown by later knowledge to be untenable, as the doctrine is true, later knowledge has, equally of course, added more to its supports than it has taken away? Spencer's demonstration of evolution throughout both the physical and psychical universe being as new as it was immense, was of course imperfect in many ways; but these imperfections by no means destroyed the integrity or stability of the whole. The essentials are there, the details will be elaborated, and here and there substituted, by other workers. Mr. Elliot speaks (p. 310) of "the general deliquescence of his doctrines." This refers merely to some details. As to the doctrine of Evolution, one might almost as well speak of the deliquescence of the doctrine of Gravitation. This illustrates again what seems to us the surprising lack of sense of proportion which led Mr. Elliot to couple Evolution with Liberty. The things which have deliquesced are notions on comparatively minor matters: the one law throughout the two universes abides, and is gaining in definiteness and scope with every new discovery.

The impression made upon us by Mr. Elliot's book, which contains all that we know about him, is the old one that the minute and meticulous accuracies which are the fundamental virtues of the man of science, impede his comprehensive and sympathetic grasp of a philosophy.

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Simon Newcomb once said to us of John Fiske: "He's a mere philosopher." It was a strange coincidence that a short time after, Fiske said to us of Newcomb: "He's a mere scientist."

The editor of the series (*Makers of the Nineteenth Century*) in which Mr. Elliot's book appears, says in his entirely superfluous preface: "As far as one can see, whether as a philosopher or a man of science, Spencer is not likely to live for future generations. If he lives at all, it will no doubt be as a political thinker." The concluding sentence shows the writer's competence to an opinion, and it is farther shown by his having included among his *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* Abdul Hamid and Diaz.

But we have not quoted this editor's opinion for the sake of these self-refutations, so much as to put it in contrast with his author's opinion already quoted from the same book, (p. 76) that "the whole of modern thought is founded consciously or unconsciously on Spencer's work" — an opinion in rather strange contrast with some others we have quoted, but, we venture to think, in absolute conformity with the dissent we have had to express from those quotations.

We are conscious of a certain appearance of arrogance in implying through much that precedes, that we have a better understanding of Spencer than some other writers have had, and we hope to be indulged in an explanation. It is not a claiming of more mind, but of a different mind, and it is a confession of a *new* mind — the mind of a *novus homo*, if you please. Spencer's philosophy is new, and presumably it would appeal, as on the whole it appears to have done, better to minds innocent of any heredity of "acquired characteristics" from previous philosophies — to John Fiske, or *longo intervallo* to the present scribe, the ancestors of both of whom were not given to philosophy, better than to William James, whose father was a saturated Swedenborgian.

Some people are now finding fault with Spencer's philosophy because it is not absolutely correct, consistent and comprehensive. Will some of them kindly show us a system that is? So far as we know, which is not very far, there is not one of them which — whatever good things it may contain, like plums in a pudding — in its totality, when it has a totality, is not plainly and seriously defective.

And there is excellent reason why this is so. If Philosophy deals with the laws which pervade all phenomena, before the discovery of the law of Biologic Evolution and the Transmutation and Indestructibility of Matter and Force, there was little or nothing with which to do real philosophizing, though some lopsided attempts were made at it in the realm of psychology. Spencer was the first philosopher to have to his hand such a work-worthy mass of really universal law, and to shape it into a systematic structure. Of course there are errors and imperfections and deficiencies, but these do not render the structure worthless, and they will be corrected by farther thought and discovery. But probably little material demolition will be needed to insert them: for the plan seems too faithfully conformed to Natural Law.

One of the principal reasons why Spencer's philosophy is not as generally accepted as it might be, is that he follows the universe, with all that it contains of beauty and emotion, into smash, and leaves it there. True, from the dust into which the systems are smashed, he (following Laplace) counts on new nebulæ and new systems. But with him the forward-looking speculations and emotions beyond the life we know, "the expectancy within the soul," as Sill puts it, has no place. His philosophy concerns itself solely with what has been, and with what *verifiable* conclusions that logically points to. Of Plato's Ideas behind phenomena he takes no account, farther than to admit that there *is* something there, and to call it Unknowable. If we remember rightly, he even

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makes no allusion to the movement of the boundary into the Unknowable. The speculations regarding it he would not even admit into Philosophy. President Butler takes the directly opposite ground, but the difference is perhaps merely one of terminology. He says that Philosophy begins where Spencer stops. If so, God help Philosophy! We were tempted to write, instead of "help," another word of an opposite tendency, perhaps more often heard to-day in connection with the name of God, and perhaps better justified in this connection by reason, though not by convention. If Philosophy begins where phenomena end, what then are we to call Spencer's colossal generalizations of the facts of Science? They are certainly more than Science, and as they are statements of fact, they are, in one sense, less than speculation; while God only knows what speculation is, at least until verification catches up with it, which, with that large part which is mere logomachy, it never will.

Unless, with President Butler, we claim that only the baseless guesswork that starts where facts give out is Philosophy; or unless, with more catholicity, we admit the guesses at Evolution which preceded Spencer's demonstration of it, and all other guesses at the Universe, to be Philosophy, — unless we make those admissions — despite the great treasures of thought bestowed upon us by Plato, Aristotle, Bacon, Kant and a few others, Spencer was the first man to give the world Philosophy. It had been the aspiration of the ages, but, as has been said elsewhere: his predecessors only dreamed of philosophy; he was the first to attain it. He found philosophy an ideal; he made it a fact.

"QUITE FROM THE MARK OF PAINTING"

Browning

THE screaming sensation of four years ago — modern art —" says Mr. Louis Weinberg, in *The Sun* for Sunday, September 10, 1916, "is now accepted with a shrug of the shoulders." I should like to ask Mr. Weinberg, who is a lecturer in the Metropolitan Museum of Art and an instructor in the College of the City of New York, if the painters whom we distinguish from artists by calling them "moderns" are satisfied with a shrug of the shoulders by way of appreciation and, in case they are, if they really understand that shrug. It does not signify acceptance. Beneath its quiescence lies the same distaste that greeted the first "independents" with jeers and laughter. We do not scream long over anything in this twentieth century; there is too much matter for screaming; but we shrug our shoulders as the Capulets bit their thumbs, "which is a disgrace to them if they bear it."

The repulsive hideousness of much of the modern extremists' work and the inane futility of the rest may be trusted to limit it to the exhibition rooms of speculators in art, where it will die a noisy but beneficent death. Patience is the sure cure for the affliction of the last ten years, but a new and more subtle affliction is upon us. A school of ultra-moderns has arisen — men of tomorrow rather than of today — who claim to have reached the climax toward which art has been moving through the ages. They call themselves "Synchronists," and declare the object of their efforts to be the expression of spiritual emotion through the beauty of pure form in pure color. Their theory of art is insinuating because of the magic power of the word "beauty," but it is a fallacy, nevertheless, and a fallacy which carries a threat. The magic word has often been made to disguise immorality; here it

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is invoked to conceal a disease; pernicious anæmia. "Beauty," for the Synchronist, has no red blood — it is an ephemeral presence which pleases only the eyes. The first manifestation of quick consumption is a crimson cheek and a sparkling eye.

That the laws of visual æsthetics are the sole criterion of a picture's worth, we must believe if we take the word of several of the modern critics. Clive Bell asserts that the one quality common to all great art, and therefore the one quality indispensable to a great picture, is what he calls "significant form." Just what he means by this — what constitutes "significance" in form — we are left to guess. By Willard Huntington Wright we are apprised that the *sine qua non* of great painting is "æsthetic organization": the opposition of line to line, the thrust of plane against plane, the balance of mass with mass, the push and pull and resultant equilibrium of various bodies: inferential movement so controlled by other movement that, in spite of omnipresent activity, nothing can fall out of the picture. And this is all: a harmless commotion among nondescript shapes.

The "significant forms" in "æsthetic organization" must be completely abstract. Chief among possible offences is "likeness." The construction and muscular functioning of the human body is the admitted archetype, but a genuine artist refers only in his secret preliminary processes to any acquired knowledge: on his canvas he copies nothing — depending solely on inspiration.

"Recognizability," says Mr. Wright, "precludes the highest æsthetic emotion. . . . Form and rhythm alone are the bases of æsthetic enjoyment: all else is superfluity;" and æsthetic enjoyment is the only effect a picture is entitled to have.

Mr. Andrew Dasburg tells us: "I differentiate the æsthetic reality from the illustrative reality. In the latter it is necessary to represent nature as a series of recognizable objects. But in the former we need have only the

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sense or *emotion* of objectivity. That is why I eliminate the recognizable object." Yet the sense of objectivity, if not the emotion thereof, is just what we derive from clear representation of objects. Such sense and emotion as we derive from paintings with recognizable objects left out are too vague and uncertain to be valuable.

The desideratum must, moreover, be accomplished, according to the modern idea, by the use of unmixed color. There must be no suspicion of drawing in black and white, with color laid over like a becoming garment. The "simultaneity of form and color" is the thing to conjure with. Colors have intrinsic perspective, so to speak — unvarying relative distance from the eye. Some are bold, others shy.

"Color is form; and in my attainment of abstract form I use those colors which optically correspond to the spatial extension of the forms desired."

"Thus with him [McDonald Wright] a yellow, instead of meaning an intense light, represented an advanced plane, and a blue, while having all the sensation of shadow about it, receded to an infinity of subjective depth."

If an abstraction, then, is to show three dimensions, its nearest side must be yellow, and its farthest violet — unvaryingly. Intermediate planes must be orange-red-violet or green-blue-violet, though we die of ennui. Everything but "abstract form" thus produced by unmixed color is parasitic, enfeebling, anathema; and those who thus conceive and produce are the only men who have any just claim to the title of artist.

"Ancient painting sounded the depths of composition. Modern painting has sounded the depths of color. Research is at an end. It now remains only for artists to create. The era of pure creation begins with the present day. Cézanne took the first great step; Matisse the second; Cubism the next; and Synchronism the final one."

Is Synchronism indeed the final word in art? It may be — the word that commits to the grave. That those to

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whom art expression is addressed, and whose approval is necessary to the survival of art, will never be satisfied with the output of the Synchronists is certain. Their so-called pictures do not get off of the canvas and out of the frame into our minds and hearts, where the immortals are cherished. The possible shiftings of colored shapes are not many, and looking for such variations is a game that soon loses interest. There is nothing else to look for — nothing that “takes us where we live.” The Synchronists may “organize” to the demonstration of every rule of visual composition, they may lay on their colors with incontrovertible propriety of sequence and relation: they achieve only unbearable monotony. They may have eliminated the unessential, but they have at the same time omitted the essential.

To narrow art to the one appeal — the æsthetic — is to cramp and dwarf it pitifully. It is like condemning a splendid woman, capable of motherhood and of citizenship, to spend her days as a *mannequin*. The spell of a great picture is not so simple, though it is more direct and sure.

The “modern” painter affirms that to awaken emotion a picture need only express emotion, and that the emotions of an artist can be expressed only by geometrical, vortiginous or other preferred abstraction. The second claim obviously annuls the first. The cubists, futurists, vorticists, what not, are fully expressing themselves after the manner of their choice, but they are failing as artists, because they are not communicating their emotions.

In their spoken and written utterances the modernists use the word “emotion,” indeed, in a fashion as strained as their use of pigment; and thereby involve themselves in contradictions and paradoxes. We have quoted “the emotion of objectivity:” they talk about the emotion of size, the emotion of distance — of any sense-perception. Since they disavow any remote consciousness of objective reality, these forms of speech cannot be taken to mean

the physical experience of seeing the dimensions or the position of things: they must, then, mean the feeling of pleasure or displeasure accompanying such perception: but size and distance are attributive, accidental, unimportant, having no power whatever, in themselves, of arousing emotion. Why not, for the sake of mutual understanding, be guided by an emotion of reasonableness?

The pictures that move us to gayety or to tears touch us by *depicting* the expression of emotion, or by showing us replicas of the objects that awakened emotion in their painters, without reference to the question whether or not they may themselves be a means of self-expression. A picture of a smiling child, of a grieving woman — a statue of a man in triumph or despair — these move us, through human fellowship, to rejoice or to suffer. Abstract forms, in any number of dimensions, produced by the most expert manipulation of abstract color, do nothing of the kind, though the painter may have seethed with æsthetic exaltation. Their utmost possibility is a suggestion of beauty adaptable to some decorative scheme or other — a very faint emotion compared with the effect of a masterpiece of art.

Is the charm of *The Song of the Lark* its dark bulk against a light space, beautiful as this may be, or is it the cool breath of morning and the entrancing bird-song which the girl's face makes us realize? Does the power of Hawthorne's *The Trousseau* lie in the balanced shapes on either side of the upright shaft of the maidenly body, admirable as these are, or in the young bride's wistful gaze into the unknown and vaguely feared future? Schreyfogel's *The Fight for Water* would doubtless bear analysis by the most punctilious æsthete: suppose he render the composition “abstractly” — withdraw from the picture all its likenesses; the terrible horse and its thirst-mad rider, the fallen one, shot through, no doubt, and the desperate companion who was so near the goal — would their shapes, denatured and filled with flat or self-modelled

violet-indigo-blue-green-yellow-orange-red, bring a flutter of excitement to one man in ten thousand? and is it really, as the "modern" painters and critics maintain, a loftier accomplishment to afford that ten-thousandth man his little æsthetic thrill, than to make the other nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine draw a deep breath of human sympathy?

It is argued, in condemnation of such pictures as *The Fight for Water*, that they are as much drama as picture. Well, why not? The acted drama is largely picture; why should not a picture be partly drama? That means, simply, that the canvas tells a truth which includes beauty — that it reaches, with stirring effect, not merely a little group of "pure" æsthetes, but the world of thinking, feeling, living human beings. As Professor Mather says:

It is, perhaps, the supreme value of Greek art to have proved how the vision of the artist and that of the common man need vary but by hairs' breadths, and yet give sufficient play for genius.

It goes without saying that the dramatic picture is only for the great galleries. One would not hang anything that suggested struggle on the quiet walls of the home. Neither does one wish that one's intimate associates should be continually experiencing the climaxes of tragedy — but that is no reason why the drama should be reduced to the wooden posing of mutes draped in the spectrum colors. Is it sane to discard the richest element of picture-making — human interest — for a triviality like the exploitation of one's little ego through ineffectual abstractions?

The attitude of indifference to the judgment of the public assumed by the "modern" painters, is a manifest affectation. They all betray awareness of the fact, though vehemently denying it, that it takes more than one to make a picture. No man painteth to himself alone. There

is no self-expression that does not aim, consciously or unconsciously, at impression somewhere outside of self. Even Max Weber, who is guilty of such self-deliverance as this:

How grand and how all is the unknown! The unknown of the unborn is I feel infinitely more than the known of the born. . . . I am rich, I am exuberant, I am spirited when I infer the beyond, the inherent unknown — infinite, spaceless, timeless, matterless. In such overwhelming, breathless moments, I embrace the entirety of the unknown. I am then a self-more, more with more of the measureless dimensions,

and who endeavors to paint his states of mind, declares, in the same set of essays, that “art is nothing if it does not stir or kindle the art consciousness in a people.”

The withdrawn-ones descend, at odd moments, to such sordidness as is implied in this paragraph from the “Explanation” (!) of the “Forum Exhibition,” at the Anderson Galleries, a while ago:

“No more genuine art-service can be rendered, either to yourself or to the cause of serious art-effort in America, than by the purchase of these works.”

It should never be forgotten, in discussing the new men, that they are not appealing to us as decorative designers, though this would be a natural inference from some of the comment upon them. Mr. Weinberg says:

They have attempted to record that beauty in the quality of the line, color and pattern. They are willing that their work should live or die through this inherent beauty of material and language and not because of any association with any other categories.

Again he speaks of “that almost complete abstraction and purity of pattern (free from objects) which is the logical goal of the cubist.”

As patterns — units for repetition in textile design — they are quite too formless for anything but “all-overs” — some of the productions of the later men might be tolerable; but these gentlemen pretend to be makers of pic-

tures, not of patterns, as their titles bear witness. Between the two arts there has been, hitherto, and should always be a firm distinction. A picture is an effort to relate. To the primitive man his drawings were the alphabet of his literature. It is true that, in prehistoric time, men also decorated with line and space and, later, with color arrangement; and that, from an undatable beginning and by imperceptible degrees, the principles of the purely æsthetic art have become engrafted on the representative art, so that now we demand sensuous beauty in a picture as if it were essential; which, in ultimate analysis, it is not. We have not learned to make pictures because we have æsthetic taste — we have applied our æsthetic taste to the making of pictures. The *prime* essential of a great picture is still the great subject: to its successful presentation beauty is a mighty aid, because of its allurements. Between the picture which is gripping in its meaning, powerful and beautiful in its execution, and the little canvas which is merely pretty, there is a long gradation of possibilities of not unworthy work; but even the parlor-picture, which is pleasing chiefly to the eyes — neither very striking nor deeply significant in subject — must have some meaning on its very surface. That which we apprehend through the eye must be of the visible world — familiar enough, at least, not to put a breaking strain upon our sense of possibility. The new men are assuming — nay, really striving — to paint the unpaintable. Impatient of the common highway, they are rushing up an impasse — trying to reach our souls through our eyes by addresses which our eyes cannot receive.

Such a thing as “abstract form” in three dimensions does not exist, for us, visibly. As strictly decorative pattern, conventionalized form in two dimensions may be most agreeable, but solidity is inseparable from entity — from recognizability — or it is repellent. We fear and loathe the mere shape, because we see it only in nightmares: if we are not subject to nightmare, we dismiss it with contempt.

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The condemnation of likeness as a thing too trivial for an artist's attention, a chafing fetter on his imagination, is a fatal error. There is no escaping likeness. The veriest abstraction a wild dreamer in paint can conceive, inevitably looks like something: in pigment daubed on canvas it generally looks like something ridiculous. Such ideas as may be liberated in “pure” form and spectrum colors — ideas of ornament — would be far more effectively worked out in some other medium — glass or silks, for example. Pigment and canvas are not lovely in themselves: if from them we receive nothing that makes us forget them, they are unattractive, if not ugly.

The modern painters seek, above all things, they say, to suggest; but the canvas and pigment are always more strongly in evidence than any mental concept.

“The chapter on Suggestion in their psychology interests them most,” says Mr. Weinberg. “They know that a man's emotional nature may sooner be stirred by suggestion than by literal statement.”

This is better in theory than in the practise of the painters. A visual suggestion, to be potent, must have some thread of connection with visible actuality — otherwise it is more apt than not to go astray. Mere patterns may give much pleasure, but they are powerless to suggest anything — surely — but the designer's taste in patterns. The man who wishes me to share his joy in a friendly world must show me something more than a square of calico: I do not get the suggestion intended.

The devotees of abstract form in pure color dwell much upon the analogies of music with painting. Pure, un-imitative sound is the medium of the musician, through which he develops musical harmony and form: it follows that pure color is the painter's medium, through which he should develop visual harmony and form. The content of music is exclusively emotional, therefore the content of the allied art must be exclusively emotional: so they argue.

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The reasoning is invalid. Given brothers, it does not follow that they must be *bessons* — twins whose own mother cannot tell them apart. We should not have needed two senses if the same appeal reached both. The eye seeks information of the dimensions of objects and their position in space; the ear of thought and feeling: the one of physical, the other of mental things. That the provinces of sight and hearing overlap somewhat, does not make them identical. The man who is guided by intuition, and not by sophistry, offers to the eye those statements only which it receives naturally and therefore easily. He reproduces the visible facts which have stirred his sensibilities, in the hope that they may have the same effect upon others, and so enlarge experience and enrich life. His emotion itself he cannot render in color, because emotion does not express itself in color. Form has some power of suggestion — there is analogy between gesture and line, between shape of mass and pose — but color has little to do with emotion. Under stimulation we sing, we shout, we laugh, we weep, we may gesticulate or dance; we never emit color. The “change of color” so often attributed to us is insignificant because it merely indicates emotion, but does not express it. Under the same excitement one nervous organization will blush while another will turn pale — but the flush and the pallor may result from mere physical change quite unaccompanied by emotion.

Attempts have been made to attach color to sound. They are meaningless because associations cannot be fixed. A shrill trumpet-note is to one man yellow, to another red, to a third green, to a fourth white. The suggestion may almost always be traced to some early objective connection; so nearly always that it is safe to attribute all such ideas to accidental objective experience. The association of the so-called warm colors with cheerfulness and excitement is due to our long dependence upon fires which are ruddy. We forget, because it is not a daily observation, that the hottest fires are white or

blue — colors which we call cold — and that ice-bergs flash out reds and oranges glowing as flames. No man can tell from the momentary hues of the sky whether a new day is dawning or an old one dying. So far as pure color is concerned, sadness and gladness are indistinguishable.

Sentiments and color play together in some minds, but the affinities differ with different temperaments. The dye of mourning garments varies with nations. The English wear black, the Chinese white, the Turks violet, the Egyptians yellow. To me, if joy have a color, it is a slightly modified high-light blue — borrowed, of course, from the clear sky. My friend tells me that a certain green is her most joyous color — an acid, cutting green it is to my eyes. My neighbor, when she wishes to make us all happy, wears a luscious pink, always a little nauseating to me — probably because of over-indulgence, at an early age, in pink ice-cream.

How can nature be symbolized, or emotion be conveyed, by signs that mean everything, and therefore nothing?

The case with music is quite different. Inarticulate sound is the instinctive, involuntary utterance of emotion, and strikes home to the understanding of the listener infallibly. It is impossible to mistake a minor third for a cry of elation, or a major arpeggio for a wail of woe. We ascribe emotion to the notes of insects, to the wind in the trees, to the ripple of waters, even to mechanical noises, because feeling is, in our minds, inseparably joined with sound. Music is formulated inarticulate speech; emotional expressions multiplied, repeated, intermingled according to their satisfying consonances and stirring dissonances. We respond emotionally to the most involved, highly organized music of the great orchestras, whether or not we know a chorale from a toccata, because the most composite and abstruse of musical utterances is still natural — a logical development of commingling and interchanging human voices that modulate while we are listening to

them, and pass, as our words and our sighs pass, with the time needed for utterance.

McDonald Wright claims that this last quality is attained in a picture by such composition as induces the eye to follow certain sequences — deliberately blinding itself to the rest of the canvas which remains all the time distinctly and — in Mr. Wright's organizations, at least — insistently visible. Something akin to musical movement might be given by a canvas on a reel — but see how Mr. Wright goes about it.

Later, recognizing that painting may extend itself into time, as well as being a simultaneous presentation, I saw the necessity for a formal climax which, though being ever in mind as the final point of consummation, would serve as a *point d'appui* from which the eye would make its excursions into the ordered complexities of the picture's rhythms.

This is about as enlivening as a demonstration in geometry.

Clive Bell maintains that the only life — the only reality — is form. Form for form's sake is his credo.

The emotion that the artist felt in his moment of inspiration, he did not feel for objects seen as means, but for objects seen as pure forms — that is as ends in themselves. . . . Who has not, once at least in his life, had a sudden vision of landscape as pure form? For once, instead of seeing it as fields and cottages, he has felt it as lines and colors. . . . May we go on to say that, having seen it as pure form, having freed it from all casual and adventitious interest, from all that it may have acquired from its commerce with human beings, . . . he has felt its significance as an end in itself? . . . Shall I be altogether fantastic in suggesting that the significance of the thing in itself is the sign of Reality?

This reality — this line and color — are what make life worth living to him — or so he tells us. Believe it who can!

Why should artists bother about the fate of humanity? If art does not justify itself, æsthetic rapture does. . . . Rapture suffices.

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What kind of a mind is this — that sees commerce with human beings as casual and adventitious in comparison with line and color? Heaven help the painter who never sees his subject as line and color: he may paint till he is blue in the face, and never find himself hung — but Heaven help him, also, who fails to show his public, in his lines and colors, the fields and cottages and the people of their love: for he may paint till he is black in the face, and never win the grateful admiration of a fellow-man. Fancy “gazing on the happy autumn fields” merely to notice how the masses bulge and recede, whether the verticals be duly crossed by horizontals, whether the leftward curves be counteracted by rightward swerves, and whether or not any violet thing have forgotten the decencies of color and fastened itself upon a prominence!

If these patchwork-quilt painters touch life at all it is only at the surface of the æsthetic sense — as if one should have a great golden harp to play upon, and sit forever pick-picking on high C.

There may be a world where life is not living, but only an æsthetic tingle — where dwell a few supernal creatures whose nerves vibrate only to the spectrum colors arranged between an assortment of lines — but it is not humanity's world, and never will be; and it seems great pity that any young artists should be led away to it by alluring and deceiving phrases. If the new “immaculate” art is enough for the “moderns,” why do they not confine their abstracted selves to their studios, and live on the lonely rapture of self-expression? On the contrary, they give every evidence of wishing to draw the public after them. They have drawn us — a little way — through our curiosity. If they keep us (and it means extinction for them if they do not) they will have, I am sure, to return to the ways of the older men in the matter of intelligibility: if we are to enter into their experiences, they must make them recognizable.

THE YOUTHFUL SPINSTER

THE other day, as I was poking in a neglected drawer stored with the "souvenirs" which children lay up for solace of the arid wastes ahead — frayed paper napkins once sacred to the memory of colored ice, laced valentines of a richness not to be found nowadays, — I turned up from a dark corner the yellowed manuscript of a story which I must have written long ago. A quite forgotten thing once cherished, freshly discovered, has always a haunting attraction. But as I read, I felt that I had come upon a deposit interesting for its own sake. It was a romance, — for I was probably seven at the time of its composition, — and concerned the notable adventures of two fair heroines, Gwendolen and Genevieve. The tale must once have been regarded as a masterpiece, for it was carefully tied up with beautiful red cord, and illustrated with unique drawings of Gwendolen and Genevieve in Assyrian perspective, splendidly provided with bustles and dolmans of the latest mode. And after these years of eclipse the document still preserves one excellence, which even in the initial pride of authorship I fancy I did not suspect, — an unashamed candor, a singular absence of guile. The last sentence alone is sufficiently telling. It ended: "And so they were both married, and had good rich husbands."

Here is conciseness perhaps crudely abrupt, but the phrases ring true with a sincerity hard to get at a later age. It is the plain expression of childhood's ideal and definite intention. For children, we notice, strangely compounded of matter-of-fact and fancy, take marriage as much for granted as bread and butter. Scant tolerance would be theirs for the fairy tale if it failed of its right conclusion, if the prince by a reversal of nature's laws should neglect to wed Cinderella. And in the cycle of

their recurring games the children are consistently devoted to Hymen. They circle the ring-around-the-rosy in a rhythmic rehearsal of coquetry and wooing, and count daisy petals to a chant of love's experience. They are noisiest, we admit, in their ubiquitous dramatization of "Teacher," — teacher, poor thing, an old maid ogress promiscuously shaking little children. But there is a special unction and solemn relish in their style whenever they play at being married.

It is plain too that they pity the poor creature who can no longer join the wedding game with conviction, for they treat her with an elaborate delicacy suitable to her disappointments. The coarse term, old maid, would surely stick in the throat even of the untutored. They never use it in our presence, though I have heard "aunt maid" as a gentle euphemism. If they must mention before us our unhappy state, they hurry on with the same non-chalance which conveys to a cross-eyed or bewigged visitor the assurance that the anomaly really does not show. The "aunt maid" must want a husband, they are persuaded, but they do their best to spare her feelings by a careful affectation that they have not found her out.

The grown-up world used to hold jocundly the same opinion. In the old frank days of merry England Chaucer's Hen spoke up confidently for all women, saying:

Whatso any woman sayth,
We all desiren, if it might bee,
To han housbondes hardy, wise, and free.

And being once reminded of Chaucer, we find it hard to ignore the Wife of Bath and her tale of a knight who quested for a year and a day that he might report to Queen Guinevere what thing it is that women most desire. He had a lively search, but his answer proved at the time to be the right one: "My liege lady," said he, "generally women desire to have mastery over husbands and lovers."

In al the court ne was ther wyf, ne mayde, ne
Wydwe, that contraried that he sayde.

That was a long time ago. To-day the audacious youth would not get off so easily before any gathering in the "regne of femynye." Still as in Jane Austen's period, "it is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in need of a wife." But the single woman is no longer conversely in need of the "good rich husband." The world has grown cheerfully to accept without smile or hint at a ceremony called "nolo episcopari," our protestations of content. We may flaunt without ridicule our praises of independence void of "followers" or encumbrances, the joys of unhampered freedom. It is so convenient to walk in the middle of the path, to sit directly under the lamp, to reflect on the superior system and firmness with which we could bring up the children of others. And spite of Dante, it is not so bad to "go up and down another's stairs" with no responsibility for rolls of dust accumulating in the corners. We are believed.

Still the children are in one way right. Through some convention of society it is not the thing for us to appear genuinely old, though the married may age as fast as they will. Oh, to have lived in the days of Charlotte Brontë, when one woman could write to another, "At twenty-three you can hardly call yourself young"! In that good time by twenty-five we should have sat restfully down for the remainder of our days, emancipated and relieved.

Not so to-day. On the head of our married sister gray hairs are venerable, badge of acceptable service, but we have to devise new ways to turn our hair inside outside to bring the white on the under side. The married may amble leisurely along the way or stroll quietly in pleasant by-paths; we have to step off brisk and pert to show how much strength and oil there is still left in our poor old bones. The married can survey with complacence a moderate increment of plumpness; but we dare not risk a penny-in-the-slot at the station scales, fearful of mortification in case they begin suddenly to play a tune. It is permitted to

the married to seek the fellowship of wise folk older than themselves, to acquire the mellowness of their more assured repose; we are perforce ambitious for the society of the "old young girls;" we must seek for special familiar some pretty young thing without a gray hair in her head.

Some time ago a newly married friend sent me her book-plate, very unpretentious for a book-plate,—just a little cut of her library. I suppose there were shelves and books in the picture. I remember only two central features, a pug-nosed dog and a cordial fire-place. Here no doubt on snug winter evenings there are two more present with the tutelary dog, carelessly whiling the hours in receptive fire-side chairs. And for all I know, they put their feet up on the fender. With me it is different. I too should like to sit by the register in my boarding house and doze at my ease. But no, I am young, and I must go out and play bridge or something more youthfully inconsequent. Or if the thermometer is way below zero, I stagger half a mile through the drifts in the company of my active friends, the lads of eighteen, to witness a basket-ball game. I am so fond of athletics, like all young people.

And yet what should be in this youth, that we cling to it so tightly? It was a busy time disquieted by heavy problems. So many abstruse speculations, including axioms and platitudes and unimaginable mysteries, had to be settled out of hand, as if the weight of the future depended upon our immediate decision. What are the comparative merits of Shakespeare and Browning? Where is the border between spirit and matter? What is the relation of tragedy to comedy? Is the human will free? I remember that once in college days, as I was lounging with a book, a class-mate suddenly leaned over my shoulder and began, "Say, I never happened to ask you, but do you consider life worth living?" She felt that she must know before night. I had a glib answer in a minute, and we dealt ably with the matter. I should not feel equal to it now.

Then there was the worse responsibility of youth's privilege, the persuasion that we must make the most of our choice susceptibilities before the torpor of middle age should dull our keenness. We had to be so exquisite and so sensitive, to thrill our utmost with all fine subtleties and nice emotion. A young girl once confided to me her impatience that she could not go immediately to Europe while she still had left some bit of sensibility, some remaining shred of æsthetic appreciation. And we were all like her, as eager to miss no slight vibration of experience as was the man who could never learn how to shiver.

Well, we have had our experience, and it has brought a freedom at which we should once have shuddered. We have been to Europe in the good times so short a while ago, and spent happy hours not alone in the Alps or in galleries, but in the shops, absorbed in bargaining for coral pins. In our off moments of musical levity we may dare to prefer "Tipperary" on the hurdy-gurdy to the *Götterdämmerung*. We may read an occasional silly novel without scruple lest we shorten thereby "the stature of our souls." We may venture sometimes to be interested in dinner, be frankly pleased with asparagus. A fat and slippered middle age is a very comfortable thing, I'm told.

Could we not then dare by a bold originality to accept the relief of avowed old-maidhood, to find solace in the enfranchisement which comes with gray hairs and plumpness and the good custom of mature fellowship? Why suffer the patronage of pity when we are so consciously able to pity in our turn the anxious follies of the more radiant age. As for me, my own way appears more clear at last. I have half a mind to free myself from the thralldom of my youth. I have pretty nearly decided to be thirty-five. If I could be eighteen again, I could not accept the condition any more profoundly, or settle eternal questions in time to catch an earlier train. Even the children, with all their sympathy, would not advise us to cherish illusions. And when I finally discard my juvenile nimbleness for the

mild comatose pleasures of middle life, I shall take as excuse enough the wise words of a small boy.

We had been reading together the old legend of Hawthorne's, in which a doctor who has discovered the water of life invites a few aged friends to share a private demonstration of its powers. They drink long draughts and are temporarily restored to youth; but, becoming too frisky, tip over the beaker and allow the precious liquor to flow away. When we had finished, I asked my little friend for his interpretation of the story. Children dislike generalities, and for a long time I hinted and coaxed in vain. Finally a light dawned in his eyes. The words were slow in coming, but at last he stammered, "Why, I think it means that even if you should become young again, you'd be just as foolish as ever." He was a polite little fellow and meant no offence. With the indefinite use of the pronoun "you" in the speech of the rising generation I was quite familiar. But I had my lesson.

CODDLING MURDER

THE newspapers of the adjoining cities used to indulge a few years ago in a recurrent jest that the sure way to longevity was to go to Chicago and commit murder. The charge was only too true, for the immunity of Chicago's criminals was notorious throughout the country. The deplorable conditions that occasioned the witicism still exist there unchanged. The average number of homicides in the city district is still far over 200 a year, and shows no sign of falling off. But Chicago is not alone in this matter and, bad as her record is, she is not appreciably worse than the rest of the country. There is no section that should dare to cast the first stone. St. Louis with less than one-third of Chicago's population reported 92 homicides for 1913. For last year, New York city had 299, a rate five times as great as that of London; 10,000 murders, it is estimated, are committed in this country every year, more than the aggregate for any other ten civilized nations, excluding Russia. In the United States as a whole, we are told that crimes of this nature have increased over 60% in the last three decades. Naturally the statistics on the subject are on some points incomplete or conflicting, but after making all allowances for inaccuracies, the most cursory examination will bring out two startling facts. First, America has more homicides per capita than any other country in the world; second, the proportion is increasing.

These facts are fairly well agreed upon, but on their cause there exists a wide divergence of opinion. Critics are not wanting to complain that, as a people, we are naturally lawless and prone to violence, and that no other results could be expected. This explanation, for which the exaggerated accounts of mob outrages are largely responsible, does not appear to us to be correct. To com-

pare the morality of different peoples, or of the same people at different periods, is always a venturesome undertaking. There is the constant danger of relying too much on limited sources of information, of mistaking the special for the general, of deciding that because some individuals have certain characteristics, a whole nation is similarly afflicted. It is unfair to base our ideas of the Italian social life of the 14th century on a perusal of the *Decameron*, and to infer that the men of Boccaccio's age were all either cuckolds or rakes, the women either fools or debauchees; just as it would be unfair in our day to regard the works of Mr. Robert W. Chambers as representative, and to believe that all 20th century American society is made up of fascinating parasites, young men with inherited alcoholic tastes, young women with a penchant for clandestine midnight rendezvous and frank discussions of sex hygiene. It is unfair after reading of a semi-political attack on a medieval sect, to think that all the devotion of that time was a mixture of superstition and cruelty; and it is equally unfair for our present-day critic, after reflecting on the Frank affair or some Western mêlée, to conclude that the American people are naturally turbulent and bloodthirsty. There is always a tendency to sing the praises of past times and to sigh in vain for the virtues of an elder race. But Americans, on the whole, are as much as ever a peace-loving nation. They hold human life every bit as sacred as their ancestors fifty years back, or the Europeans of to-day.

The prevalence of serious crimes in this country is largely due, it is submitted, not to any innate depravity of our national character, but to the comparative facility with which criminals go unpunished. The statistics of the country show a woful condition in this respect, it being estimated by as high an authority as ex-president Taft, that with regard to crimes of violence, the proportion of offenders who are never tried, or being tried escape punishment, is a good deal more than 50%. Now it is

elementary that the chief, if not the only aim of punishment, is exemplary, to deter others. It is equally plain that for punishment to have this salutary effect, it must be swift, certain, terrible. These are simple truths admitted by everybody, fools and sob sisters excepted. If Smith tries to rob Brown, and kills him in resisting, hanging Smith will not be of much advantage, it is true, to Brown's widow and orphaned children. But if done swiftly and strikingly it will serve as a powerful warning, and the thought of what is in store for him will go far toward keeping a second Smith from shooting his victim. To act as a deterrent, however, it is necessary that this punishment be both swift and certain. Under present conditions, for reasons soon to be considered, it is neither. This is the real cause of the spread of violent crimes.

It may be objected that no matter how sure or swift the retribution, some crimes would have been committed. Booth would have shot Lincoln though he realized a firing squad would have him up against the wall an hour later. The misguided Irish patriots who believed Dr. Cronin to be an English spy would have killed him though the gallows were certain to follow. But such cases are exceptions and are generally of a political nature. With the majority of criminals, the uncertainty and delays of punishment are the big factors on which they stake their gamble. The reasoning of a band of youngsters who some years ago set up as bandits in one of our big cities, bears out our contention. If these youths had felt that they were certain of paying the penalty, that even in four cases out of five, they would have to pay, they would still be working at the factories they left for the easier gains of crime. But over 50% of such offenders go unpunished — their hopes of escape were better than an even chance. It was a good risk, as they admitted and they took it — with disastrous effect on the lives of some fellow-citizens. Does anyone suppose that a certain millionaire degenerate would have been so punctilious about

his wife's damaged honor, if it was not extremely probable that in the long run he would go free? Or would the Hotel Metropole have ever witnessed that tragic tableau on the early July morning, if "Whitey" Lewis and "Gyp the Blood" had felt sure of the electric chair?

If this explanation is correct, and if the prevalence of crime is to be attributed, in large part, to the immunity of our criminals, the question narrows down to a consideration of the things that make for this lack of punishment. The cause is doubtless twofold — partly the inefficiency of the police, partly the inefficiency of the administration of justice. It is not the purpose here to discuss the police departments' inability to catch so many offenders. The most enthusiastic defenders of the American systems will admit that in ability and enterprise, our detectives do not compare with Poe's Dupin or Conan Doyle's creation. Most of us are more severe and feel that they are not up to Prefect G—, or Scotland Yard — possibly not even up to poor Doctor Watson. It is sufficient for their condemnation to remark that only 25% of our criminals are ever caught, that the offender's chances of escape are estimated to be as high as 4 to 1. There are a great many improvements to be effected here but we pass on to the other cause.

The American administration of criminal justice is, we contend, grossly inefficient and to this even more than to poor police methods is due the regularity with which crime goes unpunished. This inability to convict offenders is merely the inevitable result of the protecting attitudes toward the criminal that our law and our public opinion seem to take.

The position of the law on crime and criminals cannot be better expressed than in the oft-quoted platitude, that the law would prefer nine guilty persons to go unpunished rather than let one innocent be wrongly convicted. This statement has been highly lauded as illustrating the wisdom and benevolence of our jurisprudence. In reality,

if it is analyzed it indicates no such thing. It is based on a supposition — a false supposition — that the law is sometimes put in a dilemma and forced to choose between two evils. It must either punish the nine guilty and at the same time the one innocent, or else free the one innocent and at the same time the nine guilty. Granting that of the two evils the latter is preferable (though this is by no means certain) no proof has ever been offered that such a dilemma does or can exist. To punish the guilty it is evidently not necessary to punish the innocent; the two things have absolutely no connection. If anything, punishing the nine guilty tends to make the position of the one innocent — of all the innocent — just that much more secure; so many dangers to their lives and property have been disposed of. Careful students of the question have concluded that all precautions not clearly necessary for the innocent prisoner, are a dangerous shield to crime; they serve only to secure the guilty and should be abolished. The above maxim in its present import has practically come to mean that whether the defendant be innocent or guilty, the law prefers the chances to be nine to one against his conviction. Its application has resulted in hedging in the prisoner with protections that are unjust and unneeded, protections that justify Bentham's bitter complaint about a criminal prosecution being a game of fox and hounds, in which the accused is given a certain start and has the benefit of a number of rules to prevent his conviction and to interfere with the proof of his guilt.

The first of these artificial safeguards is the holy of holies of our bill of rights, the exemption from self-incrimination. This exemption, as everyone knows, means that the accused in a criminal trial cannot be compelled by the prosecution to take the stand and testify. It is a right guaranteed by the federal and state constitutions, and is so universally accepted in America that it is commonly regarded as a fundamental bulwark of the individual against official oppression. To attack such a pal-

ladium, to inquire whether it actually is all that is claimed for it, seems to be political heresy. Yet what does the exemption mean and just whom does it protect? Crimes are generally, from their very nature, rather secret occurrences. This is particularly true of homicides; the victim is dead and the parties with information about the deed are few, their knowledge incomplete. Who is a more logical witness than the accused, the person on trial? In many cases, his testimony may be the only direct evidence; in all cases it is relevant evidence, evidence pertaining to facts in dispute. If he is innocent, it cannot affect him save to establish his innocence. If he is guilty it is to society's interest that his guilt be disclosed. Yet in spite of the almost self-evident necessity, the law allows him to refuse, even forbids any prejudicial inference to be drawn from this refusal. The result is that the prosecution must often build up a piecemeal story from indirect evidence and fit it together, only to have it picked to pieces by the clever attorneys for the accused. It is idle to say that making the defendant testify would lay him open to a brow-beating by the prosecutor and possibly entangle the innocent. The presiding judge could easily keep the state's representative within bounds; moreover innocence is not in such grave danger of entanglement.

From the veneration attached to the exemption, one would think it was a natural right of man, that its antiquity could be traced through past codes back to the laws of Alfred or the twelve tables of Rome, that it was recognized everywhere throughout the civilized world. Yet nothing could be further from the truth. The protection is, in fact, not a right at all but a privilege — and a privilege, too, of recent growth and limited application. The Supreme Court of the United States has recently, in express terms, declared it not to be a fundamental right. It was not recognized in England till the last two centuries. Even to-day it is not in force on the Continent, where criminal justice is vastly more certain than in our country.

Another illustration of the peculiar attitude of the law, is found in the strange duties that legal ethics regards a lawyer as owing to a criminal client, as distinguished from the duties he owes a civil client. It is universally agreed that a lawyer who knows of the injustice of a civil case is not bound to take it, is obliged to refuse it. Otherwise he would be acting, the framers of our ethical code rightly hold, as an instrument of injustice. His client's wrong would be his. It would seem proper to apply a similar rule in criminal cases, and require a lawyer who not merely suspects his client's guilt but is certain of it, to enter a plea of guilty and do what he reasonably can to mitigate the punishment. Yet he is permitted, even instructed, not to do so. No matter how strong his convictions, no matter if the client confesses to him, he is to plead not guilty, and put up any and every defence. The advocate who gets off an admittedly guilty client is not regarded as a scheming trickster, but is admired by the rest of the bar as an example of professional skill. The oftener he defeats criminal justice the greater is his reputation. Logically he would seem to be working an injury upon society, to be committing as much of a wrong as the lawyer who sues a railroad company on a faked-up accident. But the legal casuists step in with their theory of the criminal trial, and say no. A criminal trial, in their eyes must not be an even battle between the state and the prisoner, in which each side is to rest solely on its merits. The accused must be given certain protections whether innocent or guilty. It is not for the lawyer to decide his client's liability; there may be extenuating circumstances that mitigate the latter's conduct. The answer to this of course is to have the client plead guilty and let the judge make any necessary allowances for the conditions of the misdeed. That is what a judge should be for, and he is certainly better able to decide than the defendant's counsel, who is paid for getting the prisoner off. The glaring failures of justice that might

have been expected from this strange attitude of the bar, have naturally occurred. It is small wonder that some disgusted observers feel with Shakespeare's character, that the first step to social justice would be to hang all the lawyers!

But perhaps nowhere do we find the absurd state of the law better shown than in the present system of appeal. In the early common law, on which our law is largely based, there was no appeal in a criminal case. The jury's verdict settled the matter, and whether that verdict was given for the state or for the accused, there was nothing further to be done. This simple impartial rule has been changed for some time. At present both in England and in this country, an appeal is allowed, but — and here lies the absurdity — for the defendant alone. In England it is granted for substantial reasons only, a situation unfair enough, but in America things are worse. Our states universally permit an appeal not only for grave errors, but for the slightest technicalities, this right being given, as stated above, solely to the accused. As a mere mathematical proposition, the injustice of granting this to the defendant and denying it to the prosecution, is plain. The state must stake its all on the one trial, it has but one chance to win. The prisoner has not only a chance to win at this trial, but if beaten there, he has a variety of other refuges and appeals, so that his chances of final victory are at the outset of the trial as high as 3 or 4 to 1. The unavoidable consequences have followed. The defendant's lawyer watches for the least slip on the part of the prosecution, the slightest mistake that will furnish him with a technicality sufficient to go up. Indeed it is a common practice for experienced attorneys purposely to conduct themselves so as to rouse the state's attorney or the judge to hasty remarks, with a view to "putting error in the record" and taking an appeal on account of the harm done their client's constitutional rights by the outbursts their own conduct has provoked. The state

has absolutely no corresponding recourse, and no matter what displays of passion or prejudice the defendant's counsel may make, no appeal can be taken. This situation is manifestly unjust to society, as it minimizes the offender's risk of ultimate punishment. Either the right of appeal should be denied the accused, or if such right seems occasionally necessary, it should be granted equally to both parties, subject to the court's decision that there has been a substantial error.

There are many other points to be corrected, which flow more or less directly from the wrong basic attitude of the law in the protection it gives to crime. Space allows reference to only a few. The silly useless formalities that so many states still require in their indictments, should be done away with, and twentieth century English substituted for the archaisms of Henry Eighth. No sensible person believes that the omission of these antique phrases is going to put the accused off his guard and imperil his innocence. The substance only of the charge should be important; and if this were followed, we might be spared the spectacle of seeing the supreme court of a great state quash an indictment — for a serious offence against a woman — because the article "the" was omitted. It is hard to realize that a decision like this could be given in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eight, and not in conservative New England either, but in supposedly free and progressive Missouri (State vs. Bruce Campell, 210 Missouri, 202). Equally senseless reversals occur all through the country, making the technicalities of our criminal justice a byword. Mr. Francis J. Heney in the celebrated prosecution he conducted some time ago against the California graft ring, ran into a particularly stupid decision. He had Mayor Schmitz of San Francisco convicted of corruption in the trial court, only to have the upper court reverse the judgment on the ground that the indictment failed to declare that Schmitz was mayor of San Francisco at the time the alleged extortion was commit-

ted; this too notwithstanding the penal code of California expressly stated that no matter should be alleged in an indictment of which the court would take judicial notice, *i. e.*, of which it would be naturally informed. The chief justice, in a defence of the court's decision, gravely stated that the court could not take judicial notice of who was mayor of San Francisco! The French philosopher who would not admit his own existence till he had proved it, would feel right at home in the California Supreme Court.

Insanity of prisoners should, it is believed, be made a matter of defence throughout, as all men are presumed sane, and if any offender wants to be freed on this ground, it should be up to him to establish the fact of his insanity. This would place the burden on the defence to prove the prisoner's derangement, in place of forcing the state, as in most of our jurisdictions, to prove his soundness of mind — a task naturally difficult.

Judges should be allowed and encouraged to follow more closely the conduct of the case. Like their English brothers they should have the power to comment on the evidence and indicate to the jurors their opinion as to its weight. This does not mean abolishing our jury system; it merely means giving the inexperienced jurors the benefit of the judge's training and knowledge. The men on our benches should be more like ministers of justice, and less like the detached personalities we seem to have at present, men who, as Mr. Taft puts it, resemble the harmless moderators of a religious assembly. The picking of our jurors, too, is open to criticism, as it is notorious that this takes much longer in America than in Europe. Counsel's examination of jurors ought to be much restricted by the court, and only grave objections ought to be sufficient to disqualify a venireman. It is a peculiar feature of our present criminal trials, that the defendants seem to be under less suspicion than the jurors.

The injustice of the hot-house protections with which the law shields the accused, will be plain to anyone who gives them thought, if he will but recall the real purpose of government. They all evidently tend to prevent the conviction of the guilty, and in this way are incentives to further crime. Now opinions about the origin and scope of government may, and do, differ widely. We have the orthodox explanation of the Testament that civil society grew up imperceptibly from the patriarchal nucleus; and we have the Frenchman's theory that it is only the result of voluntary mutual concessions, made long ago in a great social contract between the peoples. About the scope of government there is likewise much dispute, one group extending its power to embrace all the individual's concerns, and another being satisfied with a minimum of regulation. But there is no doubt about a government's duty and purpose on one point. A man may believe with Rousseau that society is a mere compact between the individuals making it up; or he may believe with Aquinas that it is from God. A man may believe with the Prussian bureaucrat that the state should order a man's whole existence; or he may believe with Jefferson that the less government, the better. But in every case he believes the government should protect his life. It is all very well to speak about the social and sympathetic advantages to be derived from civil society. The main reason why men formed a government was to protect from violence first their persons, and second their property. This protection is the real test of the efficiency of a government, and no government that fails in it is living up to its design. A state may be ever so advanced in the intellectual and sanitary care it takes of its citizens, in its library and school and health systems. But as long as it allows violence to go unpunished, as long as the basic principles of its law tend to encourage violence by preventing the conviction of the criminal, that state is at fault. It may be refined, it may

be polished — but it is not efficient. It has failed on a vital point.

And yet after all, the artificial protections of the law do not cause any more miscarriages of justice, than the artificial frame of mind our people assume when considering crime. The citizen's sympathies, with a few exceptions, seem invariably to be with the offender. Especially is this true in homicide cases. To their romantic imagination he is but one atom against the colossal power of the commonwealth that is seeking to destroy him, and they feel for him the sympathy that Americans always feel for the under-dog. This feeling is well illustrated by the favor shown a certain type of crook-plays, in great vogue of late years. Night after night our best people applaud the efforts of the harassed burglar to elude the clutches of the law, and are highly pleased when the final curtain shows that lawlessness is triumphant and the brutal police are baffled. This tendency, we suspect, is in some respects a result of our democratic government. Our democracies have a fear of state oppression that runs back beyond the time of the Revolution, and their natural inclination is to favor the individual in any conflict with the state. But the notion of the criminal as the under-dog is wholly wrong. The under-dog in a fight is the one that is weaker, the one with the smaller chance of success. After what has been said, it should be clear that in American prosecutions, the offender with his exemptions and his rights of appeal, has a good deal better than an even chance. If anybody is the under-dog it is society. It is not true to say that the criminal is defenceless against the state; it is nearer the truth to say that the state is defenceless against the criminal.

As might be expected, the women lead in this sentimental weakness. A large number of our feminine population seem to feel that no matter how uninteresting or inane a man may be before he has killed somebody, he acquires

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a subtle charm after it. The more atrocious the murder, the greater appears to be the worship with which this impressionable class regards him. Again and again we hear of prisoners who have committed the most shocking crimes, being deluged in their cells with flowers and candy sent in by sympathetic and apparently refined women. They even carry their efforts further by engaging lawyers and alienists, and if the offender is finally convicted, they besiege the executive for a pardon. We confess that the psychology of it all is beyond us, that we cannot see why the same woman who berates her husband for kicking the cat, will weep over some brute who has strangled his mistress with a curtain-rope!

A similar disposition, though in a saner form, characterizes many of our male citizens, as witness their views on the death penalty. Talking with men of all classes and occupations, it is surprising how many can be found to confess that they are unalterably opposed to capital punishment, that they would under no circumstances inflict it, even if they were jurors. Such men have generally a strong aversion to crime in the abstract, but in concrete cases their good nature is apt to be too strong for their sense of justice. The news of every fresh murder fills them with maledictions on our inefficient police, and yet they themselves adopt a spineless, snivelling attitude that is more responsible for the spread of murder than all the blunders of our detectives. This is not the place to enter into any extended discussion of the merits or demerits of capital punishment. It is a subject on which there has been a good deal of rant and bombast. The existence of the death penalty, it is submitted, and its regular exercise, are the only things that will deter some persons from homicide. The argument of those who oppose capital punishment, put briefly, is that the state in executing the murderer is guilty of the same crime of taking human life for which it punishes him. They forget that the taking of human

life is not essentially wrong, that under some circumstances it is highly justifiable for one individual to kill another. And what the individual can do in self-defence, society certainly can do, murder being as much an attack upon the life of society as on the life of the visible victim. Another and more common objection is that if capital punishment has such a good effect, why has it not stopped homicide in the past. The answer of course is that capital punishment in this country is like Christianity in Europe — it has never been tried. For our 10,000 homicides of last year there were less than 100 legal executions, about 1 execution to every 100 murders. In most of the states, it is true, there is capital punishment in name, that is, the right to inflict it is given to the state. But the actual exercise of the power, except in rare cases, is wanting; and it is not the abstract power but the concrete exercise of it that constitutes the deterrent. It was remarked above that punishment to be effectual must be certain. The mere possibility that a murder may eventually result in an execution, is not a sufficient check. The governor of Illinois delivered a very strong address on this whole subject at a recent governors' meeting, inveighing against the death penalty as an obsolete useless barbarity. The impression he left on his hearers was that Illinois had been systematically inflicting capital punishment all these years and still her crime rate was increasing. The facts are quite the reverse. The records of the entire state are not available, but in Chicago during the last 40 years there have been 3,047 homicides with but 42 legal executions. This is less than 1 execution to every 70 killings, and could not be expected to act as much of a deterrent.

But even putting aside the intrinsic value of the death penalty, the jurors who refuse to apply it are still in the wrong. Irrespective of their personal opinions, it should be sufficient for them that it is the law (in most of our states), the law which they as jurors have sworn to follow. If it is a bad law, change it; but as long as it is the law it

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should be rigorously applied, independently of what they think about it. They are to decide simply if the accused has actually committed the act with which he is charged, and that is their sole responsibility: the sentence rests with society. We admit, however, that the distinction is a good deal to ask of the average jury man. If they have conscientious scruples against even deciding on such a fact, it is their duty to state them and be excused from entering the jury box. Once they have decided in the affirmative nothing remains but to apply the law's penalty, even if that be death.

Much criticism has been made, as far back as the Dred Scott decision, that our courts declare legislation unconstitutional, not because it really conflicts with the basic law, but because the individual judges regard it as bad. If a legislature passes a ten-hour law for women, it is undoubtedly wrong for a court to declare that law void and refuse to give it effect merely because it offends the judges' theories of economics. But it is certainly every bit as wrong for a jurymen to refuse to impose the death penalty, because it happens to contravene his personal opinions. Jury-made law is just as undesirable as judge-made law, the private beliefs of both should be subordinated to the law of the land. There are, it is true, some jurisdictions where, in a criminal trial, the jury is judge both of the law and fact. Experience, however, shows this to be a poor delegation of power. Illinois is one of the principal states where it exists, and the kind of criminal verdicts that Illinois juries have rendered does not commend the practice for imitation, nor does the record of murders in the state.

Towards women offenders the jury's attitude is especially deplorable, being a strange mixture of pseudo-chivalry and bathos. Every man of sensibilities will regret that we have female criminals, just as he will regret that we have criminals at all. But when he is on a jury, he should not let this regret interfere with his duty. The

position juries take toward erring women is in marked contrast to that taken by the social world. In conventional life women receive infinitely less mercy than the other sex. A man's peccadillos and intrigues are glossed over; everything is construed in his favor. Even when his guilt is certain, his standing is little affected. One little slip though, will damn a woman irrevocably; there is small chance for defence — every presumption is against her. In a seeming effort to make up for this unfair treatment of the sexes' shortcomings, our juries go to the other extreme. They make every allowance for female offenders, so that the conviction, much more the execution of a woman murderer, is an extraordinary occurrence. Both the above views are foolish and illogical, as the offences of the sexes should be punished equally and impartially. It is unreasonable, not to hold an unfaithful husband in the same disgrace as an unfaithful wife. But it is surely just as unreasonable that the wife who kills her husband should not be punished with the same severity as the husband who kills his wife. Yet the statistics show that small as the proportion of male executions has been, the proportion of female executions has been much smaller. A disgusted state's attorney of a populous territory has openly declared that in his district, no matter how conclusive the evidence, it was impossible to convict a woman of murder.

The remedy for the undue leniency with which crime is treated, must come from a change in our public opinion, from a realization by our national conscience that coddling murder is not curing murder. The people will have to appreciate that in the punishment of crime, sentiment must have no part, that the foundation of government, in the fine phrase of President Wilson's inaugural speech, is justice, not pity. An appreciation of this will make them look on homicide for what it is, not merely an offence against the individual victim but against the whole structure of society. Men must look on jury duty not as

something to be shirked but as a privilege of citizenship; the law, even if it be a penalty repugnant to the juror's private opinion, must be faithfully applied, as long as it is the law. The other improvements in our administration of criminal justice are a little more complicated to make, but they will speedily follow once the ideas of the people have been changed. The reason our law shields offenders so much, the reason our bar is authorized to defend the admittedly guilty, is because our lawmakers and our lawyers feel with justice that the public desire this laxity, that there is no insistent demand for rigorous punishment. Individual legislators or individual attorneys can at present do little. Once our public opinion adjusts its viewpoint and looks things squarely in the face, our bar and our public assemblies will do likewise.

It is not desired to make criminal justice too severe, so as to leave no loophole for the unfortunate accused. Though Draconian legislation has ever been found ineffective, there are some few, we are aware, who in their disgust at the present order of things, would rush to the opposite evil and take away even the necessary safeguards of the prisoner. But any form of Jedwood justice, of hanging first and judging afterward must be worse than the prevailing system with all its faults. These extremists fail to realize that there is such a thing as making punishment too summary and sweeping. They recall the Arabian Nights story about the zealous sultan. A fair lady, runs the tale, had been robbed by a porter, and his majesty, unable to find the culprit, and determined that justice must be done the petitioner, commanded all the porters in the city to be hanged! He would have carried it out too, had not the damsel confessed she was fibbing. Neither are we opposed to the benevolent changes for the benefit of the accused that have lately been recommended. The bitter irony of the law is that while it unduly favors the criminals who can hire costly legal talent, it is equally harsh on the petty offender. This,

though, is an ancient condition: for we find Solon complaining twenty-five hundred years ago, that laws are like spiders' webs that catch the small flies but through which the great flies break. The unjustified arrests that mar our police administration could well be stopped; in many parts of the country jailing conditions should be improved. It might even be advisable to supply in all states, as is done in some, paid public defenders for the poor prisoners. Above all, we must better the economic conditions that cause so many of the smaller crimes.

But for murder, the only check will have to be the deterrent of swift, certain punishment. Such swift, certain punishment, as being the characteristic of an efficient state, this country must earnestly try to insure. And it can be insured in no other way than by having strict, impartial laws, supported and executed — here is the root of the solution — by a strict, impartial public opinion.

A PSYCHIC MISCELLANY

THE attention this REVIEW has given to Psychical Research has brought us considerable material not yet published, in which the growing portion of our readers who care for the topic may be interested.

We wish, however, before giving some extracts from that material, to call attention to a circumstance that well illustrates the growing realization of the importance of the subject. There was lately published a work on it that was at least the bulkiest that had appeared in many years. Its author expected ridicule and even contumely. But the book was reviewed by some two dozen of the leading critical organs, *and not one but treated the subject with respect*. The same seems to be true regarding the recent much smaller but perhaps more important work of Sir Oliver Lodge. The change in authoritative opinion which this marks is not less than a revolution. When this REVIEW was started nearly four years ago, we received an occasional remonstrance against the moderate attention we paid the topic. Of late we have received none. It looks as if the immense importance of the subject were at last becoming realized.

For many years after the foundation of the Society for Psychical Research, a generation ago, it was thought necessary to accompany reports of the mysterious phenomena it investigated, with corroboration from additional witnesses, with testimonials to the character of all the witnesses, and even with affidavits sworn to in such legal form as to make untruth subject to the penalties of perjury. But now there has accumulated such a vast mass of verified testimony regarding all classes of the phenomena, that the presumption is in favor of any testimony regarding them offered by a respectable witness,

and we present such without any more hesitation than we should feel if it were on ordinary subjects. Should any of it be false, there is probably on record enough authenticated testimony regarding similar phenomena to uphold any conclusions that may be drawn.

Telepsychic Telekinesis, with a Veridical Dream

The jaw-breaking name has been applied to any apparent molecular change, (usually indicated by sound or light) manifesting intelligence outside of the observer, and apparently due to a force exercised without contact by the observer or some other agent, often difficult or impossible to identify. There is latent in the human system, apparently much more in some systems than in others, a mysterious power of producing motion in inorganic bodies, and sounds and probably lights from them, without the exercise of muscular force. To the force in question students have applied the name Telekinesis. The records abound in accounts of such occurrences, the most frequent being "raps" of various qualities and degrees of loudness, principally in wood, and naturally therefore most often in doors and furniture, though there is a case where it has been manifested in the railing of a pier; one, in the stick of an umbrella; one in an iron fence railing; one in a letter containing bad news, which was lying on a mantelpiece. Our personal observation leads us to put faith in the general occurrences indicated, and in the first three of those specified. In regard to the last, our judgment is in suspense. The witnesses seem entirely honest, but the story is so contrary to general experience that it arouses suspicion of some sort of hallucination. On the other hand, it is nearly enough akin to the established stories to raise considerable presumption in its favor.

The force that causes these strange phenomena has already been correlated with the well known modes of force, to the extent that generally its exercise tends to produce

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fatigue in the person exercising it, and that it is seldom, if ever, manifested unless there is present somebody with whom the experience is recurrent, and generally somebody with susceptibilities to various other experiences that are apt to impose upon the person undergoing them the name of "medium."

The converse, however, has not been so often observed. So far as we know, the celebrated medium for telepsychic phenomena, Mrs. Piper, has had no telekinetic experiences, and the same is true of the marvelous involuntary writer known as "Mrs. Holland," and perhaps with most involuntary writers.

Veridical dreams are probably more frequent than the phenomena with the jaw-breaking name. The following account of both has been sent us by Mrs. Kate Wade Hampton, a daughter-in-law of the famous Confederate general.

I was spending the summer at a small watering-place in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, three miles from the railroad and reached only by stage. It was September, and I stayed on after all the guests had gone. Telegraph, telephone, and stage connection were discontinued.

I occupied a two room cottage, not far from the Manager's house.

One night as I sat reading, the lamp on a small table, I heard the sound of tapping, several quick little raps in succession, on the head of the bed. It was very gentle, as if made by the rubber end of a pencil. But it kept up incessantly. I felt annoyed. I thought it was made by some insect.

It kept up so persistently that I got up and looked to see what it could be. I found nothing, and sat down again. I had no sooner taken my seat than the tapping came on the table, quick little taps just as had been on the bed. I did not feel in the least alarmed. I looked all about the table, a small affair with one drawer, but I felt worried, and took the lamp and went into the adjoining room.

I had no sooner taken my seat than the taps came on that table — quick and persistent!

I had never had any experience of this sort, except through old Dr. S. But I did not connect the tapping, very strange to

say, with anything occult. It interfered with my reading, and I went to bed.

That night I dreamed that I saw a little nephew of mine standing on a cliff in the midst of flowers. There was a chasm between us, and I was on the other side. It was a place I had never seen before. I got the impression that it was the site of an old mill, or in some way connected with machinery. He was a little chap about nine years old, and was looking at me with the sweetest smile.

I was wondering why he was there, when he said, in the brightest way, "Auntie, Auntie, I'm not dead — I'm not dead — they think I am —" And then said something I could not hear. And while I was still wondering, he said, in his quick little impulsive way, — "But I must go now!" And disappeared in the flowers about him.

I awoke feeling terribly depressed, and the feeling followed me all next day. He was my Sister's only son, and I had not heard from her in several weeks, but this often happened, and it gave me no unusual concern.

Three nights after the dream, I was awakened by a knock on the door, and the Manager said he had a telegram for me.

It said, — "Your little nephew died suddenly at three o'clock this afternoon."

Of course I thought it meant *that* afternoon. I read the telegram over several times, and at the last reading I looked at the date — It was dated four days back! The very day I had heard the rapping!

It had been sent to a wrong address, delayed at the station and sent me through the mail.

I left next morning to go to my Sister. I found that my little nephew had been killed by a cable car. There had been only a small abrasion on his breast. My Sister had cried and insisted, "He's not dead! He's not dead!" [Note the correspondence with the child's utterance in the dream. Ed.]

My stepmother had been stricken with paralysis, and lingered several weeks. We lived in different towns, and I was kept advised from time to time of her condition.

I was awakened one night by the most frightful noise. It continued, and I thought — "How inconsiderate of the people next door to arouse any one at this time of night!"

It grew so loud that I got up and lighted the gas.

The rooms were separated by a folding door, and on each side was a large open alcove. As I listened, the crash came from a

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chiffonier where I stood. I call it a crash because it was just as if a giant were crushing that chiffonier in his hands.

I looked everywhere, but there was nothing to account for it.

It came again and again, as I stood there — Then the thought changed to — “What must those people next door think of me!”

I went back to bed, but turned the gas low. I lay there and listened to that terrifying noise. During the night it grew less and less violent, coming at longer intervals.

At ten o'clock in the morning the maid came to clean the room. There was one loud convulsion of noise from the chiffonier. She started and said; “Oh, what's that? I don't like noises.” I said, “It's been going on like that all night. I was afraid it would disturb the people next door.” I made no other explanation.

I never heard the noise after that. I was terribly depressed during the day, and would not go out of my room.

That afternoon I received a telegram telling of my step-mother's death. There had always been a very close bond between us. It was through her that I had first heard of Spiritualism. And the interest had become in later years, mutual.

Mrs. Wade Hampton says that after each of the experiences with the raps she felt depressed. At first we attributed this to some telepathic impression of the deaths, but reflection brings a conjecture that there was also fatigue from (unconsciously) producing the raps. As remarked above, persons subject to telepsychic experiences are generally subject to telekinetic ones.

A Dream Locates Lost Property

THIS too is from Mrs. Wade Hampton.

In New York I was moving from one house to another. In packing I discovered the loss of a very handsome long black cloak that I valued. I was quite confident I had used it at the house from which I was about to move. So I was forced to the belief that it had been taken.

When I reached the new house, the lady of the house went with me to my room. It was a much larger room than I had engaged. She said, “Your room will not be ready for a day or two, and I will put you in here until then.” She then laughed

and said: "I hope you are not afraid of ghosts!" "Oh, no," I said, "I would like to see one!"

I found that she was much interested in things psychic. She said: "There is a little circle of four in this house — perhaps we may let you in! One of them is a trance psychic, a rich woman, who will never see strangers." And as she left the room she waved her hand and said, "Well, I hope you are not afraid of ghosts — This is where we hold our seances, and I never rent it."

That night, after being in bed, I thought how comfy I would be if only I had not lost my cloak.

In the night I was awakened by a voice right at my ear, a thin, high, clear voice, saying, — "Your cloak is not lost — It is at —," naming the number of a house where I had not been in four months.

I was really startled, and mentally said to myself, "That's absurd" — But over and over came that clear little high voice — "Your cloak is not lost — It is at —."

Then I seemed to realize that it was something unnatural, and overcome by that same instinctive fear of the supernatural, I covered my head! I wouldn't have gotten up and lighted the gas for anything in the world! I simply lay there after the voice stopped, and waited for daylight.

At the first peep of day, I jumped up and wrote a note to Miss R—— at the number my uncanny night visitor had named. I had not seen nor heard from her in the four months I had been away. I felt ridiculous even to ask her so absurd a thing. But I waited for her answer!

It came — "Dear Mrs. ——, The maid found your cloak hanging in the closet of the room you occupied. I will keep it for you!"

I was really quite overcome. I was an utter stranger to Miss R——, except for occupying her room for a short time four months before, and the lady of the present house had never heard of my existence.

Now, what was this? Since then, some adepts have told me it was the voice of the subconscious mind.

Probably that is just what it was — a buried memory of having left the cloak there — there are innumerable such. But what is "the subconscious mind?" Evidence seems accumulating that it is the Universal Mind — that mind is, like force and matter, one of the fundamental

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elements of the universe, and constantly flowing through us as they do. Language is of course very inadequate for the conception, and the conception itself is of course a vague groping. A man at sixty, if he has led an effective life, knows many times as much as he did at thirty, but his brain is not many times as large. Which then, seems more probable — that his brain holds the vastly increased knowledge, or that its channels, so to speak, have become more complex, so as to permit a vastly greater flow, and that the rearrangement having been effected by the passing of his peculiar experiences, the channels are adapted for the passage of each such experience again in the form of memory? That a mental experience never actually dies has been increasing in probability at a tremendous rate under Psychical Research: for under the various forms of hypnotism, including, if you please, the apparent auto-hypnotism of the mediums, innumerable things have been brought out which were supposed to have lapsed into oblivion.

There's another queer thing about mind which is illustrated by Mrs. Wade Hampton's experience in the room where the sittings had been held, and which goes to indicate its universality and pervasiveness. *Telepathic power seems to hang around localities* — to "haunt" places where it produces the visions called "ghosts." Of course there's a suggestion in the above case of the "rich woman's" influence being in the room and causing the revelation.

Another Patience Worth Book

UNDER the title *A Sorry Tale* there has lately been published a long story indicated on the Ouija board by Mrs. John Curran, as the involuntary amanuensis of the personality calling itself Patience Worth, and professing to be independent of Mrs. Curran, and to have lived and died in the seventeenth century.

This book adds a few points and justifies a few remarks

in addition to those we have already given regarding the Patience Worth mystery.

The book is about three times as long as the average novel, and must have been written in at least a hundred and fifty instalments. Now we are told that never once was there, as in ordinary writing, a comparison with the ending of the preceding instalment, or any apparent deliberation over the fresh start. And this despite the book containing about a hundred characters to keep distinct, and a very complex plot to keep out of tangle. Moreover, the main thread of the book is the biography of one of the thieves crucified beside Christ, and the costumes, scenery, architecture, utensils, usages, modes of thought have been pronounced by some respectable authorities true to time and place; yet Mrs. Curran, in whom a large and intelligent circle of friends place complete confidence, says she has made no study of them.

With almost negligible exceptions, the critics have received the book with great respect, and not a few with enthusiasm. There can be no question of its ranking among the important literary productions of the day.

Now before this Ouija business Mrs. Curran had never written anything more "literary" than her letters to her friends.

What does it all mean? It will probably be a good while before anybody knows. Meanwhile it's everybody's business to guess.

The gentleman who writes as "Hamlet's Father" in the *Chicago News* guesses that the work results from the aggregate abilities of Mrs. Curran and her friends, hypnotically connected. But there's only one at a time with her at the Ouija board, the company is seldom the same on any two evenings, and not seldom is restricted to Mrs. Curran, one companion at the board, and the recorder.

Our own gropings keep coming up against indications suggesting the old notion of inspiration, but with the supplements (I) that all mental action is inspiration — that,

as we said above, mind is constantly flowing through us, as matter and motion are; (II) that the channels through which it flows in each of us are different from those in others, hence our individualities; (III) That this flow can be stimulated by hypnosis, including auto-hypnosis, and that probably Ouija, Planchette and all that, help a concentration which merges into hypnosis, as we suspect even pen and paper sometimes do; (IV) That flow from another consciousness can be combined with it, presumably with the aid of hypnosis even in an imperceptible degree; (V) It begins to look mightily as if the other consciousness might under favoring conditions be a postcarnate one. But so far there are obstacles to this view which have held back many investigators, of whom James was chief, but have been surmounted by Barret, Myers, Hodgson, Lodge and many of equal eminence.

Now as supporting this hypothesis, including the little hypnotic element which seems to us important, Mrs. Curran at the Ouija board, though quite herself, is a little different from herself: although she freely interrupts the board by conversation with those around her, her usually mobile features and sympathetic eyes take on a certain set look, suggestive of her being under hypnotic influence — auto-hypnotic, if you please.

Then as to her being a natural channel for the hypothetical story-telling power stored up in the hypothetical Cosmic Mind, the suspicion is growing that every story teller is that, and the notion of inspiration from the muse is at least as old as the first line of the *Iliad*. Mrs. Curran is such a likely channel that some time ago, after receiving a couple of remarkable letters from her, we told her that they went far to increase our suspicion that she may be Patience Worth. Not that we have ever believed that she intended to be, or realized that she is, if she is.

Lately we happened on another interesting fact which seems to have some bearing on the subject. An old friend of Mrs. Curran's tells us that she is a marvelous story

teller — so marvelous that this friend would give up almost any other pleasure for the sake of hearing her tell a story, especially of the Ozark people, of her intimacy with whose dialect so much has been made by some adverse critics. The friend quoted says, however, that there's no resemblance at all between the Ozark dialect and Patience Worth's.

The probabilities seem to us to be growing that Mrs. Curran does all this "out of her own head," or rather that it's done through her head, as Homer invoked the goddess to do it through his. And that leaves us about where we started, with the same things to be accounted for. We won't any of us believe that Homer (even if there was but one of him) picked up his thread after each interruption, without any examination of what had gone before, or deliberation of what was to come; that he needed any bothersome contraption like a Ouija board to set him going or keep him going; that his goddess was an ostensible lady who professed to have lived three hundred years before, and now acted as an intimate friend in his home life (if he had a home); that her utterances to him and his friends, through the contraption, were mainly in forms of the language prevailing at the earlier time when she professed to have lived; that even the *Iliad* was originally delivered in these and other queer forms (and necessarily worked over by Homer into the present hexameters, whose relations of dialect the grammarians are not yet quite agreed upon) and, and, and — all the other things whose parallels still puzzle us about Patience Worth. A woman able to produce *The Sorry Tale* — a work that eminent critics praise, and that at least one editor sane in other particulars says he must after careful deliberation pronounce the greatest novel ever written — a woman able to produce this certainly would not, if she could help it, deliberately bother herself and us with all these encumbrances involved in producing it as Patience Worth.

Well?

Some Veridical Dreams

THE following is sent us by a young matron of New York whom we know well and trust.

The term veridical (truth-telling) seems perhaps to claim a little too much for these dreams, as they tell nothing exact, like the dream (if it was a dream) a few pages back which located the cloak. The dreams we give now could better be designated by some such term as suggestive or indicative or appropriate. If you know or are inspired with a good term, pray let us have it.

One night, I cannot remember the exact date, but it was between the 15th and 20th of June, 1912, I was spending a week with my aunt, and I dreamt that S. D. came to me and said "E., I want you to come up stairs and see my brother-in-law. He is dead." I said that I would not, as I had never seen a dead man, and it terrified me. He tried to persuade me, and finally took me by the wrist, and dragged me up two flights of narrow dark stairs. We came into a small square room without any windows, and lighted by two candles standing on the mantel piece. There was no furniture in the room but a long couch, on which the body of S's brother-in-law was lying covered by a sheet. I remember vaguely that there were two other women in the room, one was the dead man's wife, and the other S's youngest sister. But what was very vivid, was a sheet hung on the opposite wall as if to dry, as it was drenched with blood. Then I woke, and I thought nothing more of the dream, except how strange it was that I should dream about S's brother-in-law, as I didn't know the man, and had quite forgotten his name. I knew that M. D. had been married in the autumn, and had thought no more of them.

The next day nothing happened, but the day after, my mother had a letter from father who was in N. Y., and it in he said, "Isn't it pitifully sad about M. D.?" Mother had no idea what he was referring to, so she got the papers of the day before, as she thought maybe there was something in them about the D. girl, and she read that her husband had been run over in London by an automobile bus while he was crossing the street, and instantly killed. I read the account also, and it instantly recalled my dream of two nights previous, and which, I figured out according to London time and U. S. time, I must have dreamt at very nearly the same time that it happened.

The winter my father was so ill, and my last year at boarding school, I had three dreams exactly alike, in which I went through his funeral service. It was all very vivid in regard to detail, especially the part where after the service here at our house, we all got into the carriages and drove down to the Grand Central to take the train for — where he was buried. I remember especially that we started driving down Madison Ave. and then on account of the trolley cars delaying us we drove over to Park Ave., and continued there the rest of the way. All three dreams were exactly alike. The first night I had one was on November 16, 1912. I was at boarding school, and the next day I had a telegram from mother, asking me to come home. It was the first knowledge I had that father was desperately ill. I knew he had not been well, but mother had not told us before that he would never be better. I stayed home a few days and then returned to school. The night of February 12, 1913, I had the same dream. The next day my aunt telegraphed me to come to N. Y. and spend a few days with her, as my father was worse, and she thought that I had better be in N. Y. in case he died. He and mother were on the house boat in Florida at the time. The third and last time I had the dream, was on April 20, and the next day I was sent for, as they told me father was worse. When I got to N. Y. I found that he was dead.

A Striking Case of Superusual Knowledge

WE have received the following from a friend who was the sitter at the seance. He is an eminent member of a liberal profession, and well known to us.

Sitting of October 22nd, 1915.

Present: Medium "Mrs. Chenoweth," Dr. Hyslop.

Mr. X. Sitter. G. P. speaks. He is an ostensible control who, for many years and through many mediums, professes to communicate for new arrivals in the postcar-nate world, and to help them communicate themselves.

(G. P.) Do you know anything about a young man who went away suddenly from your life, and who was in a position to make so much of his life if death had not claimed him?

(Dr. H.) Yes, and if you say exactly how he came, we should now know whom you are talking about.

(G. P.) You mean how he came to spirit?

(Dr. H.) Yes.

(G. P.) It looks like an accident or sudden death, like one being hurled into the next life without warning but without expectation. I will help to get the rest as soon as I can. I am George Pelham. [Pseudonym. Ed.]

(Dr. Hyslop. All right, George.)

(G. P.) but I have been trying to help the boy because I know somewhat of the kind of transition, and the wave of grief which follows the sudden taking off of a brilliant young man, and I would say so much out of my own experience; but we felt it best for him to do what he could for himself, because it would help him in the future when he makes another effort.

Do you know anything about a watch which he carried?

(X shook his head.)

(G. P.) It is stopped at a certain hour, and I see the hands at four, as if it were four twenty; perhaps that may mean something.

That was why he wrote backwards. The momentum of his passing seemed to upset him as he recalled it; but it was an accident, not planned, you know.

(Dr. Yes, and what was it?)

(G. P.) Smash-up came.

(X) (I shook my head because the watch incident was as yet not in my knowledge. By subsequent inquiry of my niece, I confirmed it as a fact.)

Mr. X says:

My nephew, about a twelvemonth previously, had been killed in a trolley accident. At the time of his tragic death he was on the car with his older brother, who, uninjured himself, rescued the remains. In order to identify my nephew G. P. said: "I am trying to help the boy because I know somewhat of the kind of transition, and the wave of grief which follows the sudden taking off of a brilliant young man, and I would say so much out of my own experience." This allusion of G. P. to himself was all the more astonishing to me because of the fact that he himself had had a sudden death and was commonly regarded as a very brilliant young man. His allusion therefore to my nephew's death as similar in its circumstances to his own, was to me, who knew G. P., an evidence of his personality and presence that was singularly effective — almost as much so as what he proceeded to say about my nephew. Yet the force of this particular evidence was at that time for me alone: Neither Dr. Hyslop nor Mrs. Chenoweth knew anything about it so as to

appreciate its weight; and I did not notice this aspect of the force of it until December, 1916, when I was reperusing the record a year and more afterwards; whereupon I mentioned it to my secretary to whom I was dictating this paper.

After thus describing the accident itself, George Pelham referred back to the previous sitting, at which my nephew purported to communicate himself in person, and Pelham explained that the reason why my nephew at that sitting began by writing backwards, and throughout the sitting exhibited such signs of confusion, was because his recollection of the event disturbed him.

Now to me the striking thing in all this was that I myself did not know the particulars of the accident, nor the hour nor the fact that he wore a watch which stopped at the moment of the accident; and as I did not know these facts at all, so also neither did Dr. Hyslop nor the sensitive know them, nor could they have got them by telepathy from my mind. As yet this evidence of the watch carried no weight even with me, until on my return from Boston to New York two or three days later I found that a sister of my dead nephew happened to have arrived in my home for a little visit. Thereupon without her knowing that I was having sittings in Boston at all, and without my telling her why I wished the information, I asked her whether she knew at what day and hour my nephew was killed, and what other circumstances about it she was aware of; whether he had a watch on, and whether it was stopped by the concussion, etc. She replied that she could only tell me at that moment that he died on a certain Saturday afternoon, and that his older brother was with him, and that he certainly carried a watch. But in a few days my niece returned to her home, and ascertained that the watch was found stopped at the very hour mentioned by G. P. When I requested my niece to obtain this information for me exactly, if she could, I not only did not reveal to her why I wanted the information, but I charged her not to tell anyone that it was I who was seeking to obtain it; so that none of the other living members of our family were aware why it was asked for, and only my niece knew that I asked for it.

So much by way of explaining how it was that, after taking every scientific precaution, I received this circumstantial evidence. After I had thus verified it, it was declared by Dr. Hyslop to be scientifically credible. Of course this single bit of decisive evidence imparted credibility to the evidence throughout the sittings which tended cumulatively to identify to me, who had

known them in the flesh, the other personalities who purported to communicate with me in these sittings.

But perhaps unfortunately for our friend's confidence, knowledge of the time when the watch stopped was in the mind of its owner's brother and probably in other incarnate intelligences, and those who refuse to accept the spiritistic hypothesis for these phenomena find it easier to believe that such knowledge comes to mediums by teloteropathy (the conveyance of psychic experience from a remote or unknown source) from an incarnate intelligence rather than from a postcarnate one. And it seems strange that Dr. Hyslop should have taken no note of this fact. If the watch had disappeared, say, down a man-hole, and been found *after the medium's communication*, to have stopped at twenty minutes past four, the case would have had the quality ascribed to it. But we cannot recall any such case, though there may be some. And yet in saying this, we are not asserting that to us, it is easier to attribute the immense mass of accurate knowledge received through mediums, to teloteropathy from incarnate intelligence than from postcarnate ones. In the former alternative, all the dramatic power that enacts the professed postcarnate communicator — that has through various mediums enacted hundreds, often with a fidelity and vividness worthy of the highest histrionic genius — all this has to be accounted for. Is it easier to accept the teloteropathic solution burdened with the necessity of accounting for this, or to accept the spiritistic solution with this accounted for? The answer, we suspect, depends mainly on temperament. But, as there is constant occasion to remark, such communications cannot, at the present stage of our faculties, be verified unless knowledge of the facts is in possession of some incarnate intelligence, and therefore the knowledge *may* be conveyed by teloteropathy. — Veritable cases of such pathy exist without serious question, while all cases of

alleged postcarnate communication through mediums are still widely questioned.

It may be remarked in passing, that the superusual knowledge coming through the mediums does not, so far as we know, include cases of prophecy that have been so clear-cut, so unmistakably fulfilled, and so far beyond any reasonable interpretation by coincidence, as to satisfy average intelligence. In short, while there is very strong reason to hope that our facilities of interchanging what knowledge we have, are undergoing rapid enlargement, there is little indication that the knowledge itself is to be increased by any agency but the old educating and developing one of the sweat of our brows.

As to the backward or "mirror" writing, we have never seen it accounted for. It is not infrequent with mediums and, we believe, with secondary personalities developed by injury or disease. We do not remember ever before seeing it attributed to emotion or confusion on the part of a control.

We feel that we ought to throw in the fact, as bearing on the alleged spirit world, that some years before the experiences recounted in the foregoing communication, G. P., through Mrs. Piper, Imperator and his gang assisting, had with quite elaborate leave-takings to those with whom he had been habitually communicating here, and with a first class diploma from Imperator, started off for a "higher stage," whence he would communicate no more. He having been in life a friend of ours, we were quite sorry at the prospect of no more of his alleged utterances, and pleasantly surprised to learn that he had come back — except that his doing so, after the elaborate departure that seemed to profess to be final, added one more to the puzzles of this bewildering subject.

CORRESPONDENCE

Ourselves as Others See Us

THIS letter puzzles us: it seems in so many respects to come from a vessel open to the outpouring of the true spirit:

To be perfectly frank with you, I am afraid I am not sufficiently intellectual, or as you please to call it, hibrow, to appreciate the REVIEW. One or two of the articles in the past year have seemed to me to be really serious, but the rest seem to be a weak attempt at something akin to humor or occasionally psychological introspection. Probably you don't know what this means. I am not sure I do myself. Boiled down to a fine point, the little verse about Dr. Fell stands strongly out. I don't like it and I am sorry, because as the Irishman remarked, "There's one thing I don't like and that's radishes, and I'm glad I don't, because if I liked 'em I'd ate them, and I hate them."

But perhaps this one helps resolve the puzzle, the answer being that it takes all sorts of people (and periodicals) to make a world.

My interest in reading had been on the decline during the last two months, perhaps owing to overwork and various anxieties. The last few weeks I had not even been reading *The Nation* with the same relish as I had been wont. The last number of the *Atlantic* lay almost untouched. It was a state of affairs almost unprecedented in my past life, and I began to think seriously over the matter. Then along came the UNPOP. By sheer force of habit I dived into the *Casserole*, but even that did not taste right. Then I went to work, urged by a sense of duty, at the 75mm and 42cm articles. And behold! after I had read only a few paragraphs my erstwhile avidity for reading had regained its full hold on me. Then I made a clean-up, not only with the UNPOP, but with the *Atlantic* and several numbers of the *Nation* and even a few books besides. I feel sound and healthy again. Thanks!

The first of these critics is a lawyer; the editor was trained to the law, and the lawyer does not like the RE-

VIEW. The other critic is a clergyman; the editor had grave doubts of the REVIEW being approved by that profession, and the clergyman likes it; and, stranger still, that profession has all along been among its best friends.

Yet more remarkable, this particular clergyman is racially a German, and pastor in Brazil of a colony "of about a thousand families of German Russians who emigrated from Volhynia and Poland just in the nick of time to escape the present terrible fate of the relatives they left behind."

We printed a letter from him in No. 12, and the *Atlantic* printed one in a recent number. The scrap quoted in this number's *Casserole* regarding *The "Nation of Sharpers"* is by him.

Some Human Documents

The "letter-head" of the following communication was so abominably printed that it was very difficult to decipher. Here it is:

TO THE PERSON RECEIVING THIS LETTER:

DO NOT COME TO VISIT PRISONERS EXCEPT ON FRIDAY. YOU WILL NOT BE ADMITTED.

Persons corresponding with prisoners must observe the following rules, viz.: Write plainly. Confine yourselves strictly to business and family matters. In directing letters, put the prisoner's name plainly on envelope, care —, —, —. Nothing sent to prisoners will be admitted, except letters and photographs. Money sent to prisoners will be placed to their credit, and such articles as are allowed will be bought for them. No newspapers or periodicals will be received unless sent direct from publishers. There is no limit to the number of letters prisoners are allowed to receive. They are allowed to write one letter a week, and can see their friends not oftener than once a week.

TO THE PRISONER: Do not interline. Put one line on each ruled line. Letters addressed "General Delivery" in large cities will not be mailed.

May 21, 1917.

Dear Sir: — To a few hours of complete mental absorption in a copy of your splendidly sane publication, the UNPOPULAR REVIEW, may be ascribed the inspiration for this letter. It is a long call from the neighborhood of Fifth Ave. and Thirty-second St. to the wrong side of these gray walls in the snow-capped Rockies, but no further than a fool will travel to learn that which has been under his nose since the birth of reason.

The combination of a wife expectant of motherhood, and an empty purse, with the consequent imminence of actual want proved too strong for my sense of "mine and thine" so I find myself paying the penalty as prescribed by law upon him that forges the name of another to a cheque.

I am making an earnest effort during my stay here, by the work of my hand and brain, not only to contribute something toward the support of my loyal wife and infant daughter, but toward the end that upon my release, I shall have enough money to purchase suitable clothing and transportation for we three to some far place where we can start life anew, better and cleaner for our ordeal, burying this episode in the oblivion of forgetfulness, and keeping fresh only the lesson involved. Wasn't it Benjamin Franklin who said, "Wise men learn from the experience of others, but even fools may learn from their own?" This letter is addressed to you, Sir, in an appeal not for charity, but for that better form of help which helps a man to help himself.

For the last 3 months I have put in all of my spare time in the manufacture, entirely by hand of a horse-hair riding bridle. Many thousand strands of differently colored hair enter into its construction cunningly woven and plaited into various attractive designs and unique patterns and the finished product, while durable enough for actual use derives its chief value from the fact of its beauty, and the infinite patience required to complete it. With its bright tassels and rosettes it is a highly desirable ornament to any den, smoking-room, gun-room etc. With your permission I will send you the bridle at my expense, to be disposed of either by sale or raffle, or failing either, to be returned at my expense and risk. Deploring limitation of space and assuring grateful appreciation, am,

Yours Very Respectfully

We wrote to the warden of the prison, who answered June 13, that he had

an inmate of the name, for the crime of forgery. He was received here on March 28, '17, from one to three years. . . He has a wife who seems to be a very fine lady. She is a nurse in the city.

On June 19, we wrote the prisoner,

Yours of May 21st was duly received, and is under the editor's consideration. He has had some notion of printing it, without

names or identifying marks, of course. But the REVIEW is too crowded to make that probable.

He will mention your bridle to anyone he thinks a possible customer.

With good wishes,

The prisoner answered:

June 24,

Dear Sir: — Your kind letter reached me to-day, and bears, to me, a value entirely out of proportion to its secretarial brevity. The mixed sensations of triumph and awe with which I received your communication — please do not suspect this of being an attempt at persiflage — may be ascribed to the fact that my previous letter to you was the tenth one of its kind that I have sent, and the only one that has borne the fruit of a reply. The rules here permit of but four letters a month so that the use of a follow-up system is obviously out of the question.

Having some slight conception of the vast amount of really important matter that must come before you, seeking publication, I realize the improbability of your being able to put into execution your kindly impulse to give my appeal publicity. Should you, however, be able to devote a few lines to this purpose, I shall be very grateful, realizing as I do, the vast power of the printed word when it has a name and a circulation department behind it.

As for the bridle, it still adorns my diminutive apartment, representing a complete tie-up of my working capital. I have made, using the residue of material, left over from the bridle, two belts, one for a lady, the other for a gentleman. These latter give a good idea of the work. May I submit them for your approval, subject to return without question in the event that you do not desire to keep them?

Once more thanking you for your kindly interest, and assuring you that the present experience has most thoroughly throttled my predatory instinct, making me realize the inestimable boon of being permitted to labor for those one has undertaken to "Love, Honor and Cherish," I am, Sir,

Yours Very Respectfully

We sent for the belts. One we have given to a young lady who is charmed with it.

Now if anybody who wants a bridle (for den decora-

tion or out-of-town use?) will let us know, we will put him on the track of it. That, however, we need hardly say, has not been our leading motive in printing the correspondence.

In this connection, we venture to refer to *Criminology Old and New* in our No. 15, *Some Fundamentals of Prison Reform* in No. 11, *The New View of the Criminal* in No. 6.

EN CASSEROLE

A Proposition of Mutual Help

WE have been much touched by several letters saying that their writers had saved their pennies or made various sacrifices to enable them to subscribe to the REVIEW, or worse still, wanted to subscribe but could not at once for lack of funds. This has led us to determine to help out such friends by offering to give until farther notice a free subscription to any one who will send us, accompanied by the money, the name and address of a new subscriber — one who has never taken the REVIEW before.

We began our work with the realization that our possible subscribers were a peculiar and scattered people, among whom the REVIEW would have to find its own way, without help from the advertising which appeals to the general public. Our principal reliance, almost our only one, must be on such spontaneous good words as our works may lead you to speak for us; and we have felt a certain reluctance, which you will understand, in offering any lower stimulus. We hope you will take even the one we have presented as coming mainly from sympathy in the sacrifices with which some of you have honored us. While we must confess a suspicion that our offer may help us, we hope it may help some of you.

The Basis of Optimism

THE subject invites serious study in these times.

One good working definition of what is commonly regarded as an optimist, is a man who doesn't care what happens, so long as it doesn't happen to him. In a lecture on *The Happy Life* President-emeritus Eliot said: "A tiger springs upon an antelope, picks out the daintiest bits from the carcass, and leaves the rest to the jackals. We say, Poor little antelope! We forget to

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say, Happy tiger! Fortunate jackals, who were seeking their meat from God and found it!" So the optimist is on the side of the tiger — and the jackals. Commenting on this gem of Dr. Eliot's, President Hyde of Bowdoin College says: "The survivor is conscious of his joy, while the vanquished has at most but a moment of physical pain." So, in the optimistic philosophy, the sum total of happiness is increased every time a tiger eats an antelope.

There is the optimism of good fortune, and the optimism of good nature. Calverley observed that

There be they on whom mishap
Or never, or so rarely comes,
That when they think thereof they snap
Derisive thumbs.

And there be they that lightly lose
Their all, yet feel no aching void;
Should aught annoy them, they refuse
To be annoyed.

Persons possessing this disposition believe it to be a virtue which they have acquired by superior merit. But that isn't true; they were just born so. Sir Robertson Nicoll's advice not to chew your pill is perfectly futile; you can as easily add a cubit to your stature as swallow your pill whole if you were born to chew it.

You can't get much fight out of a soldier, no matter how secure and comfortable he is, if he is convinced that the cause he has enlisted in is lost. But he may swear at his rations, and swear more at the lack of them, and complain vociferously of the frosts and blasts of Valley Forge, and yet fight till he dies, and die without a murmur, because he believes his cause will triumph, whatever may become of him. In the philosophy of Robert G. Ingersoll there was no future, and therefore it is natural enough that several persons who found their present disagreeable have snuffed out their existence with Ingersoll's dissertation on suicide in their pockets.

Browning recognized the logic of life:

Take the hope therein away,
All we have to do is surely not endure another day.

The joy of labor and struggle for their own sake we hear of from those to whom labor and struggle have brought visible rewards, and from those young enough to hope that they will. A university president has told us that a man who wields a pickaxe or a spade ten hours a day ought to find his reward in the work itself; he ought to be indifferent to wages.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When vagrant wishes beckon me stray;
This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.

But Henry Van Dyke's work has been done at his desk in a tranquil room. He never tried the forest, field or loom. His work has brought him greater distinction in four fields of highly stimulating activity than any considerable number of men attain in one. The demon of drudgery cannot be exorcised by beautiful fairy tales, or trying the imagination of children. It is impossible to live our lives through on a lie, and it is not true of the man who is digging post holes, and the woman who is tending a dozen automatic looms, that, of all who live, they are the ones by whom the work can best be done in the right way.

Job was an optimist, even when he was not having a good time. He suffered every loss except the one that might possibly have been a relief. He was oppressed by the prevailing theology, and he was not sustained by any clear belief in a future existence. But he believed in the ultimate vindication of right and truth. With magnificent effrontery he defied the Almighty, and

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protested that if his sufferings were punishment, he was the victim of injustice. But he could not, and would not, believe this. He believed that right ruled the universe:

I know that my Vindicator liveth,
And at last he will stand up upon the earth:
And after my skin, even this body, is destroyed,
Then, without my flesh, shall I see God.

The lesson of Job is not, as some eminent scholars have inferred, that righteousness is disinterested; then would the book have ended in the second chapter, when Job said: "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" What silenced Job was the Voice out of the Whirlwind, which explained nothing at all, but taught him that the universe is governed by something other than infinite power. Caliban realized the power when he was reflecting upon Setebos; when he stoned the twenty-first crab that passed him, wrenched off the pincer of the one that had purple spots, and bestowed two worms upon the one whose nippers ended in red; all because he had the power to do it, and it amused him to use his power. The Voice out of the Whirlwind taught Job that the universe is governed by infinite wisdom and care for all creatures. And this is the lesson that Browning learned: for it was in his middle life that Rabbi Ben Ezra says — notice the change of tense —

I, who saw power, see now Love perfect, too.

The War and the Colleges

To turn my mind from the War I took down a book.

On the third page I read: "On the ninth of the calends of April the Huns, who were still pagans, began to ravage France, Burgundy, and Aquitaine with fire and sword." I reached for another book: "After each of these wars there followed a frightful famine."

But our possible famine is not always fought wisely: the obsession produced by the War is not innocent. A striking phase of it is shown in state-supported institutions. In one state the governor ordered all male students in state-supported institutions, with negligible exceptions, to leave for work on farms, or for other labor connected with the War. Leaving their studies within a month of the end of the school year involved serious sacrifice. One student of gentle birth and quite unused to physical labor, who left for the farm, found himself on a small holding, in the rôle of a hired man, expected to do all the work from half-past four in the morning until nine o'clock at night. Exhausted at the end of the week, with two dollars and a half to his credit, he left. No good can come from forcing men into false positions, or from pretending that students, without careful training, are capable of hard labor.

The draft will separate those who are fit to fight, from those who are not. The unfit, including philosophers and teachers, have a grave responsibility to the men who must fight their battles. The stay-at-home, if he be sensitive and imaginative, will find life less tolerable after the fighting men have gone. Craving activity which shall help the great cause, he will seem to fold his hands, complete his daily task, and, most difficult of all, control his mind.

In many places intercollegiate athletics have been abandoned. "It goes against my grain," said one distinguished professor, "to see boys disporting themselves on athletic fields when our country is at war."

All this is natural and inevitable, perhaps, in the early months of our experience. But with a long look ahead the question becomes: What is best for the fighting men, and for those who will be eligible for service later?

The question, thus stated, is one for the schools. No teacher can escape it. Shall the schools disregard a fundamental law of psychology and of mental health, and be a

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party to forces of the enemy seeking to create fear, anxiety, and obsessions? Fixed ideas are subtle, pervasive and enduring. They find their greatest activity in periods of rest and relaxation. They seize upon suggestions, the more authoritative the more harmful.

What then should be the attitude of educational institutions to the War? They are the single means of securing healthy activity of mind and body. Whatever causes anxiety, subjective states of mind, stimulation of what one might call the "war imagination," should be reduced to a minimum. Objective studies, — sciences, mathematics, literature, linguistics, art, history, with wholesome examination of dull records, — anything, in short, that will take the student out of himself and away from present imaginings, should be cultivated as never before. Sharp discipline in exacting tasks will do no harm. Save in military instruction, the ulterior aims of the soldier should be taboo. To impose upon young men from eighteen to twenty-one the doubts, anxieties, theories, or even the enthusiasms, of older men, is not so well as complete concentration in the subject of study. Patriotism in a teacher is really more subtle than enthusiasm. To arouse interest in the unheard of, to fasten attention upon processes of thought removed from the accidents of daily life: this is the kind of patriotism making for health of mind, for the independent power to think, without which service can be merely impulsive.

Nor can anything be said for the counsel of age that would deprive boys — men, we had better call them — of play. While professors eliminate athletics at home, our marines play baseball before grateful crowds of Englishmen. If philosophers forget that the Civil War was won by boys, we may blunder by philosophy of preparation. Neither the President nor his counsellors in military affairs advise the elimination of intercollegiate athletics; they urge their retention.

The teacher, then, should keep his obsessions to himself.

He should not pretend that adolescence or young manhood can endure high seriousness for long periods, or forego play, without danger. He should help students to think right and play right; only thus will he give a truly patriotic support to those at the front, and prepare students for their part, if needed later on.

The "Nation of Sharpers" Once More

SOME of our readers will remember a little story *As to Scraps of Paper* in the *Casserole* of No. 11, in which a German said that his people had become "a nation of sharpers"; and the good letter in No. 12 which tried to show that the charge was absurd. Our German-Brazilian parson (*Cf. ante*) writes us apropos of that subject: (By a strange coincidence, the incident took place in Brazil, though we did not say so.)

One side issue here in Brazil in case Germany wins is this, that the arrogance of the elements that Germany has cast out on the shores of Brazil will hardly be bearable. It is not only we German-Americans that suffer under it even now. This very week there were a few real German gentlemen here to ask me for assistance in making a public disavowal of their having any part in the activities of certain German braggadocios, who betake themselves as though they owned the whole state of Rio Grande do Sul, thereby bringing down the enmity of the Brazilians on all Germans.

So far as my acquaintance goes, the Deutschland-über-Alles criers are in the majority among immigrant Germans. But though I had not heard of the incident related in your *Casserole* of No. 11, I could mention quite a number of businessmen [*sic*] who take the same point of view as your host.

Perhaps the "good side of Germany" that I was at pains to become acquainted with has by this time become an illusion. I must confess that the German who is both educated and gentlemanly is a *rara avis*. That German businessmen are to a great extent sharpers is quite clear to anyone living in this state long enough to look about him.

Worldly Wise if not Wisely Worldly

THERE was a man. He was very well. He wished to be better. He took medicine. He died.

This suggests the experience of all fellow-mortals who are incapable of realizing when they are well off. Many of us are perhaps no wiser than he. Too many of us may have attempted to carry a victorious army to Moscow, or to drive the horses of the sun.

There are cases where one is satisfied with his condition, but gets into trouble through the innocent interference of another. For instance, he is asked by some well-meaning friend a careless question as to some age-long conviction, in which he had heretofore dwelt in happy serenity, and in trying to give a simple answer has reasoned himself into vacuity. And yet the friend is as blameless as the toad when he questioned his many-footed traveling acquaintance in the old rhyme:

A centipede was happy quite
Until a toad in fun,
Said, "Pray, which leg goes after which?"
That worked her mind to such a pitch
She lay distracted in a ditch,
Considering how to run!

All that the centipede needed for managing those hundred legs was to go ahead, and they would work in harmony with the music of the spheres. The last sentence is for young centipedes only; for a mortal blindly to "go ahead" either in trying to manage a hundred legs or in the making of other music, unless Nature and Inheritance are chaperoning him, as they are chaperoning the centipede children, may not always be wise.

The faculties of the poor centipede were atrophied through no fault of her own, and no fault of Mother Nature: but because of the demands of society for analysis. Of what value is anything to-day, religion, love, service,

food, that cannot be analyzed to its foundation stones! Not what we believe in, but why we believe in it; not what is of value, but why it is of value; not whom he loves, but, after analyzing her mind, character, and hygiene, is there reason for him to love her? The maiden of the twentieth century, and very properly too, analyzes her enjoyments. She does not swallow them whole for mere pleasure, like the fatuous maiden of the nineteenth century, who voiced her rapture over moonlit Venice: "Last night I glided down the Grand Canal and drank it all in." Like all others possessed of the higher education to-day, I have now reached the stage where I cannot wander out of a summer evening and see between the branches of my pine tree a great white star just risen above the mountain top, and be thrilled by the beauty of it all, as my great-grandmother used to be: that is, not until I have convinced myself whether it is star or planet, and assured myself of its name, of exactly what gases go to its composition, of its dimensions, of its distance, and of how many million years it has been where it is before I could have seen it. Then am I prepared to begin to enjoy it. This is only one of the daily mental processes that make us wofully happy. Is the old-time advice outgrown, "Be wisely worldly, but not worldly wise"?

It is recorded that "Thales, as he looked upon the stars, fell into the water; wherefore it was said that if he had looked into the water he might have seen the stars, but looking up to the stars he could not see the water." I of course knew enough to avoid falling into the water, and yet see the star. Thales very likely preferred to fall into the water and see the real star, Sirius, rather than look down into the water to see only the simulated star — see, as it were, only the *Æsop's*-dog-reflection of the dog-star. The data are not sufficient to show whether the philosopher was at the time in an analytical or poetical mood.

Thales was but one of seven. To-day we are all wise men, and the wisdom of this age which regulates our as-

pirations, our mental attitudes, our religions, does not restrict itself to these, but controls our physical life no less, and determines what food we are to take — how much protein we need and how much carbohydrate (sometimes called candy). We are told that if we are too stout, we must take this or that to decrease our obesity, regardless of the fact that he who is too thin is having the selfsame remedy given him for his thinness. Why not? for to a certain extent the same food may have different effects on different digestive powers. Perchance, though we never hear the codfish complain, he too may feel himself very well, but still wish to be better, and take what he regards as medicine. From Dr. Grenfell's experiences we learn of a codfish of his acquaintance whose *menu* consisted of: a book in three volumes; scissors; oil-cans; old boots; keys; two full-grown ducks; an entire partridge; a whole hare; six dogfish; an entire turnip; a guillemot (beak, claws and all); a tallow candle; stones; lobsters, crabs, whelk shells and the like swallowed *au naturel*; — and its own brothers and sisters and cousins.

He too died.

Home Ties

THESE invisible, but perfectly well-defined, and formerly much-admired articles of domesticity, seem to have disappeared along with whatnots, plush albums, hair flowers, wax fruit, double beds, and long flannel nighties.

"Home, Sweet Home" is still occasionally played at the end of a dance, but it always raises resentful thoughts in the minds of the dancers.

In these days of so much roaming mid pleasures and palaces — automobiles and cabarets — a charm from the skies seems to hallow us there, i. e. at home — if only we stay long enough to let it work, which we seldom do.

So, with the dulling of natural affections, and the disappearance of family shrines, has come the undoing of

home ties — a loosening process that accounts for much of the slipshod trend of the times.

In the average American family, immediately after the evening meal, Mary, a high-school pupil, announces that she has to go down to the library "to look up something." John, a plumber's apprentice, gets a telephone call from Tom, Dick, or Harry to "come on down." Father grabs his hat and overcoat, and mumbles something about "a meeting." Mother and the eight year old twins are left alone, to "tidy up" and — what? So, Mother bundles up the children good and warm, and down they go to the movies, where they witness a thrilling exposé of *Soiled, Yet Sinless*.

Mary, wonderful to relate, comes home at nine-fifteen — the library closes at nine — and finding the house dark, she goes over to see Jennie Joy. She is invited to stay all night, and accepts. Mother and the twins straggle homeward, arriving a little after ten. Father comes in at a quarter after twelve. John takes the last car home from Hell-Knows-Where, and is snoring by one. Mary dutifully telephones or, at least, Mrs. Joy telephones to Mother, and says that "Mary and Jennie have just gone upstairs to bed," adding with a laugh, "Mary has made a great hit with one of my men roomers."

A jitney rolls by, in which a crowd of joy-riders, accompanied by a cracked accordion, are murdering "Home, Sweet Home."

On Being, and Letting, Alone

ONE may readily divide one's friends into those who crave solitude and those who crave a crowd. Any given individual of these classes may not be able to get what he wants, but he is to be classified by his desire, as to whether he is always secretly wishing to be alone, or always secretly fearing to be. There are persons who sicken for solitude as a plant fades for light. They do

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not always know what is the matter with them, neither do their housemates, they are merely stifling for lack of stillness. It needs only an hour's, a day's, withdrawal to restore them to selfdom.

People who like to be alone favor different varieties of solitude: one of them may wish to be alone with sun or stars or shining hills; another may desire shut-in seclusion with a book; another longs for isolation with a piano or a palette; a few women who make a science of domesticity like to be left alone with their houses. Whatever it is with which any of these people desire to be secluded, it is always found to be something that has not a self. Out-of-doors, books, art, science, are enfranchising because they are spacious and impersonal, they do not impede the spirit by any personal clamor or criticism, either suspected or spoken. A desire for solitude is a desire often adroitly concealed, but we can always recognize among our friends those who love to be alone, when we find ourselves jealous of the subtle self-sufficiency of their retirement, not always perceiving that there is nothing that will make their eyes light with such appreciative comradeship as being discreetly left alone.

In sharp contrast are the people who never want to be by themselves. For some reason: they are often as garrulous as they are gregarious, while the solitary are always good listeners. The lovers of a crowd are reduced to tearful protest by a half hour of "lonesomeness," while the lovers of loneliness seem least lonely when most alone. The others find the most sociable woodland lonesome unless gay hotel guests swarm through it. They would not recognize a meadow if they met it out walking alone. They would perhaps not recognize themselves if separated from a throng of others of the same kind. There is nothing they are so afraid of as of the spacious and impersonal; and yet, with all their preoccupation with the personal, they do not seem to achieve very much personality.

Not all lovers of crowds, however, are shallow and silly.

There are others, nobler, finer, the noblest and finest perhaps that one could discover. These are big, busy people to whom hurry and hubbub never bring any pressure of pain. They love a crowded existence because it means ministry. They never seem to tire of incessant demands upon their time and sympathy, but rather to thrive upon them. Unless the sick and sad and sorry throng their path, they cannot find their own way upon it. They are people with brains, brains bent always on the executive and immediate, not the kind of brains that require room to soar and dive and dig. Practical people these, unselfish, noble. Yet they are never people one could picture as alone with a mountain, a book, their own souls. They would endure such communion with fortitude, but not with pleasure.

By a curious anomaly, those who flee solitude, and those who crave it, are not thereby to be classified as social and anti-social — lovers of their kind versus haters of it. The lovers of loneliness are often the warmest-hearted people in the world, and socially most gracious and considerate, taught by their own sensitiveness to contacts how to avoid bumping into the idiosyncrasies of their fellows. They so conscientiously support their ideal of sympathy that often those who most love solitude are exactly those who would be least suspected of such a yearning. So gracefully does a hostess bend a listening ear to her guests that no one would dream that what she inwardly most desires is to be swinging at the heart of the farthest pine-wood, while a lonely moon rides overhead, and a lonely wind pipes at her ear. The group of the solitary-souled is often delightful in company, alluring by its very suggestion of retirement — of a humorous peeping forth at the world from recesses it vastly prefers.

On the contrary, the lovers of crowds are by no means always socially successful. The superficial class is often banal, or caustic and gossipy and vacuous in conversation. As for the other nobler ones, busy and philanthropic,

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they are not, not always, so very interesting, however admirable.

To be interesting one must have thoughts that wander up and down, to and fro. Such thoughts require space and silence and freedom from impact. People who love to be alone are always people who think. Thoughts are invisible, but possibly not imponderable, possibly they require room, room actual and material, where they can wheel and dart and discover. Thinkers therefore instinctively avoid a crowd — a crowd, that is, of people who know the thinker familiarly, people whose conjectured attention and comment occasions that sense of repression precisely most opposed to the free flights of individuality. A crowd of strangers on the other hand, absorbed, indifferent, often provides the most inspiring kind of solitude. Whether their seclusion be found indoors or out, in the silent study or noisy street, people who love to be alone will always be found to be people whose thoughts, flying far and free from touch or taint of other people, are building for them that spacious possession called a personality.

With the Why-Nots

ONE intention * in creating people so different was that some of us might have the fun of classifying all the rest. The pleasure of pigeon-holes is their possibilities of rearrangement. But there is one compartment whence those who enter never return; it is the little limbo of the Why-nots. Once a Why-not, always a Why-not; but there is no cruelty in the Why-not's creation or his classification; for his is the most comfortably cushioned character of all humanity. If you seek to describe a Why-not, you will find first that he is a person you never ask to play with you. Why-nots cannot play. True, they have their gambollings of elephantine mirth, but if you join, you are likely to be a little shoved or trampled; for they have

* How do you know, dear Contributor?—Ed.

never learned either in jest or earnest that graceful veering away from impact which makes the aerial dance of genuine conversation. The Why-nots are always talkative, they are never conversational. One reason that the Why-nots always talk is that one always lets them; it is easier than argument, especially when, by definition, the Why-nots possess a plane of intercourse where argument cannot enter. Their most distinguishing characteristic is their panoply of logic.

I find that my Why-nots, when women, are likely to be frumpy in costume. They are flat-heeled and fearless. They are capable of wearing a three-year-old suit, and yet walking Fifth Avenue as if they owned New York — Why not? What conceivable argument has our craven following of fashion to support it? I have even known Why-not women who practiced bare feet within their home precincts, and were obviously healthier for it. Why not? By what possible reasoning could one have asked them to sacrifice vigor to custom? I was once walking with a Why-not lady along a steep street surmounted by a telegraph pole; my companion was a woman of sixty, silver-haired, comfortably bonneted, splendidly athletic. She gravely proposed to climb the pole for the view, and did, with agility. Why not? Why should I have stood at the bottom, thanking Heaven for deserted windows and doorways and the remoteness of a policeman? If the policeman had appeared, I have no doubt she could have given him withering proof of her sanity, together with an alarming revelation of her knowledge of her civic rights. Yet why should he have thought her insane? The view was glorious, and she could climb. Why not? The great trouble with the Why-nots is that they are so insanely sane.

One's chief grievance against the band is that one's conscience is always cudgelling one to account for one's animosity, since the Why-nots are good folk. They pay their bills and keep the commandments, if not the con-

ventions. Not all good people are Why-nots, but all Why-nots are good people. Our graceless levity sometimes prevents our seeing that it is the Why-nots who have made the world the orderly place it is, for the Why-not is the stuff out of which our reformers are created. The Why-not follows the light that is within him, and rights the universe by means of its rays, never deviating from his course because of a curiosity to examine other persons' smoky little lamps. He marches straight to his mark because he never sees other people's toes in his path. He has the reformer's singleness of eye untroubled by the twofold vision of his natural enemy the humorist. Obviously you can sweep away the dirt much better if you never see any golden motes in the dust heap. The Why-nots walk through life without moving out of the way of other people's angles, while the humorist relishes as an adventure the sinuous course resulting from a constant avoidance of others' elbows, while preserving intact his own idiosyncrasies. Convention is a great protection of individuality. To follow all the external dictates of custom is a method of kicking a joyous dance through space while appearing to walk the circumspect street in the very latest shoes. This is saying no Why-not will understand. Only those will understand who have lived it.

I do not know whether it is by accident or by necessity of temperament that there has never been an artist in my group of Why-nots. The artist's alternate exaltation and depression would be impossible to the Why-not's equable complacency. Self-centred, self-opinionated, the artist may be; but he must possess the conception of another person's point of view, even if it is merely the view of some creature of his own imagination. No Why-not ever had an imagination.

There are male Why-nots who have been great voyagers, and who tell long travel-tales of blood-curdling encounters and audacious achievements; but they tell them in a way to put one to sleep: for all the adventure in the world can

not make a Why-not anything but stodgy. The Why-nots may be adventurers by land or sea, but they are never adventurers in other people's souls: for in that strange land you must learn the language before you can go about safely, and a Why-not never speaks any language but his own.

With all my study I come no nearer to exact definition. The Why-nots elude each adjective I clap upon them. Call them unconventional, so are some of the most delicious people I know unconventional, and yet these retain a comradely consideration for other people's toes. After all what need of a definition, for if you are not a Why-not you will always recognize the species, and if you are a Why-not you will never know it?

"Nor Anything That Is His" (An Author's Confession)

A FEW days ago, I walked into the Post Office to mail a small MS., whose rejection had cost me well over the dollar mark in postage; and there I received the temptation of my life to break the last of the ten commandments. Oh, it's a pretty common failing: for there's your neighbor's wife, (likewise husband, I presume), his house; his servants; and so on; but my special fit of covetousness came under the category "nor anything that is his." You'll conclude that I wanted his auto: not a bit of it. I like luxury, and riding: for I'm a devoted lover of nature; and I often hate to work. But none of these things impel me to covet: for you see I'm going to have them when I succeed! Of course this is all in the far distant prospective — a way ambition has of goading you on!

What overbalanced my mind? And I'll confess I still have the desire: but there! I'll tell it now.

As I took up my two times 6c. stamps (for the journey there and back; of the MS. I mean); an office boy came boldly up to the pigeon-hole. "Three thousand two-cent stamps," he demanded.

I gasped.

Three thousand! And I had to consider when I bought a dozen. What could I not do with them? Three thousand! Why, I could mail that fast accumulating pile of MS. here, there and everywhere. Some at least would find a home; and another step or two the nearer my goal!

I wanted them; I still think of what I could do with them; and the sight still lingers. "Three thousand 2c. postage stamps!" Oh yes, I saw them go; and to me they are included in "nor anything that is his."

A Dissertation on Sour Grapes

WHEN we are willing to give a little of our thought to such a poor subject for an immortal soul as Money, we can but marvel that so many people are willing to forego being poor. Refer to St. Francis.

Troubles for lack of poverty begin in one's tender youth. When we are boys, and the other boys are battling with the three-foot drifts, knocking each other into the snow with yells of delight, how humiliating to be ignominiously wrapped in furs in grandfather's sleigh, and deposited at the school house door like a girl!

While crossing the Elbe in Dresden, have we not often wept over Saxony's princess who wistfully wailed: "Oh, if I could *once*, only just *once*, walk over the bridge alone, all alone!" The weariness of being waited upon entailed by being rich! Why must one's brightest criticisms come where they must wait until the butler has left the room, and by that time they are no longer *à propos*, and the chance to say them has gone? Yet misguided Johnson could say: "Riches exclude only one inconvenience, — that is, poverty." Lincoln called wealth "a superfluity of the things one does not want."

The Greeks regarded riches as a kind of inelegant excess. Mr. Stoughton Holborn speaking of the Greek gentleman says: "To have too much money was to show a lack of

decent restraint, and was on a par with too much dinner or too much drink or any other vulgar exhibition of lack of self-control." Euripides makes a character in *Elektra* assert,

Small aid is wealth
For daily gladness; once a man be done
With hunger, rich and poor are both as one.

Blessed be nothing! Think of the time saved in having no money to worry over. No need to be concerned with the ups and downs of the stock market, or to spend sleepless nights regretting some hasty investment. Our wealthy friend must exhaust his genius upon such things, while his poor brother, not having these distracting matters to consider, can bend his energies upon something more worth while. We lovers of our Lady Poverty are uplifted at hearing the voice of Jean Paul in his dreams amid the clash of dishpans in his mother's kitchen: "Wealth bears heavier on talent than poverty. Under gold-mountains and thrones, who knows how many a spiritual giant may lie crushed down and buried." Goethe says that nobody should be rich save only him who understands it.

Then again what an advantage it is to have no philanthropic responsibilities! We are spared having the good minister, the good doctor, the good deacon, come to us begging money for this, that and the other: for they all say *cui bono*? We may eat our dinner of boiled rice without entailment of indigestion caused by worry as to the ultimate destination of money we might have given. We may feel that we can draw our nightcaps over our heads and lay our heads upon the pillow without a tear for the man who has to go to bed without a nightcap.

Once upon a time the wife of a neighbor who had met with financial reverses came in with lugubrious face, and asked: "Have you not found it very hard to go down with the wheel of fortune?" The Light of the Household lifted a silver head with the merry answer: "I never was up!"

Our Lady Poverty's watchdog Pride is apt to be close at her heels. Olivia, poor soul, exclaims:

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one prefers to be rich, he has but to suit his wishes to his means, and then he can have what he wants, and what more can anyone ask. Carlyle calls attention to the fact that unity divided by nothing equals infinity ($\frac{1}{0} = \infty$) which is merely one of the paradoxes among which floats our little island of knowledge.

We are saved the inconsistency of our well-to-do friend who, every morning when he approaches his mail with its elephantiasis of applications from this society and that society for his money or his name, says to himself: "I no longer give anything or sign anything," and then makes out a check for some peculiarly poignant call.

He who is poor has the better chance for the aristocracy of individuality. We were about to say the individuality of aristocracy, but transposed the words thinking it made better sense, much as our brother on his western ranch served his pudding. When at home on a visit he borrowed from us the receipt for a pudding which had entrapped his fancy. He returned to his ranch, made the pudding with his own hands (Fred the cook happening to have one of his not infrequent moments of "blowing it in") and wrote that his gelatine pudding did not jell, while the sauce thoughtlessly did jell, so he transposed them, using the sauce for the pudding and the pudding for the sauce, and the boys rapturously pronounced the pudding "skookum." They never dreamed how near they had been to shipwreck.

But alas, poverty has fangs which she has bared and claws which she has unsheathed. Dickens understood this when he said: "When a man's affairs are at the lowest ebb, he has a strange temptation, which he does not resist, to indulge in oysters." On the day when the outlay for our

annual gown comes due, we invariably select, with disastrous results to either our purse or our aesthetic sense, among the dollar-a-yard fabrics on the counter, as the only material we want, the one which turns out to be priced at four dollars and a half a yard, and which has accidentally strayed to that counter.

By this time perhaps you have guessed the subtle purpose underlying this little disquisition. It is a very very moderate contribution to preparedness. It looks as if we were all soon to be hard up. Let us then cultivate all the philosophy that will help us make the best of it. If you want better help in the same direction, read Emil Souvestre's *Un Philosophe sous les Toits*, which somebody translated over fifty years ago, through a good but misleading pun, which it would be superfluous to explain to the likes of you, into *The Attic Philosopher*.

LOAVES FROM THE FALL BAKING

Bread of flour is good; but there is bread, sweet as honey. if we would eat it, in a good book. — Ruskin.

With the threat of wheat famine before us, we turn ever more eagerly to the loaves in shelves. Mindful of this need, the Yale University Press has made preparation, offering the following from its fall "baking" with the conviction that they will be found to be both savory and full of substance.

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Immortality in Literature

The Job and the Outsider

Dream or Voodoo

The Next Step in Railway Legislation

The Passing of Prince Charming

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